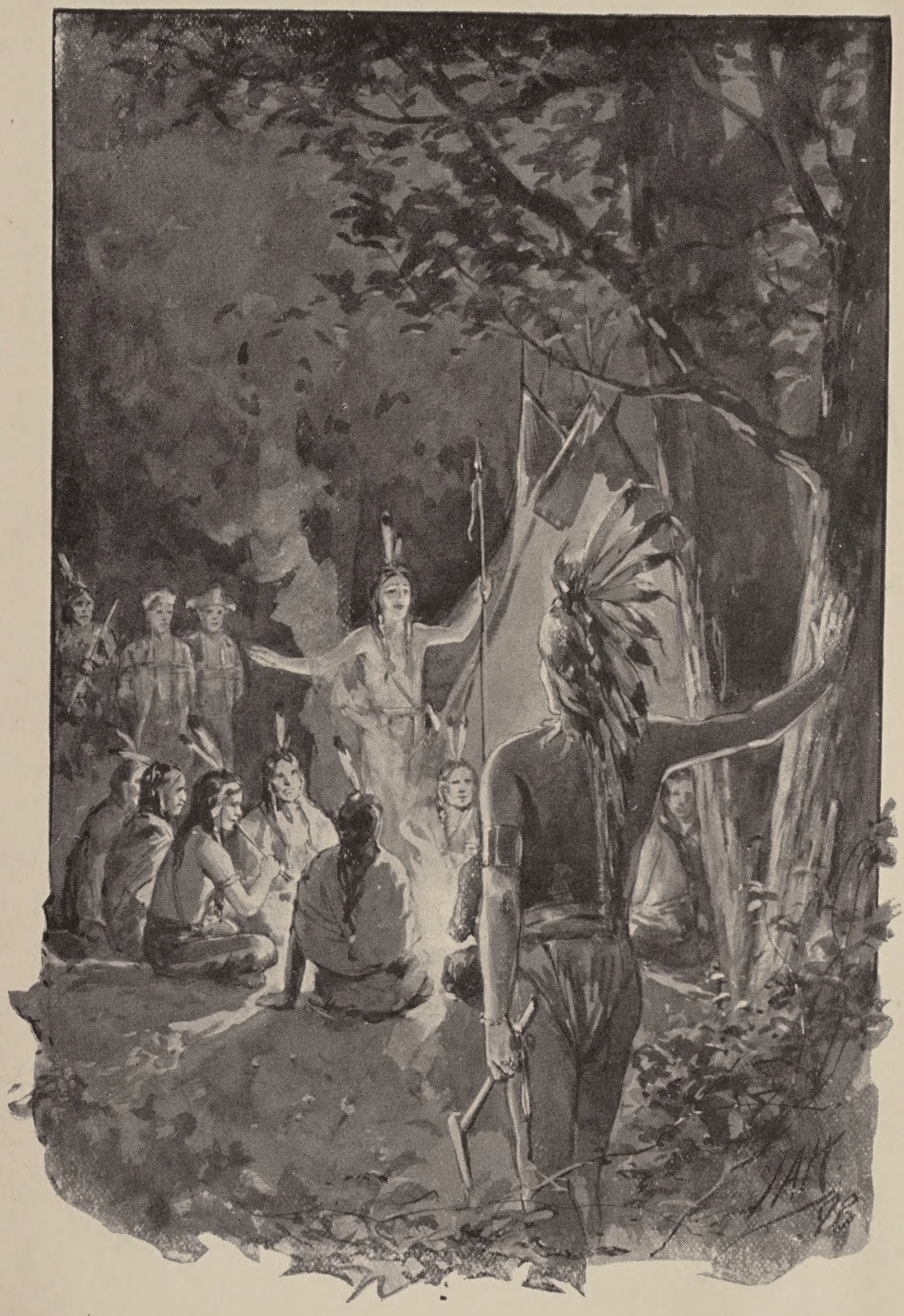

THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

See page 234.

With British and Braves

Story of the War of 1812

By L. K. PARKS

CINCINNATI: CURTS & JENNINGS
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

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Preface

MISCELLANEOUS reading with a busy people like our own is often simply mental recreation. This demands works of sufficient interest to exclude all thoughts of the cares of life. Unfortunately, it is only at rare intervals that a genius has arisen gifted with such a charm of manner and grace of diction as to make the abstract details of history sufficiently fascinating to meet this requirement; hence we turn to fiction, because, while unreal, it seems more real.

It is a curious fact that we often weep over the suffering and death of imaginary, but rarely of historical characters. We shed tears over the death of "Little Nell," the sufferings of "Uncle Tom;" but not over the death of brave General McPherson, or the terrible torture of Colonel Crawford. The former not only appear more real, but they seem to be acquaintances and friends, while the latter are simply officers, in whom we have no personal interest. Besides, history is too often a bare recital of certain important events, which give us no real picture of the period. It has been truthfully said, that to get a good conception of the reign of James the First, one should read "The Fortunes of Nigel," as well as Hume's History.

I am not alone in the opinion that historical truths can best be taught by a judicious union of history and fiction, provided the truths of history are not distorted so as to conform to the exigencies of the story. Un-

less I am greatly in error, many of our well-informed, and even educated people, have little knowledge of the War of 1812, especially of those important events which took place in the Northwest, and which have had a potent influence upon our national destiny. Yet there is no period of our history more replete with intrinsic interest, combining at once all the heroism, chivalry, and gallantry of the marvelous tales of the borderer with the great and glorious achievements that have made America what it is to-day.

Suppose, in addition to this intrinsic interest, you had a real or imaginary friend, who had been a participant in these events; one who fought British and Indians beneath the great oaks at Maguaga; who, after Hull's inglorious surrender, escaped, under cover of darkness, fog, and mist, down the deep and rapid river; who was in the terrible conflict at Frenchtown; who, with a few comrades disguised as painted savsages, fled through the snow of a trackless forest; who, by his heroic courage, saved the day at Fort Meigs; who was with the gallant Croghan at Fort Stephenson, and with Commodore Perry at Put-in-Bay; who encountered savage men and wild beasts in the woods; who struggled with Split-Log and the great Tecumseh; who risked his life to rescue the girl he loved from her savage captors. If with such a friend, or friends, you could visit these scenes, and see not only these events as they actually occurred, but other scenes of that period, which would give you a clear conception of the time,—how much greater would be your interest and the benefit you would derive!

This has been my object in writing out the story told by Colonel Northcott. In company with his imaginary friends, he not only sees the battles and conflicts of history, but becomes interested in their experiences, both in love and war. How well the writer has succeeded, he must leave to the judgment of the charitable and kindly reader; but he believes that this narrative can not fail to be both interesting and instructive, for the picture which he has attempted to reproduce is of itself so fascinating and instructive that it can not fail to be both beneficial and attractive, even if the work of the artist is defective. Of the important events of this period, no self-respecting and intelligent American should remain in ignorance.

I perhaps ought to say, before closing, that I have found a greater conflict of authority in regard to many of the details pertaining to events which I have described than one would naturally expect in reference to a time so little removed from the present. There is, however, but little dispute in regard to the main and most important features of that struggle, and I have assiduously endeavored to be accurate in the relation of historical facts, and have been to no little pains to verify, as far as possible, that part of my narrative which is legendary; and wherever I have felt doubtful lest the reader might confound imaginary with real events, I have added explanatory notes, in order that this narrative might nowhere be misleading.

L. K. P.

Contents

CHAPTER I

A Party at Hotel Victory—Colonel Northcott, the Story-teller — Then and Now — The Gathering at John Wright's—The News of the Battle of Tippecanoe—The Circle Hunt—Struggle with the Bear—A Bitter Quarrel—A Frontier Supper — Miss Mixture, a Dangerous Compound - - - - - - - - - 13

CHAPTER II

Declaration of War—Conflicting Opinions and Divided Sentiments—Lieutenant Dinsmore — A Digression in which the Colonel moralizes—Hull's March to Detroit—Invasion of Canada—Fatal Delays—Retreat—Battle of Maguaga—Desperate Duel in the Woods—Dinsmore and Hastings wounded—Indian Courage—Hull Ignominiously Surrenders — Bitter Feeling among Officers and Men—Dinsmore and Hentzler escape - - - - - - - - - - - - 41

CHAPTER III

Hentzler and his Mother—Ruth and Henry Wright visit Dinsmore — John Wright and his Wife talk of the War—Mrs. Wright's Motherly Feelings—She decides to let Henry become an Indian Scout, and Ruth a Nurse—The Effect of Hull's Surrender—British and Indians driven from Fort Wayne—Indian Villages destroyed — Fort Defiance taken — Heroic Defense of Fort Harrison - - - - - - - - - 57

CHAPTER IV

Ruth goes to Cleveland as a Nurse—A True Woman in the Sick-room—Henry and Charlotte Wright—Henry leaves Home to become an Indian Scout — His Father's Parting Advice—Henry arrives at Fort Stephenson—General Tupper's Attack upon the Rapids of Maumee—The Military Skill and Bravery of the Indian Chief Split-Log—Tupper retreats for Lack of Provisions—Winchester ordered to Maumee—Dinsmore's Parting from Ruth - - - - - - 72

CHAPTER V

Dinsmore and Wright join Winchester's Army as Scouts—Colonel Lewis marches to Frenchtown — A Bitter Conflict — Americans Victorious — Winchester re-enforces Colonel Lewis — The Unheeded Warning—An Early Morning Attack—Dreadful Slaughter—Americans Surrender—The Fearful Disguise of the Scouts—They Escape—Massacre of Prisoners—Dreadful Sights and Scenes—Results—March through the Woods—Dinsmore tenders his Services to General Harrison - - - - - - - - - - - - 84

CHAPTER VI

Captain Dinsmore visits Cleveland — His Bitter Disappointment—Miss Mixture's Deceit—A Cleveland Hotel in the First of the Century — Dinsmore loses Faith in Womankind—Ruth and Miss Mixture—Two Sad Hearts—Henry Wright visits his Home and sees Charlotte — Charlotte's Terrible Dream — Dinsmore returns to Kentucky—His Mother and Sister - - 102

CHAPTER VII

Fort Meigs — General Harrison goes to Cincinnati — Colonel Leftwick's Incompetency—The Scout surrounded by Wolves—General Proctor's Army lands at Fort Miami — Narrow Escape from the Indians—

A Dreadful Storm — Visit from a Panther—Siege of Fort Meigs — Midnight News—Cause of Mysterious Bullets discovered — Colonel Dudley destroys Proctor's Batteries — Disobedience of Orders — Colonel Dudley defeated and slain. Tecumseh's Humanity—Colonel Clay's Attack upon the Indians — Johnson Dinsmore's Heroic Ride — Painted Savages — Split-Log's Shot—Dinsmore Severely Wounded—Americans Victorious—Proctor's Retreat - - - - - 120

CHAPTER VIII

Ruth arrives at Fort Meigs—A Base Wretch justly punished — Hettiebelle Dinsmore finds her Wounded Brother — A Mystery explained—Ruth Wright and Captain Dinsmore again meet — Love, Honor, and Courage triumph over Deception and Deceit — The Howling of the Wolves—Bad Omen - - - - 146

CHAPTER IX

Proctor and Tecumseh again determine to attack Fort Meigs — Tecumseh's Shrewd Stratagem — Henry Wright's Skill and Courage, and General Clay's Firmness, save the Fort—Ruth Wright and Hettiebelle Dinsmore Alike and yet Unlike—Hettiebelle's Interest in Henry Wright—Proctor and Tecumseh Retreat—Fort Stephenson - - - - - - 170

CHAPTER X

The Scouts and Militiamen at Catawba Island — Indians hunting Deer — The British Fleet discovered — The British land at Fort Stephenson — The Glorious Defense of Fort Stephenson — Proctor's Ignominious Flight—Ruth Wright, Captain and Hettiebelle Dinsmore arrive at Fort Stephenson—The Wounded Canadian Officer—A Ride through the Woods—General Harrison and Commodore Perry determine to risk a Naval Engagement - - - - - - - 188

CHAPTER XI

Naval Supremecy of England—An Ingenious and Successful Method of floating Ships over a Sandbar—Ruth Wright and Captain Dinsmore at the Home of John Wright—A Little Love—A Short Chapter - - - 202

CHAPTER XII

A Frontier Settlement after an Indian Raid — Charlotte Wright and Captain Dinsmore seized by the Indians—The Scout, Peter Navarre—The Pursuit — Arrangements for meeting upon the Peninsula—Henry Wright swims the Sandusky River in pursuit of the Savages—Savages arrive with their Prisoners at what is now called Lakeside — Jim Jenks, the Deserter—Lieutenant Hastings—The Two Chiefs, Ogontz and Big Cat—The Interview at the Camp-fire—A Dreadful Alternative — Henry Wright makes his Presence known—Hastings and Charlotte - - - - 209

CHAPTER XIII

The Indian Council—Big Cat advises Torture and War—The Persuasive Eloquence of the Great Chief Ogontz—Whisky and Jealousy produce a Tragedy—The Indian Council unexpectedly broken up — The Trial of Ogontz—He is acquitted—The Prisoners escape—An Exciting Race — The Mysterious Disappearance — Henry and Charlotte Wright and Captain Dinsmore again become Indian Captives - - - - - 234

CHAPTER XIV

September 10, 1813—Enemy in Sight—The Scene before the Battle—The Fleets slowly approach Each Other—Awful Slaughter upon the Flagship Lawrence—Perry transferred to the Brig Niagara—The Wind changes—The Enemy's Line broken—Dreadful Broadsides—Apparent Defeat turned into Complete American Vic-

tory — The Entire Nation Wild with Joy—A Dash for Liberty — A Cavern — Savage Preparations for Dinsmore's Torture—Love and Courage wins Another Victory—Dinsmore saved—Hastings and Henry Wright wounded—The Indians Flee - - - - - - 252

CHAPTER XV

After the Battle — A Discovery — The Deserter Jenks is captured—The Solemn and Impressive Burial of the Dead Officers—Five Thousand Men assemble at Put-in-Bay — Tecumseh's Speech to Proctor — Harrison invades Canada — Complete American Victory at the River Thames—Proctor flees — The Brave Tecumseh Slain — Terrible Suspense — Ruth, Hettiebelle, and Charlotte's Parents go to Put-in-Bay — Lieutenant Hastings makes to Charlotte a Declaration of Love—A Happy Solution—Courage wins in Love as well as War—Jenks meets a Fate which he richly deserves—Miss Mixture, the Deceiver, deceived — A Happy Triple Wedding—Farewell - - - - - - 275

Illustrations

PAGE

THE INDIAN COUNCIL - - - - - *Frontispiece*

FARMER JOHN WRIGHT AND HIS WIFE - - - 60

GEN. WILLIAM H. HARRISON - - - - - 81

THE SCOUTS SURPRISED BY A PANTHER - - - 129

MAJOR GEORGE CROGHAN - - - - - - 193

RUTH WRIGHT AND LIEUT. DINSMORE - - - - 204

COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY - - - - - 256

TECUMSEH - - - - - - - - - 280

Chapter I

It was a delightful August evening in the year 1897. Scattered here and there in groups, or promenading along the grand veranda that fronts Hotel Victory, at Put-in-Bay, were some three or four hundred guests. Most of the young people were in full evening dress, and among them were a number of naval cadets belonging to the Ohio Reserve. The young ladies were all on the *qui vive*; for the young and aristocratic Clevelanders were an exceptionally fine-looking body of men in their naval uniforms—white as snow, except the big brass buttons and black band and gilt anchor on their natty caps.

Near the middle of the veranda, and apparently noticing no one, sat a gentleman, slowly smoking a fragrant cigar. A young lady from St. Louis, leaning on the arm of a naval officer, in passing remarked to her escort: "I wonder who that elderly gentleman is; he has such a distinguished look."

"That is Colonel Northcott," replied the young officer. "He is, I believe, a Southerner by birth. He is a model gentleman of the 'old-school,' which, I am sorry to say, is fast disappearing. We Americans, by our constant travel have acquired—I might almost say we ape—a certain off-hand frankness and heartiness of manner in our intercourse with strangers, which, at times, is refreshing and in pleasing contrast to the stately formality of the Europeans, and especially the English.

Yet our frankness often descends, I fear, to freshness or impudence, and our heartiness to rudeness. For my part, there is a charm about some of those elegant, stately gentlemen of the 'old-school' that I very much admire. I understand his father was not only an officer in the War of 1812, but was at the battle of Lake Erie, or Perry's Victory. He has spent most of his summers from boyhood along the shore of Lake Erie, and is said to know more about the Indians, their habits and characteristics, and the real facts connected with the battles fought in the Northwest during the War of 1812, than almost any other man now living."

Soon afterwards, a gentleman from Cincinnati noticed the colonel, and recognizing in him an old acquaintance, extended his hand, and said:

"How do you do, Colonel. I am very glad to see you. You have not been here before this season, have you?"

"No," replied the colonel. "The last time I was here was upon the occasion of the Inter-Lake Yacht Regatta Party. On that occasion, one of the Canadian yacht-clubs won an elegant silver loving-cup, and when the cup was presented to the commander of the successful Canadian boat, the gentleman making the presentation spoke of the fact that this hotel was named in honor of the great naval victory which took place in sight of this house, and then he expressed the hope that all contests in the future between the United States and her Canadian cousins would be like the present one—a contest of friendly rivalry, ending, not in blood, but in social friendship.

"To-night there are a hundred fine-looking naval cadets here with all the insignia of war, and the girls seem to be more attracted by the cadets than they were by the yacht men. War seems yet to charm more than peace.

"As I have been looking into this enchanting forest park, lighted by electricity and beautified by an electric fountain, my mind has been running back over the past. Young men, guided by hope and spurred on by expectation, love to look with longing eyes into the future; but men who, like myself, have reached nearly fourscore years, live in the past, so rich and full of great events. Only eighty-four years since, at the time of the battle on Lake Erie, this vast country, which we so proudly call our own, was for the most part a wilderness inhabited by savage beasts and wild men, untutored except by the Great Spirit, the God of nature. Chicago, that great city of wealth and poverty, glory and infamy, charity and corruption, public spirit and anarchy, was yet unborn. Where sky-piercing blocks now greet the sight, the red man danced around his camp-fires, and instead of the rattle of machinery, the whistle of engines, and the tramp of thousands of busy feet, was heard the plaintive cry of the loon, the dismal howl of the wolf, and the wild scream of the panther. Cleveland was a little log-hut hamlet; Detroit, an insignificant French village; Toledo was still for years to come to be the camping-ground of the Indians, and the home of the musk-rat and forest wolf.

"As a boy I have seen the Indian camp-fires redden the shores of this lake, and often heard, in the dark

and tangled forests between Sandusky Bay and the Maumee River, the howl of wolves and the cry of the panther. Look through the trees between here and the lake, run your eye along the walk which leads to that rustic bridge, illuminated by so many electric lights, and then let your eye run around under the branches of the trees, and you see the hollow or depression before us is a natural amphitheater. There, eighty-four years since, the Ottawas kindled for the last time, on the shores of this lake, the fires of torture around the limbs of a white man, and there took place an event in one of the prettiest romances of the War of 1812, which, while cruel and bloody, assuaged the feeling of hostile bitterness, and showed that war, as well as peace, can develop and bring forth the highest and noblest attributes of the soul."

"Colonel," replied, or rather interrupted the Cincinnatian, "I wish you would tell us about the War of 1812. Tell us the story which you have just mentioned."

Several, who were listening to the colonel's remarks, joined in a chorus of voices requesting the story. After some little parleying (for story-tellers, as well as musicians, often like to be coaxed), it was agreed that the next afternoon the colonel should begin his story of the War of 1812 in the Northwest. This he accordingly did, continuing it from day to day as he had opportunity, and his hearers were able to come together on the veranda to listen to it. There was a goodly group of listeners, young, old, and middle-aged, daily assembled, and they

listened with intense interest as he told the story of the war, as follows:

IN THE YEAR 1812 there lived in Cuyahoga County, not far from where now stands the city of Cleveland, two sturdy New England brothers, named John and Charles Wright. They were among the first settlers in Cuyahoga County outside of Cleveland. In fact, they had built their log houses in the forest on the banks of the Cuyahoga River, in the year 1799, or only three years after the first settlement in Cleveland.

It was the 6th of December. Though not very cold, the ground was just whitened by a thin covering of snow which had fallen during the day. It had been determined some time previous to have a circle hunt on the day following, and word had been sent through the settlements for many miles around, and also to the village of Cleveland, to that effect. The different townships having selected their captains, they met for final arrangements at the home of John Wright.

John Wright's family consisted, besides himself and wife, of two children—an unusually small family for those times. Henry was about twenty-one, a big, strong, good-natured fellow, but with "lots of grit," as the boys said. He was known as being the best shot, the fastest runner, and strongest swimmer in the settlement. He was, in many respects, a typical frontiersman; tall and spare, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, but without any surplus flesh,

all bone and muscle; one of those characters that needed some excitement or great incentive fully to draw out the latent powers of body and mind. He had large eyes that ordinarily seemed a sort of dreamy blue, but when excited were a piercing gray.

Ruth was about eighteen, a sweet, shy girl, with large dark-blue eyes, always the first to be called upon when any one was hurt or sick. She liked to roam over the fields and through the forests with her brother, and she often said to her mother (and more often to herself), "If I were a boy I would be a hunter or an Indian fighter."

Besides the captains of the hunt, some of the neighbors had dropped in to talk over the next day's sport, and exchange ideas in regards to the stormy events of the time. The question of war with England was the all-absorbing topic; for, added to the usual interest that we all take in war—which may not only cause the weal or woe of our country, but our families and our friends—at this time on the Western frontier, a war with England would be a signal for an Indian outbreak, with all its attendant horrors.

There were also present Mrs. Charles Wright and her daughter Charlotte. Charlotte was about Ruth's age.

The shades of evening were beginning to fall; a few flakes of light snow were dropping slowly to the already whitened earth. John Wright and his visitors were seated by the great open fireplace, upon which a big log had just been thrown, making a bright, cheerful flame, with hundreds of sparks flying up into the mouth of the great chimney.

"Well, Mr. A.," said John Wright, addressing one of his visitors, "what news did you hear in Cleveland yesterday?"

"Nothing special," was the reply. "The mail from the East has not come in this week. It has been delayed on account of bad and heavy roads. Nor has anything been heard from General Harrison. People are beginning to fear that Tecumseh and his brother, 'the Prophet,' have succeeded in getting Harrison into a trap. I tell you, if Harrison falls into the hands of that old fox, Tecumseh, there will not be a man left to tell the tale, and we will see dreadful times in Ohio. The redskins may not come as far east as this, but I tell you, John, that if Harrison is defeated, many a poor fellow's scalp will be hung up in their tents this winter. I shudder when I think of the poor women and children that will suffer in captivity worse than death if, added to Harrison's defeat, the company of infidel French sympathizers get our country into a war with Great Britain."

"Yes," replied John, "the last we heard from Harrison was over a month ago. He was at Tippecanoe, and was every day expecting to fight with Tecumseh; but that crafty chief was pretending he did not want to fight. I tell you, Tecumseh is the smartest Indian that ever wore a red skin, and I begin to worry about Harrison. It seems to me it is time that we heard something from him and his men. Sometimes I am afraid that Harrison is not quite a match for Tecumseh, who is as brave as Harrison himself. But there comes my son Henry. I wonder who that is with him."

Just then there appeared, riding into the clearing that surrounded the house, two young men—one was Henry Wright, the other a stranger. The stranger rode his horse as though he were one of the fabled centaurs, a part of the horse itself. As he jumped lightly to the ground, with a sort of military air, both of the girls excitedly asked, "Who can he be?" In the settlements, before the war, to see a stranger, and especially a fine-looking young man in uniform, was an unusual occurrence. The young men led their horses into the log barn, and then bent their way towards the house. Mr. Wright opened the door to greet his son and the stranger. "Father," said Henry, "this is Sergeant Dinsmore. He has just come from Tippecanoe." This statement brought every one to the door, eager to learn the fate of Harrison and his men.

After a general introduction and a hearty welcome, it was very soon learned that General Harrison, on the 7th of November, met the large Indian force under command of the great warrior, Tecumseh, and, after a severe conflict, had gained a complete victory, and Sergeant Dinsmore had been sent to Cleveland with dispatches to inform the Government. He was going to remain in Cleveland for a few days, and then proceed to his home in Kentucky. He accidentally met Henry, and learning of the proposed hunt, he had expressed a desire to take part in it. With the unreserved hospitality of that day, Henry had immediately invited Dinsmore to go home with him that night, so as to be ready for the hunt early the next morning.

During the evening, Dinsmore, at the request of his host, recounted the incidents and results in detail of the battle of Tippecanoe, and described his long journey through the dense and almost unbroken forest between Tippecanoe and Cleveland; how at night he often heard the wolves howling in the woods around him; how one day the Indians followed him for over twenty miles, and then, realizing that he was aware of their chase, they gave it up. For while the Indian is accustomed to the woods, and has considerable endurance, and is very fleet for a short race, yet for a long, stern chase, it is useless for him to try to overtake a white hunter or soldier. Charlotte occasionally, along with the others, asked questions concerning the matters Dinsmore was describing. Ruth was a silent listener, much of the time, with her eyes upon the floor. When she did raise them and look at Dinsmore, it was only for a moment.

Finally, the neighbors and hunters departed, and soon afterwards Mr. Wright said:

"The hunters will begin to assemble early, and we must be ready to start at daylight."

Mr. Wright then read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures, and offered up a fervent prayer for the welfare of his country, his guests, and his family. Then all retired.

Ruth and Charlotte slept together. Hardly had Charlotte reached the bed before she fell asleep; not so with Ruth. She had often read of brave soldiers. She had dreamed of plumed knights and heroes; but she had never before seen a soldier, and now, in the same house, sleeping under the same roof, was not

only a real soldier, but a hero—one who, with Harrison, had helped, by his bravery and might, to defeat the most dreaded chief in all the land. He, defended only by his own watchfulness and strength, had traversed miles and miles of trackless forest, surrounded by wild beasts and wild men. Besides, while not exactly handsome, Dinsmore was a manly man. Young girls often dote upon pretty men—men with curly locks, exquisite mustaches, rosy cheeks, and soft white hands; but they love stalwart, forcible, masculine men. It is no wonder, then, that Ruth dreamed that night, and many of her dreams were while she was only partially asleep.

The next morning, before daybreak, a breakfast of baked potatoes, milk-rising bread, salt pork, milk, weak coffee, and pancakes sweetened with real maple syrup, was hastily eaten; as before breakfast was ready the neighbors began to assemble, Ruth having, as she said, overslept—she did not say she had overdreamed.

The hunting party consisted of some sixty, of whom about one-half assembled at John Wright's; the other half, according to previous arrangement, meeting at a place about four miles distant. Quite a number of those who met at Wright's were from Cleveland, and among them was a young Canadian by the name of Frank Hastings. He, like Dinsmore, had been in Cleveland on business, and, hearing of the hunt, had expressed a desire to join the party, and had been, as was the custom in those days, invited to "go along." He was greeted cordially even by those who would, aside, remark to their friends and acquaintances:

"What is that Canadian doing here? I wonder if he is trying to learn how well we can shoot."

Just as the party were ready to start, Mrs. Wright, Ruth, and Charlotte came to the door and wished the hunters good luck and safe return, when, to the surprise of Mrs. Wright and Ruth, Hastings stepped up to Charlotte, and they greeted each other with the cordiality of old and warm friends. Henry noticed this cordial greeting, and for some reason—he could not say why—it vexed him. He remarked to one of his acquaintances: "That Canadian is a forward fellow. He may be all right, but for my part I would rather these Canadians would keep on their side of the water just now."

It had been decided to surround a large piece of land very thickly overgrown with tall grasses, bushes, and branching trees. This piece of land was the favorite resort of wild animals. It was irregular in shape, about a mile and one half long, and about half as wide. According to the previously-arranged plan, the two hunting parties started in the woods about three miles apart, and then slowly moved towards each other, those on the ends of each advancing line going at first much faster than those in the center, so that soon a complete circle was formed. Each party had a captain and two lieutenants, the captain being in the center, and the lieutenants at either extremity of the line. The six officers, besides their guns, carried horns, by means of which they gave their brief commands. As soon as the ends of the lines met, and the circle was complete, the signal was passed around to "close in." Many of the party, especially

the large boys, had with them dogs, but they were all kept securely in hand. No sooner was the order given to "close in" than the whole party, keeping up a continual shouting, kept pressing in towards the center, driving before them all the game. When the circle had been contracted until it was less than a mile in circumference, the senior captain blew upon a conch-shell a loud blast, that could be heard by every one. The hunters then selected stations where the woods were the clearest from underbrush and their sight the least obstructed. These stations were from four to five rods apart, and the cry went around the whole circle, "Here I am, fire towards the center." This precaution was taken, as these so-called "circle hunts" often resulted in severe and sometimes fatal accidents, caused by the hunters firing at game and shooting each other. By this means each one was made acquainted with the exact location of his nearest companion, at the same time getting a final word of caution. As soon as this watchword had passed around the circle, the senior captain blew a signal for the charge, and the loosened dogs sprang into the inclosure. There is nothing short of a real charge in battle that so stirs the blood, tingles the veins, and causes the heart to throb and beat with excitement and expectancy as a charge in a circle hunt. Fifty to seventy-five dogs, of all sizes and kinds, are baying, barking, yelling, springing through the bushes, around the trees, over the logs; the branches snap, the twigs bend, the noise grows louder every moment, as more and more of the dogs catch sight of the game; then, as the frightened animals attempt to break out, the bang and cracking

of the guns is added to the noise of the dogs. And all this excitement is intensified by the exhilarating sight of so much large game. Deer bound through the woods beside frightened wolves, who have lost their appetite; turkeys fly through the air, and foxes run through the bushes; but escape is almost impossible. A fox or wolf drops here, a deer falls there, or a turkey plunges to the ground, or a wounded buck springs into the air, until gradually the noise of the dogs becomes less animated, the firing less frequent, and then ceases altogether. The conch-shell sounds again. The hunt is over. It was found, this day, when the game was gathered together, that the hunters had been very successful. Thirty-five deer, six wolves, two bears, a large number of wild turkeys, and a few foxes and rabbits had been killed, and no one had been shot or severely injured.

But one very unusual event had taken place. On one side of Henry Wright was a small, marshy stream, fringed by a thick and almost impassable growth of bushes. On the other side, and about five rods distant, was Hastings; next to Hastings was Dinsmore. Henry thought himself especially fortunate in being next to the stream, for there was always a generous rivalry among the hunters as to which one would shoot the most and largest game, and Henry thought that the game would be very likely to attempt to break out of the circle by following the stream.

It was a moment of great excitement. Big and little game were expected to appear at any moment. Henry had awaited in suppressed and expectant ex-

citement but a few moments when a fine antlered buck came bounding towards him, and attempted to cross the open space between him and the bush-fringed stream, but a sharp report, followed by a spring into the air, and then the fall of the animal showed that Henry's gun, as usual, had done its bidding. He commenced to reload with all possible haste—there were no cartridges and breech-loaders in those days. He had pulled out his powder-horn, and was in the act of pouring a charge into his gun, when he heard a snapping of the bushes in the thicket towards the center of the circle. This only hastened his efforts to reload before the game would have time to escape. He had just rammed down his powder, and was about to send the bullet after it, and in a moment more would have been ready again, when the bending of the bushes and the snapping of the twigs directly in front of him caused him to look up. To his surprise and consternation he saw directly before him an unusually large bear. It had not as yet been very cold, and the bears were still out. Henry's first impulse was to club the bear with his gun; but fear of spoiling it (his most valuable earthly possession) caused him to spring with all possible haste towards a large swamp-elm that grew near by. Henry knew if he could reach the tree he could run around it faster than the bear, which is a clumsy animal. In his haste he stepped upon a half-rotten limb, that broke beneath his weight and tripped him, so that he stumbled and fell almost under the bear. He quickly sprang to his feet, only to be grasped in the arms of the wild beast. Too late to escape, he drew a large hunting-knife from his belt,

and made a plunge at the animal's heart; but, unfortunately, the bear was too quick for him, and by a stroke of his paw knocked the knife out of Henry's hand, and, enfolding the weaponless hunter in his huge arms, both rolled to the ground. A fearful life-and-death struggle then ensued between the combatants. One ruled by unvarying instinct, the other guided by reason and the varying vicissitudes of the conflict; the bear depended wholly upon squeezing his opponent to death, while the man, keeping the instinct of the bear ever in mind, endeavored to present his body at all times in such a position as best to enable him to withstand the beast's terrible hug, until his grasp could be loosened. Henry was not only quick and athletic, but a man of big bones and great endurance. The woods in the immediate vicinity of their first encounter was comparatively free from underbrush; but in their struggles they rolled away from this spot, and fortunately in among some bushes, and the bear got his huge paws around the bushes as well as the man, and this, to some extent, weakened the force of his terrible embrace. At first it was impossible for Henry to call for help so tightly was he held; but at length he managed to call for assistance.* Hastings, who, as we have seen, was nearest him, heard the call, but did not respond; for he was ignorant of the methods of this kind of hunting, and as the cry was not very distinct, he thought that it was one of the hunting signals agreed upon. On the other side of Henry, as we have

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*A great uncle of the writer was one of the captains of the hunt here described. See Howe's Historical Collections, Ohio, for similar hunts and experiences.

seen, was the stream lined with thick and almost impassable bushes, so that it was impossible for the hunter in that direction to reach Henry without considerable delay; and, as it happened, just as Henry uttered his second call for help Hastings had shot a deer, which was closely followed by yelping hounds, which prevented him from hearing this call for help. Thus no assistance came to Henry in his lonely and desperate struggle for life.

During this nearly fatal delay Henry several times thought the bear's terrible hugs would crush him; but by choking the animal with all the strength born of terror, he would compel him to release his grip for a moment, in order to knock Henry's hands from his throat. This would always give Henry another chance to catch his breath and cry for assistance. For some time Henry kept up the unequal struggle, momentarily expecting assistance that did not come until it seemed to him that he was being cruelly deserted and left to a terrible fate; but at length, to his great relief, he saw Hastings and Dinsmore rapidly approaching, and nearly at the same time the snapping of the twigs and bushes bordering the stream announced the approach of another hunter from that direction. The bear, seeing so many new enemies approaching, loosened his hold upon Henry, and started to escape by flight. He had, however, proceeded but a short distance before Hastings raised his gun and fired, at the same instant that Dinsmore also fired, and the bear dropped dead.

Just as Henry had cried out for help the second time, Hastings fired at a large buck. This buck, fol-

lowed by the dogs, was attempting to pass between Hastings and Dinsmore, and, as often happens in such cases, both hunters fired at almost the same moment, when the deer appeared in sight. The wounded animal made several frantic plunges, and both hunters, fearing that he was only wounded, rushed forward so as to make sure of their game; but the wounded buck turned for a moment, and defiantly faced his enemies, while the dogs gathered around him with their loud, excited barking. The hunters saw their danger, and hastily reloaded; but before either had finished loading, a large hound sprang upon the wounded animal, and, with the assistance of the other dogs, the deer was soon brought to the ground; the hunters came up, drove off the dogs, and dispatched their game. On leaving the dead buck, Hastings heard a cry from Henry, whom he was then able distinctly to see struggling with his brute foe. Hastings immediately ran to Henry's assistance, followed by Dinsmore. Hastings was nearer; but owing to the fact of his stopping twice to fire, and then desisting for fear of shooting Henry, both reached him about the same time. As the bear fell, Hastings rushed up to Henry, saying, "Thank God, I have killed him!"

Hastings naturally expected some recognition of his services; but Henry, who, during his long and terrible struggle when he was looking death in the face, had felt as though he was being cruelly and purposely deserted by the Canadian, who he knew was nearest, replied, with no attempt to conceal his feelings, "I notice that you made no effort to kill the bear until he began to run, and I was out of danger."

"Besides, it was my shot, and not his, that killed the brute," interrupted Dinsmore.

"I do n't doubt it, my brave Kentuckian; for, although you were twice as far away, you reached here as soon as Hastings, and I presume he would not have dared to come alone."

Even in times of peace nothing arouses the passion of the average young man as an accusation of cowardice; but on the frontier, in times of continual struggle with danger, to call a young man a coward, was like assailing a woman's honor. So unexpected and sudden (and, as Hastings thought, unjust) was this double accusation, that it caused the hot blood to rush through his every vein, and anger overleaped the bounds of prudence, and he replied: "I would rather even be a cowardly Yankee dog, than a cringing, braying liar. Every time" (speaking to Dinsmore) "you hear the report of my gun, you claim to have shot something. When I shot the buck you ran up to it like a cur-dog, and now you claim to have killed this bear. If you were hunting alone, your mother would have to cover your head to stop the deer from browsing on your hair. And, sir, as for you" (turning to Henry), "I once before attempted to rescue a miserable dog, and the ungrateful cur bit me for my pains. If I were even-handed, I would soon show you who is the coward. You cowardly Yankees are always willing to fight when you are three to one." It was this last remark that, in all probability, prevented bloodshed.

Henry listened to the rage of the Canadian with a sort of contemptuous smile. He did not seem in the least excited. To him this burst of passion was only

additional proof of Hastings's cowardice or wanton cruelty. Not so with Dinsmore; his hot Kentucky blood could not brook Hastings's insults, aimed at himself, his companion, and his country; and his first angry impulse was to demand instant retraction; but Hastings's last words touched his pride and honor; for he saw that it would be cowardly to attack one in the Canadian's position. While Dinsmore was hesitating for an instant between these conflicting emotions, Henry replied, coolly: "I beg your pardon, sir; if, after mustering up all your courage to stop a fight between two little curs you got bit, no wonder you were afraid of a bear."

"Yes," added Dinsmore, "you need not be afraid you will get hurt, even if you are impudent. I would be ashamed to fight a cowardly Canadian like you; but some of these days I will go over to Canada, and then, if you are as 'sassy' and impudent as you are now, I will take you across my knee."

These taunts angered the Canadian almost beyond endurance, and a fight would have been a pleasure; a struggle would have been like letting off steam from an overloaded boiler, and he replied: "I hope I shall meet you on Canadian soil. There will be no dispute then as to who shot; and if you are hurt," he added, with a tinge of exultation, "I presume you will be shot in the back, just as that other brute was."

By this time several had gathered around the disputants, among them John Wright, who now interposed, saying slowly: "Hark! God is in these woods; he is listening to your wicked and unseemly wrangle. We ought to be thankful that no one is hurt." The

angry conversation ended; but not the angry feelings. Henry and Dinsmore firmly believed the Canadian would have been pleased at Henry's death. Hastings believed they had purposely and cowardly picked a quarrel with him, not only because he was a Canadian, but because he and Charlotte were friends; and these mutual feelings, not simply of transient anger but bitterness, were so intensified as to become, for a time at least, actual hatred.

Soon after the angry words had ceased, boys came driving into the woods with wagons; the game was gathered together, divided among the different hunters as equally as possible, and when this could not be done satisfactorily, lots were drawn. Hastings, without waiting for his share of the game, almost unnoticed, walked away, and hastened towards Cleveland full of bitter thoughts.

He felt that he had been cruelly wronged. The principal object he had in attending the hunt was to see Charlotte. Now he was to be disgraced in her eyes. "O, how I hope war will break out!" he said to himself, "and that I may meet that Kentuckian face to face in battle! I 'll show the villain who is the coward then." With these and many other bitter thoughts, he passed on until he reached and was about to pass John Wright's house. Charlotte noticed him. "What," she thought, "can be the reason for his going off alone at this hour?" for it still lacked some time to sundown. Her heart throbbed with a peculiar feeling of mingled dread and curiosity. "I wonder why he is going away in this manner. He is not going even to bid me good-bye. Well, let him go if he does not

want to see me. No; there must be some reason for his actions." She stepped out to meet him, saying, as she walked towards him: "You get tired of hunting very soon. I am afraid you have not been very successful. Where are the others? We expected you to come back and take supper with us, as Ruth and I have been busy all day getting it ready, and I have something real nice for you that I have made myself."

"I wish I could stay and take supper with you; but I can not. I must hasten back to Cleveland." He spoke so earnestly in expressing his desire to stay, and so emphatically that he could not, that she said quickly: "What is the matter? You look so strange; are you sick?"

"No, I am not sick; but I have been shamefully abused, and I confess that in my anger I forgot myself, and did that which will lower me in your estimation." He then briefly related to her all that had happened at the hunt, and said, in closing: "I was most unjustly and cruelly accused, and I felt so bitter that, in the heat of passion, I said what, for your sake, I wish were unsaid."

"O, I am so sorry! But I do not blame you," she said. "Had I been treated in Canada as you have been here, I would have hated the whole Canadian people—except one," she added, in a lower tone.

After a little further conversation, he said: "I must bid you good-bye."

"I do n't see why you can not stay; you can explain how it happened, just as you have done to me."

"No; that is impossible. I have nothing to explain."

She held out her hand, which he grasped warmly, and held while each said "good-bye," and expressed, both in words and looks, the hope that they would soon meet again.

In a few moments Hastings was out of sight, and Charlotte busied herself in preparing supper.

But each was thinking of the other.

At half-past seven o'clock the men began to gather at John Wright's; the women having arrived, for the most part earlier, to assist in preparing supper. This was a real frontier settlement gathering, there being about thirty men and women present, a number of both sexes being unmarried. The table consisted of three trestles, or horses as they were called, upon which were placed boards, covered with white linen table-spreads brought by different matrons (I say different, for household furnishings were very scarce, and at any neighborhood gathering each woman furnished something). The seats were also boards placed upon stools; for only one rocking-chair (and that was a mark of wealth), with a very limited number of straight wooden ones at the most, was all that could be found in the frontiersman's home. The dishes (with the exception of here and there a highly-colored piece of crockery, brought from New England as a kind of heirloom) were pewter and tin. The meal, however, would tempt the appetite of any of us. It was not served in courses; there were no servants to do that, nor enough dishes if there had been servants. It consisted of wild-turkey pot-pie, venison-steak, baked and mashed potatoes, wild-blackberry jam, cranberry-sauce, mince, pumpkin, and apple pie, milk-

rising bread, hot fritters with maple-syrup, tea, milk, and, besides, what at this early day was a great treat to the New Englanders, sweet cider. The finest champagne would have been insipid to them beside this cider, not simply on account of its taste, but because it reminded them of their old homes, many of them not having tasted of their favorite New England beverage since they had lived in Ohio, as the apple orchards were, for the most part, too young as yet to produce much fruit.

When the meal was ready—as it was at the appointed hour, punctuality being one of the virtues of those times—all sat down, and John Wright called upon one of the neighbors to invoke God's blessing. After grace commenced the usual hum of conversation, passing of food, and eating, when some one said, "Where is Henry? I hope he was not badly hurt to-day."

"Not much," said Mrs. Wright; "but he is very sore, and was very much exhausted and has lain down, but will be out in a few moments."

Soon afterward Henry appeared, and was greeted as he walked along, apparently unhurt, with all kinds of complimentary and sympathizing remarks. All expressed their joy and pleasure at seeing him so slightly injured.

"I am very sore, but will be as well as ever in a day or two; but I do not want another such experience. I shall carry a recollection of this day's hunt with me through life."

Among the party was a young woman from Cleveland. She had not been originally invited to the

supper; but her father was a fur-buyer, a very important personage in those days, and she and her father had accidentally called that afternoon. She had never attended a hunting party, and, of course, she was invited to stay, which invitation, after a great many excuses, she with apparent reluctance, accepted; although there were some among the guests uncharitable enough to hint that she called at that particular time for the express purpose of being invited to the supper.

Her name was Miss Mixture, a French Canadian by birth. She was young, handsome, and attractive, and she had that wonderful power that some women have of looking love. A woman can throw more intense, soulful, love-enkindling love into one deep, tender, modest, yet passionate expression of the eyes than a man can convey by all the terms of endearment known to the tongue. Fortunately, it is rare that a woman has this power unless she truly loves, so that this manifestation of the eyes is soul speaking to soul; but for some inscrutable reason some women have been given this gift of piercing the soul with one of these intense, passionate, soul-kindling looks when all is false; when between the eye and soul there is no connection. When such women are handsome and cruel—they are always false—they are the most dangerous beings God has yet seen fit to create. This power Miss Mixture possessed in an eminent degree.

Soon after Henry was seated, she said, with a sweet look of sympathy: "May I ask how you got hurt, Mr. Wright? Something must have happened at the hunt of which I have not heard."

"O, nothing much," replied Henry; "only I had a lively tussle with a bear, that I have no desire to repeat."

"Is that so? O, I wish you would tell us all about it."

Some of the other ladies joined in the request, but from very different motives, and Henry modestly described his struggle in the woods, ending with the shooting of old bruin; but did not say a word about the difficulty at the close.

"How long do you suppose you were struggling with the brute?" asked Miss Mixture.

"O, I do not know. It seemed to me a long while; I presume, though, not over ten or fifteen minutes."

"Ten or fifteen minutes!" she exclaimed. "You are the bravest man I ever knew. Under such circumstances, surrounded by friends, as you were, I would have called for help."

Henry would have preferred letting the matter drop; but not to reply, he concluded, after a moment's thought, would be accepting undeserved praise, so he simply said: "There was a great deal of noise, and perhaps I was not heard." He was too honest to say "he was not," when he believed one did hear him.

"*Perhaps* they did not hear you? Why, Mr. Wright, you do not think that any one with the attributes of a man would be so cowardly or cruel as to leave you alone to struggle for life, and not come to your assistance? It does not seem possible, and yet it does seem very strange that when some, at least, must have been very near you, no one came to your assistance until the bear started to run."

Several of the ladies, who had not heard the full particulars, exclaimed: "Impossible! Why, to think of such a thing is dreadful!"

"Who were nearest you?"

Charlotte bit her lips, Ruth looked uneasy, and Dinsmore began to feel extremely unpleasant.

Henry was slow to anger; but, when once aroused, it took a long time for his feelings to cool, and the thought of his lonely and terrible struggle in the woods, when it seemed to him he was being cruelly deserted, çame back to him, and his eyes flashed as he said: "I have not yet blamed any one. Two young men, one of whom I believe to be a brave, true man, shot at the same time a large buck, and as it plunged forward both ran to secure it, and in the excitement they did not hear me."

"O, dreadful! Two men, or two who call themselves men," said Miss Mixture, "felt more concern over who should have the credit of killing a deer, than they did the life of a companion; and you, who have always so much charity for every one, are trying to shield and excuse them. I wonder if, after these brave men ran to your assistance, they also quarreled as to who shot the bear."

"O, stop! do not say such dreadful things," interrupted one.

"I know," replied Miss Mixture, "it does seem dreadful; but, from what Mr. Wright says, I should think that was the case."

Charlotte longed to give Hastings's explanation of his conduct, and once or twice was in the very act of speaking; but fear and maidenly modesty pre-

vented. Dinsmore's feelings are easily imagined. He was brave, generous, and manly. Cowardice was dishonor. He was among strangers. It seemed to him that the eyes of the whole company were upon him, branding him as a cruel, treacherous coward. Yet to speak now in self-defense would be almost equal to a confession. The blood was coursing through his veins, as though his heart had become some great engine. His face was hot, his brow feverish, and he knew that every flush of his pent-up feeling was an apparent confession of guilt, and, besides, his accuser was a woman (for Miss Mixture's statements were at least covert accusations).

"If she were only a man," he thought. A silence, short but painful, fell upon the company. Henry looked up. He saw on Dinsmore's face a look of unmistakable embarrassment and anger, that was actually painful, and in an instant his natural bashfulness, his aversion to a contest or scene with Miss Mixture was gone, and he quickly said: "Your remarks, Miss Mixture, might be so interpreted as to do a brave man a cruel wrong. Sergeant Dinsmore, who so gallantly assisted General Harrison in winning a glorious victory at Tippecanoe, was one of the men who came to my assistance, and although twice as far off as one other person, was the first to assist me, and he it was who killed my brute foe, and I will allow no one in my hearing to call in question either his honor or his courage."

"O, I beg your pardon, Mr. Wright," hastily interrupted Miss Mixture. "I did not know that either of the gentlemen was present. Of course, so brave a

man as Sergeant Dinsmore could not be guilty of such an act."

She was about to proceed further, when Mr. Wright, interrupting, said: "We have had enough, it seems to me, of this conversation. Let us rather praise God that Henry is safe. No person of honor can justly question the bravery of Sergeant Dinsmore. Let us not tempt God by any further discussion of what might have happened. Henry is safe, and I am thankful."

Mr. Wright spoke so authoritatively, so earnestly, and with such a tone of reproach, that all further conversation on this subject ceased.

But the pleasure of the evening was over, and soon after supper the guests departed, and Dinsmore announced his intention of returning to Cleveland; but was finally persuaded to remain over night.

Ruth and Dinsmore had held but little conversation with each other; but both felt an unusual pleasure when they were together, and after they parted each thought very often of the other.

I ought to say, before leaving this part of my story, that before Hastings left Cleveland, Miss Mixture managed to see him, and related, with much coloring, what took place at Mr. Wright's, and how every one, and especially all the ladies, but herself, seemed to think that Hastings was a cruel coward. The hunt was over, the excitement passed; but the bitter, angry feelings engendered were unfortunately still alive.

Chapter II

In June, 1812, war was declared against England. "Never surely was an unfortunate country precipitated into an unequal and perilous contest under circumstances more untoward." Not only were we unprepared for war, but we were divided against ourselves. Nearly one-half of our people were opposed to the war. Besides, many of our best people, like John Wright, believed it was not only an unjustifiable, but an unholy war; that we were taking up arms against our own kindred, and against the only nation that with any degree of success was struggling for the cause of freedom and humanity against French infidelity and the military despotism of Napoleon. England had, it is true, been guilty of some unjustifiable acts. She had impressed our seamen into her service. So had the French, and with less reason and show of justice. For England searched our ships under the plea that an Englishman could not voluntarily renounce his allegiance to his native country, and that if found upon the high seas he was liable to military duty in the service of his mother country.

Without going into detail, the real facts are that during the long-continued Napoleonic wars, many matters had arisen that had caused friction between us and England, and the military spirit of the age had caught hold of our people, especially in the Southeast, which States voted almost unanimously for the war,

while the States of the Northeast, from which nearly all of our seamen had been impressed, voted, through their representatives, nearly two to one against the war.

It is easy to make any brave people go to war, if you can make them believe that they are not only fighting in a just cause, but that they are certain to reap both personal and national glory. It was the belief that Canada could be easily conquered—not that the Canadians were cowards; but that they would, after a little show of resistance, side with us—that caused the fitting out of Hull's expedition to Detroit. Even before war had been formally declared, Hull was ordered to organize an army at Urbana for the invasion of Canada.

The Kentuckians are naturally a brave, generous, and impulsive people. Their hearts had been fired by the magnetic eloquence of Clay, who was a zealous advocate of the war, so that while many of the States were compelled to resort to drafting, or the giving of what seemed then large bounties, in order to secure soldiers, in Kentucky more men were ready and anxious to enlist than could be accepted. Among the first to enlist was Sergeant Johnson Dinsmore. He was made lieutenant, and, reporting to General Hull, was placed under the command of Colonel Miller, under whom he had served at Tippecanoe.

He was brave, generous, kind-hearted, and sympathetic. He loved his home, his country, and his mother. Ruth had made an impression upon him, which, while it had not yet ripened into love, kept continually in his mind the events of his visit at Cleve-

land. And while his patriotism was sincere and disinterested, the thought of invading Canada stirred up and developed all the latent evil in his being. He often struggled against this passion; but it would rise within him like some terrible dream. All the stories that he had ever read of wars, with deadly personal conflicts, came to his mind. Murder was in his heart; not that he would have killed Hastings had he met him outside of the field of battle; but he longed to meet him in deadly combat. In his half-wakeful dreams, he recalled accounts of heroes warming their weapons in the blood of their foes, and he often imagined himself engaged in a deadly combat, in which Hastings's life-current reddened his blade. With these conflicting emotions stirring his heart, he set out with Hull's army for Detroit, about the 1st of June, 1812.

Hull had about fifteen hundred men in his command. He had, from Urbana, to travel a distance of about two hundred miles. His route lay not only through a dense, unbroken forest, but most of the way to where the village of Maumee now stands the ground was soft and swampy. Roads had to be cut, timber felled, causeways laid across morasses, bridges constructed over streams, blockhouses built for the care of the sick and the protection of the supplies. Many were taken sick with malarial fever. Besides, the mosquitoes and black-flies followed the soldiers in great swarms, giving them no rest by day or night. It took nearly a month to reach the Maumee River. From there to Detroit was a comparatively good road, and the remainder of the march was soon accomplished.

Hull reached Detroit in the early part of July. After deducting those left behind from sickness and a few desertions, and adding the Michigan militia, who joined him there, Hull had about eighteen hundred men. Soon after reaching Detroit—which then had about eight hundred inhabitants—Hull crossed over into Canada, with the object of taking Malden (now Amherstberg). Dinsmore was given the distinction of leading the van, and was the first man to spring from his boat upon Canadian soil. His heart beat with exultation. Soon he would have—what is always a pleasure to brave soldiers—an opportunity to strike a blow for the honor of his country, to win a glorious victory, or to "look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame." But, alas, for his fond hopes!

Hull marched a few miles down the river, halted, issued a boastful proclamation, in which he announced that he had a force sufficient not only to conquer all opposition, but to protect his friends and punish his enemies, and asked the Canadians to lay down their arms, and renounce the tyranny of British rule. He also threatened dire vengeance—in fact, instant death —to any white man found fighting with the Indians. The officers and men were eager to attack Malden at once. Had Hull done so, no doubt the attack would have been successful, as the Canadians were wavering in their loyalty to England, and the British garrison was preparing to evacuate. But Hull thought best to fortify his position, and give time to let his grandiloquent proclamation have its effect upon the Canadians. During this foolish, inexcusable delay, the British were strengthening the fort and receiving re-

enforcements, while we were doing nothing except engaging in some unimportant skirmishes. The discontent among the men and officers became greater and greater every day. In private conversation, they openly accused the commanding general of imbecility or treachery. In the meantime, word was received of the fall of the fort at Mackinac, and that the British fleet was coming from there to re-enforce Malden.

At about the same time, Hull learned that Captain Henry Brush, of Chillicothe, with a large amount of cattle, provisions, and general supplies for the army, had reached the river Raisin, all sent forward by the vigilant and energetic Governor Meigs, of Ohio. This news was followed by a messenger, who gave information that Tecumseh, with a large body of Indians, had crossed the Detroit River below Malden, for the purpose of intercepting Captain Brush, and that Captain Brush had not sufficient force to cut his way through to Detroit, and at the same time protect his supplies. The officers of the Ohio troops begged Hull to allow them to go to Brush's rescue. At first he flatly refused; but so great was the discontent of the officers, that he finally yielded. But delay was fatal. The rescuing party, during a fog, fell into an ambuscade, and was defeated and driven back with considerable loss. Hull's officers and men demanded, almost upon the point of mutiny, to be sent against the enemy at Malden before British re-enforcements could arrive from Mackinac. Hull finally consented; but just as all was in readiness, and the officers and men were in high spirits, believing the time for action had at last arrived, an order was issued not to advance, but to *recross the*

river and *retreat* to Detroit, and leave to the vengeance of their own Government all the inhabitants who had confided in Hull's promises of protection. Sullenly the army obeyed the order of its weak, overcautious, and unworthy commander.

On the night of August 7th and the morning of the 8th, they crossed the deep, rapid river in silence and sadness, and camped on the plain behind Fort Detroit. Hull gave as a reason for his retreat the necessity of opening up communication with Ohio and his supplies on the river Raisin, although but a few days previous he had refused to send assistance to Captain Brush. For once Hull acted promptly, for on the very day he reached Detroit he sent Colonel Miller with six hundred men to open up communication with the river Raisin. As they were ready to start, Colonel Miller rode in front of his men, saying, "My brave soldiers, we will soon add another victory to that of Tippecanoe. Forward, march!" and on they went down the river.

During the forenoon of the following day, as they proceeded slowly and carefully through the woods, they would every now and then catch glimpses of savages, moving as rapidly and silently as panthers through the forest. About four o'clock in the afternoon, they were nearly fourteen miles from Detroit, near an Indian village called Maguaga. They were about to enter a forest of great oaks, flanked on the one side by a dense, impassable swamp, and on the other side by the Detroit River, and beyond which was a cleared field.

Lieutenant Dinsmore was sent forward with fifty

men to reconnoiter, as it was evident that the enemy was present in large numbers. He had proceeded but a short distance into the woods when, from the thick bushes skirting the marsh, the Indians opened up with a rapid fire of musketry. Colonel Miller, on hearing the firing, pushed forward at once into the forest. The Indians fled to the opposite side of the opening, closely followed by the Americans, who had no sooner reached the cleared space than they were exposed to a terrible fire of musketry from both British and Indians. Colonel Miller was severely wounded; but the Americans rushed on unchecked by the fire of the enemy, and plunged into the opposite forest and over a low stockade, Lieutenant Dinsmore being the first to enter the woods at the head of his command. On reaching the low stockade he, with almost reckless bravery, sprang over it, his men following. Behind the stockade and in the woods the Indians fought with desperate valor, and the contest became a hand-to-hand struggle.

Dinsmore, upon springing over the stockade, found himself face to face with a powerful Shawnee Indian. Dinsmore had only his sword in his hand, and before he had fairly gained an upright position after his spring over the fallen logs, the Indian made a vicious lunge at him with his bayonet. Dinsmore quickly threw out his sword, and partly by parrying the thrust, and partly by springing aside, he barely escaped being run through; then as the Indian, by the force of the plunge which had thus unexpectedly missed its mark, partially stumbled forward, Dinsmore quickly seized him, and by a sudden trip threw him to the ground; but at the same time the Indian seized hold of Dinsmore, and

they both fell. As they reached the ground, the Indian loosened his hold, in order to draw his hunting-knife. At the same instant, Dinsmore, with a quick effort, jumped to his feet; but the Indian, with the agility of a cat, also sprang up, and rushed forward to plunge his knife into Dinsmore; but Dinsmore was too quick. He had drawn his pistol as he rose to his feet, and a well-directed shot caused the Indian to reel and stagger to the ground. Not a second too soon was the shot, for an instant after the pistol was suddenly knocked from his hand, and Dinsmore, to his surprise and pleasure, found himself face to face with Hastings. He sprang for his sword, which had fallen in his combat with the Indian. Hastings waited until Dinsmore regained it. He had too much honor, even in the heat of battle, to strike down a personal enemy while unarmed. In front of the two was a small, open space surrounded by four grand oaks; on the farther side was an opening in the woods, that lengthened out into a long vista through the forest to the bank of the river; but close at hand the trees nearly shut them away from the others, and left them alone in this narrow space.

The shouting of men, the yelling of Indians, the clash of weapons, the quick report of guns and pistols, were heard every instant and on all sides; but unmindful of everything except each other, alone with no seconds save the great oaks, they plunged into a terrible duel. Each was impelled by every motive that can actuate man to intensity of action. Patriotism, love, and honor told each that he must conquer or die. Hatred said the same. The man who is actuated by hatred alone, is weak beside the man whose hatred is

stimulated by the voice of duty. When all the good and evil passions are thrown into one vortex, each urging the other on to the intensest action, man becomes a mighty force for good or evil, an angel or a monster. Each was equally skillful; each determined to conquer or die. Hastings was the stronger; Dinsmore the quicker. For a few moments the contest was so equal, each parrying the other's blows with such skill, that neither seemed to have the advantage, and nothing but the clashing of the swords, the force and rapidity of the blows, showed the bitter intensity of the conflict.

At length Hastings received a severe thrust, from which blood began to flow. Perceiving the other was the quicker, he rushed forward to strike down his foe by main strength; but the blow, instead of injuring his opponent, broke his weapon, and Dinsmore sprang forward, and perhaps, in the heat of the struggle, would have slain his enemy; but his weapon dropped from his hand. A stray bullet from the river, following the course of the opening in the woods, had wounded his shoulder. Not a word had been spoken by either, and in the intensity of their struggle they had not noticed that the conflict around them had ceased. No sound was heard except the occasional groan of the wounded, and some scattering shots from the river and in the forest to the south. They were alone in the great forest, both wounded, one weaponless, the other nearly helpless. Neither knew the result of the battle. Each looked, I might almost say glared, at the other with all the bitter intensity of feeling that patriotism, pride, passion, personal hatred,

and present physical pain had engendered. The silence was broken by Dinsmore saying: "You have no sword, but we both have pistols; draw yours and defend yourself, or surrender." Both instantly drew their pistols; but at this moment three of Dinsmore's command appeared. In the scattered, running, and hand-to-hand fight in the woods they supposed he had fallen.

"Surrender," said one of them to Hastings, who, seeing further resistance useless, lowered his weapon, and yielded himself up as a prisoner. The American victory had been complete. The British had taken to their boats and crossed the river, covering their retreat with a fire of musketry, one of which parting shots had wounded Dinsmore.

The Indians fought with great bravery, and were only driven back upon being deserted by their white allies. Every reader of our early history has noticed that the Indians almost invariably displayed much more courage when fighting with white allies, whether against white men or Indians, than when fighting alone.

The prisoners and wounded were sent back to Detroit by boat, on which neither of the combatants saw each other. Both were painfully, but not dangerously wounded. The conflict had intensified, rather than assuaged, their hatred of each other; but with this difference, one was exultant with victory, the other humiliated by defeat.

Colonel Miller being wounded, as we have seen, Colonel Cass, next in command, sent a courier to General Hull, asking him for authority to reap the

fruits of victory, and proceed at once to the river Raisin; but while the way was now clear, and nothing prevented the rescue of Captain Brush and the obtaining of the needed supplies, Colonel Miller and his command were ordered to return to Detroit, so that the glorious and complete victory of Maguaga was a barren one. Upon the return of Miller, the American officers held a meeting, in which their commanding officer was denounced in the strongest language. The officers openly proclaimed him either an imbecile or a traitor, and the proposition was made to remove him from the command; but it would be a bold step for subordinates to strip a commanding officer of his sword and authority while at the head of an army, and no one was willing to take the command under such circumstances.

On August 14th, after all that had been gained by the battle under Colonel Miller had been lost, Hull at length sent out another force to the Raisin. On the 15th, General Brock, who commanded the British forces, moved upon Detroit, and demanded its surrender, saying, "The numerous body of Indians that have attached themselves to my troops will be beyond my control after the contest begins;" but Hull replied, with more apparent courage than he had hitherto shown, that he was able to defend the place, and would do so at all hazards; but after some desultory firing that afternoon, as the enemy were about to march against us the next morning, Hull sent forward a flag of truce, and ignominiously surrendered.

The troops were astounded and bewildered. Confident in their ability to repulse the enemy, they were

eager for the contest to begin. Not a look of fear or cowardice met the eye. Every man expected a proud day for his country, and was anxious to perform his share toward the result. When the order to surrender came, it was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Like true soldiers, they obeyed; but not without openly expressed contempt for their commander. Hull not only surrendered his command and the Michigan militia, but also Captain Brush's command at the river Raisin, and also stipulated that the Ohio militia, who were on their way to join him, should be paroled, and not bear arms again during the war. Hull was afterward court-martialed, and found guilty of cowardice, and sentenced to be shot; but on account of his age and his services in the Revolution, he was pardoned by Madison. The justice of his sentence has been questioned, and time will not permit a full review of his conduct; but it seems to me that the sentence was just, and the pardon under the circumstances eminently proper.

Dinsmore was, upon his return to Detroit, sent to a hospital, which was located in a large log-house belonging to one of the early French settlers, some of whose descendants are to-day among the most prominent inhabitants of that beautiful city. A few days after his return, Dinsmore was informed that the British and Indians were preparing to attack the American forces. He begged to be allowed to take part in the—as he supposed—coming conflict; but the surgeon would not permit. He said any agitation in the hot August weather would be dangerous, and, besides, Dinsmore was threatened with malarial fever.

On the morning of the 16th, Dinsmore was pacing his room, listening each moment for the sound of the cannon, and wondering why all was so quiet, when the door opened, and one of the Ohio Militiamen entered his room, excitedly saying: "My God! Lieutenant; Hull has surrendered. He ought to be shot as a coward and a traitor. He has not only surrendered his forces, but everything else. We are all to be paroled, and agree not to fight again during the war. I belong to a battery that had a brass gun taken from the British during the Revolution. On the gun is this inscription, 'Taken at Saratoga on the 17th of October, 1777.' When the British saw this gun, they went wild. One of the old soldiers bent over and kissed it, and one of the officers said, 'We will have another inscription put on it, "Retaken at Detroit, August 16, 1812."' While they were interested with the guns, and our soldiers were looking on, many of them with tears in their eyes, crying like children to think that we should surrender without scarcely firing a shot, I managed to slip away unnoticed, and I am going to try and escape, or die in the attempt. I am not going to promise not to fight again."

"Nor I," replied Dinsmore, whose excitement made him forget his wound. "I will yet live to put another inscription on that gun, and that will be the date of its recapture."

At that moment death would have been infinitely preferable to surrender. The thought of Hastings, proud and exultant, marching him off through Canada as a personal prisoner rushed through Dinsmore's mind, and made him almost tremble with suppressed

emotion, and he said: "I am badly wounded; but if there is any possibility of escape, I will try, if I die in the attempt."

"Come, then, we must be quick," said the Ohioan, whose name was Matthew Hentzler. "I have a friend a short distance from here, who lives just on the edge of the thick woods to the north of us, who will secrete us till night; and then, if we can get a boat, we will take our chances of getting down the river."

"All right, my brave fellow," said Dinsmore; "I will follow."

"We will need these," said Hentzler; and he stepped to Dinsmore's bed, pulled off the blankets, and hastily rolled them up.

The two men then quickly withdrew from the house. On emerging, they saw a number of British soldiers approaching the village from down the river; but, keeping the hospital between them and the advancing soldiers, they proceeded up the river, without being observed, for about a quarter of a mile, passing along a kind of cow-path or trail, right through what is now the heart of the city of Detroit. At length they reached the log-cabin of Hentzler's acquaintance; but they found the owner absent, and his wife, in womanly terror, awaiting news from her husband and General Hull's forces.

"The coward has surrendered," said Hentzler, "without so much as scaring a deer."

Just then her husband appeared, and affirmed Hentzler's statement of Hull's surrender.

Turning to his friend, Hentzler said: "I suppose we are prisoners of war; but we are going to try to

escape, if possible. Can you hide us till night, and then get us a boat?"

"What do you want of a boat?" asked the other. "Are you going to make another invasion into Canada?"

"This is no time," replied Hentzler, "to joke. If we can be secreted till night, and can get a boat, we are going to try to get to Frenchtown or Maumee, and then to Cleveland."

"That will never do," replied the other. "You will be either drowned or scalped before you reach the mouth of the Detroit River."

"Well," said Hentzler, "we had rather take our chances of being scalped or drowned, than to be either confined as prisoners of war or paroled."

"Come with me, then," said the owner of the cabin; and he led the way through a strip of woods to the bank of the river, and there pointed out to Dinsmore and Hentzler a small row-boat secreted under some bushes; then, pointing to a thicket near by, he said: "Get into that thicket, spread your blankets upon the ground, and lie there until I come, which will be soon after sundown. Nobody will find you there, and I will bring some provisions and a bearskin that will protect Lieutenant Dinsmore, for I am afraid he will find the trip a severe one; but you will have to take your chances;" then, turning abruptly away, he said, "I must hasten home, and you must hide."

It was fortunate that Hastings did not learn of Dinsmore's flight from the hospital until the next day; for when he heard of Dinsmore's escape, he was very excited and angry, and every effort was put forth to

find Dinsmore; but it was then too late. A little after dark Hentzler's friend appeared, bringing a fine bearskin, several loaves of bread, some cheese, a cake of maple-sugar, a flask of bitters, some dried blackberries, and dried venison. From the river arose a thick fog, so that nothing could be discerned for any distance, and, with just rowing enough to keep the boat near the center of the stream, Hentzler and Dinsmore floated down with the current. After rowing for some time without any indication of their being observed or followed, they partook of the refreshments provided for them.

Morning found them at the upper end of Lake Erie. The weather was fine, the lake calm, and before night they reached Frenchtown, and without special event reached Cleveland in a small sailing-vessel a few days later. The arrival of this vessel was the first news that had reached Cleveland of Hull's surrender. It is more easy to imagine than to describe the feelings of shame, fear, and anger with which this news was received.

Chapter III

As already remarked, the arrival of the boat with Dinsmore and Hentzler was the first information that the people of Cleveland had of Hull's surrender. It seems strange to us now that it took so long for an important event like this to travel so short a distance. The excitement and fatigue of the trip to Cleveland, the humiliation which Dinsmore felt over Hull's surrender, added to his somewhat severe wound, were too great a strain for even his hardy constitution and robust health. Soon after his arrival, he fell sick with a fever, and for some time his recovery seemed doubtful. He was taken to the home of Hentzler, who lived with his mother—his father being dead.

Hentzler, as his name indicates, was of German descent. He was one of that class of Germans who have done so much to make the great Central and Western States what they are—the glory of modern progress and civilization. He was a true American; brave, patriotic, honest, frugal, kindhearted, and, above all, steadfast in his friendship. He had become greatly attached to Dinsmore, and was in every respect true and loyal to this friendship. His mother also was a fair type of thousands of the better middle-class of German women, practical, sensible, and kindhearted. She nursed and cared for her son's friend as only a woman can. Thus several weeks passed, and, although the fever seemed to have been broken, Dinsmore improved very slowly.

Some three weeks after his arrival at Cleveland, he was lying on his sick-bed, when Mrs. Hentzler stepped into his room, and said: "Lieutenant, here are some friends."

Dinsmore looked up, and there stood Henry and Ruth. A look of unmistakable pleasure quickly spread over the sick soldier's face.

"I am so glad to see you," said Dinsmore.

The two sat down, and conversed a few moments with the sick man, when Ruth said: "We ought not to talk with Mr. Dinsmore any longer. We shall tire him, and he will be worse for our visit."

"O no," replied Dinsmore. "It does me so much good to see you. I feel better for your coming. I feared," he said, looking at Ruth in a way that for some reason caused a slight blush to mantle her cheeks, "that you had forgotten me, as I had heard nothing from you since I reached Cleveland. I felt as though you were ashamed of me, and I do not blame you if you are. It is certainly no credit to have belonged to Hull's army."

"We are ashamed of Hull," replied Ruth, warmly. "He has disgraced himself, and dishonored his country's flag; but his men were not at fault, and we are all proud of such brave men as you and Mr. Hentzler, who were ready to risk your lives rather than be paroled."

This assurance from Ruth was better than medicine; for while Dinsmore felt that he had done his duty, yet he often felt in his hours of sickness that it was a disgrace to have been even a member of Hull's army.

"I will tell you," continued Ruth, "why we have not called to see you before. We do not live near Cleveland now. After the defeat of the Indians at Tippecanoe, we did not think there would be any more danger from them, and this spring father thought we were not going to have a war with England. Father and uncle had an opportunity to sell, and we all moved some forty miles west of here, near the mouth of the Huron River. We came to Cleveland to make a few purchases, and accidentally heard that you were sick; and so we came directly to see you. O, I do so wish we had not moved, for now we are all afraid of the Indians! But Harrison has been put in command, and he says he will drive the British out of Detroit before the snow flies; and the Indians are so much afraid of him that, father says, there is not much danger."

After a brief visit, which Ruth brought to a termination—for she did not wish to tire or excite the sick man—with many wishes for Dinsmore's speedy recovery, and the promise to come again, Henry and Ruth departed.

On Ruth's return home she seemed happy, but serious and thoughtful; and that evening Mrs. Hentzler remarked, as she sat beside Dinsmore: "Lieutenant, you are improving very fast. You have not looked so bright and cheerful since you were taken sick as you do to-night."

John Wright was a type of the better class of New England pioneers who settled in Northern Ohio; strong in body and mind; religious, sometimes bigoted; not unfrequently misguided by his prejudice,

and sometimes intolerant; slow to decide, but firm even to stubbornness when once he had decided; self-reliant, educated, intelligent, reading all that the nature of his surroundings permitted—but he read for facts; he formed his own conclusions—kindhearted, but unemotional, so much so that those who were not intimately acquainted with him thought him cold-blooded. Whether right or wrong in his conclusions, he acted according to his convictions.

John and his good wife were seated before the great fireplace. The evening was cool and frosty. A warm hickory fire made the room bright and cheerful. They were alone; Henry and Ruth were at their uncle's. Mrs. Wright was knitting; Mr. Wright was smoking. Neither had spoken for some time. He seemed to be watching the sparks fly up the mouth of the great chimney; she also gazed at the fire, and at length stopped knitting. Raising her eyes, she cast upon her husband a tender, loving, and inquiring look. She noticed a tear stealing down his rough, sunburned and labor-scarred cheek. "O, John, what is the matter!" she exclaimed.

"Mother," said John, "these are terrible times. You know I have been opposed to war with England. I believed it was an unholy war. To be sure, England has wronged us; but she is engaged in a terrible struggle, almost single-handed, against nearly all Europe, and the greatest tyrant and usurper of the age. England represents all there is of constitutional liberty in Europe. By fighting England we are not only helping Napoleon, and taking up arms against a Christian nation, but assisting infidel France. Very many

FARMER JOHN WRIGHT AND HIS WIFE.

of those who clamored the loudest for war care but little for the sufferings of our impressed seamen. They desired the easy and, as they then thought, glorious task of conquering Canada. They foolishly thought the Canadians would not fight. Hull's campaign is in keeping with the belief that actuated, to a great extent at least, this unjustifiable war. Hull should not have attempted the invasion of Canada with so few men and such inadequate protection for his supplies. His expedition was as ill conceived as disgracefully executed. He had not arms and men enough to succeed, even if he had been as active as he was cowardly and dilatory."

"Then you do not blame him for surrendering," said Mrs. Wright.

"I certainly do," replied her husband. "He ought to be court-martialed. He should have fought until his forces were cut to pieces, and until resistance was no longer possible. He had brave soldiers, and had he been worthy of their command, he would have either fought until he received assistance, won a victory, or, in defeat, made the American name glorious for courage and heroism."

"But," said Mrs. Wright, "the British had a superior force, and the British General Brock threatened that if Hull did not surrender, the Indians might become uncontrollable, and Hull's entire army, as well as the inhabitants of Detroit, become the object of indiscriminate massacre."

"The slaughter," replied Mr. Wright, "might, it is true, have been terrible, and at the same time unavailing; but we must remember that war is always dreadful.

This should have been thought of before it was begun. It would have been infinitely better to sacrifice every man in Hull's command, and with them every non-combatant, than thus ignominiously to surrender after firing scarcely a gun. Life is bought too dear when purchased at the price of such shame and dishonor. Besides, look at the hundreds, and even thousands, that must die, many of them by the cruel hands of the savages, before this war is over, on account of the cowardice of Hull. Already we have learned that the garrison at Fort Dearborn, besides many women and children who were under its protection, have all either been cruelly slaughtered, or parceled out among the different Indian tribes as prisoners. The fall of Fort Dearborn was the result of this same cowardice. Already the Indians, encouraged by their success and Hull's cowardice, have lost the fear with which Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe inspired them, and are now preparing to raid, to rob, murder, and plunder all our frontier settlements. The Indian war-whoop will this winter mingle with the howl of the wolves and the scream of the panther from the Straits of Mackinac to Sandusky Bay, and from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. What protection have we now against the savage hordes, stirred to frenzy by the eloquence and cunning of the Prophet, as he styles himself, and the skill of his brother, Tecumseh? The Prophet has already impressed the savages with a belief that they are engaged in a holy war, and that the Great Spirit has ordered them to rob, murder, kill, and exterminate the White Faces from the land. This false prophet tells the savages that it was the Great

Spirit who put the heart of the doe into the white wolf. Our ancestors in old Holland trembled when the wild, mad storm-wind swept in fury over the ocean, and the foam-crested waves dashed against the embankment that held in check the wrathful waters. With us the embankments are already broken. The forts that protected us from the Indians are destroyed. A horde of savages, wilder and more cruel than the relentless waves of old ocean, are sweeping down upon us. Besides, the moral aspects of the war have changed. We are no longer fighting for conquest; for glory. It is no longer a question between Napoleon and England, between Christianity and infidelity in Europe. It is a contest for our national existence. Already the English claim all the great Northwest. Proctor, the English commander, has declared Michigan to be a British province. Already England has absolute control of all the Great Lakes west of the Niagara River, and is now threatening Buffalo, Erie, and Cleveland. The cause of human freedom throughout the world is at issue. If we fail, if we are crushed because of internal dissension, it will sound the death-knell of all republics throughout the world. The Hand that marks the progress of humanity, of freedom, and the rights of mankind, will turn backward a century on the dial-plate of time. We must buckle on the armor of the Lord, and, like Gideon of old, go forth to fight, not only in our country's, but in freedom's cause, to conquer or to die. Mother, God has taken from us all our children except Henry and Ruth. They are good children. Our fondest hope, our brightest dream, has been to live to see this wilder-

ness, these woods and forests around us, transformed into fertile fields and farms, to see Henry and Ruth happily married, and see our declining years brightened by their prosperity, soothed by their love, and cheered by the prattle of our grandchildren. Mother, Henry wants to join General Harrison's army, not simply as a soldier, but more. He wants to go as an Indian scout. Henry's strength, endurance, and courage would make him valuable in that capacity. He wishes to associate himself with the great scout, Peter Navarre. Mother, can you let him go?"

For a few moments there was silence. The sparks flew up the chimney, the October winds whistled through the trees, and in the distance could be heard the dull rumbling of storm-tossed Lake Erie. The silence within was scarcely broken by the suppressed and almost inaudible sobs which came from the heart of the mother. Mrs. Wright did not shed a tear. Her feelings were too intense, her sorrow too great. It dried the fountains of the heart before they left their source. She looked at the fire; but did not see the sparks. She listened; but did not hear the wind or rumbling of the waters. The fire was no longer a cheerful blaze, but a lurid flame. The logs had become fagots. The moaning of the wind and the rumbling of the lake had become savage war-cries. She saw her son a captured scout, a tortured prisoner. The flames were consuming his limbs and his mother's heart.

Mr. Wright looked at his wife as she gazed so wildly into the fire, and saw in her face, and felt in her silence the intensity of her feelings, and divined her

thoughts. Rising quickly from his seat, he said, "O, mother, I have been talking too much of what I have been thinking to-day." He bent over and kissed his wife so tenderly, that the kiss dispelled her terrible vision and unsealed her pent-up tears, and she wept as only a sorrowing mother can. While her husband, realizing that he had, in speaking his own thoughts, perhaps unnecessarily alarmed the mother's heart, and while usually a blunt man with but little tact, his love for his wife told him that he had been unwise, if not cruel, in speaking of the dangers of the life of an Indian scout, and he spoke bravely and cheerfully: "We must remember, mother, in Henry's case the dangers will be less than they usually are. Henry never misses his aim. He has an eye like a hawk, and an ear as quick and accurate as a deer's, and he can outrun any Indian. Besides, there is a God on high that will watch over him, and defend him in his contest against heathen savages. Do not tremble so, mother; Henry will never be an Indian captive."

This recital of Henry's abilities, the relieving effect of her copious tears, had almost a magic effect upon Mrs. Wright. It is so easy to convince a mother of the great ability and prowess of her son. Besides, Mrs. Wright had, in a special degree, two marked characteristics—confidence in her husband, and faith and reliance upon the justice, power, and providence of God. She gazed at her husband a moment, and he looked so sad and thoughtful, that in an instant she was changed from a timid mother to a true heroine. She felt as though her husband needed her strength and courage; and, looking through her tears, she said:

"Yes, father, you are right. Henry, I hope, will come back safe; and if not, it is God's will, and we must not oppose it. He wishes to go, and we must not stand in the path of his duty. But how about Ruth? She wants to go to Cleveland, to act as a nurse for the sick and wounded soldiers there? That seems to me a dreadful thing for a young girl to do; still she may be able to do great good."

"Yes," said Mr. Wright; "I have thought of this matter very carefully, and I am convinced that it is no feeling of sentimental fancy or love for Dinsmore that prompts her action, but a sense of duty. The temptations and dangers of a young girl alone among strangers and far away from home, surrounded by a lot of soldiers, some of them profligate and immoral, would usually be very great; but not so with Ruth. Ruth may have some feeling for Dinsmore; but this will not influence her conduct. She will care, I believe, for every wounded and sick soldier alike. Duty, not pleasure, will actuate and control her actions. She has, as you know, mother, great natural skill as a nurse, and I believe that many a poor fellow, who without a woman's nursing would die in the hospital, will, by Ruth's kindness, skill, and care, be nursed back into life and usefulness, and that many a mother will some day call Ruth blessed when her soldier boy returns. If you are willing, mother, I am; and may God bless her efforts!"

"Just as you say," replied Mrs. Wright. "It seems dreadful for Ruth to go; but if it is best, if it is God's will, I will not object."

Just then Henry and Ruth returned from their

uncle's, and were informed of their parents' decision, and both received many parental blessings and admonitions. Before retiring, the father asked for God's protecting care over his children, who were soon to go forth from the parental home to meet both the dangers and temptations of cruel war.

I have given somewhat in detail Mr. and Mrs. Wright's views and feelings, because they were shared by very many others at that time.

One of the immediate effects of Hull's surrender was to awaken in the Northwest a spirit of patriotism before unknown. From almost every part of Ohio and Kentucky poured forth a stream of volunteers. "So great was the number, and so strong their ardor, that it became necessary to repress, rather than excite, this spirit in this section of the country," says a historian of those times. Here was unanimity, all united in one cause. If this spirit had pervaded the Union, it would have given a very different complexion to the events of the war. William Henry Harrison, by a sort of general consent, assumed command of all the Western troops, although he was only governor of Indiana, and not an officer in the United States army. He was, however, soon commissioned, and given supreme command. He gathered together 2,500 men at Urbana, Ohio, and on the 5th of September started for Fort Wayne. Flushed with success, the British and Indians not only had possession of Michigan and all the Great Lakes west of Niagara; but had started on a campaign of conquest into Indiana. We had lost so much territory that Fort Wayne was our most important frontier post in the Northwest.

Harrison reached Fort Wayne September 12th; but so great was the terror of his name, that the Indians fled before he arrived, and the British, being too few to cope with him alone, retreated to Fort Defiance.

The Indians, while depending chiefly upon the pursuit of game for obtaining food, raised, through the labor of the squaws, considerable corn. Among the Indians the women did all the manual labor, the men the hunting and fighting.

Harrison deemed it best, before proceeding to Detroit, first to disperse the hostile Indians, and show them that they could not rely upon British protection, which General Proctor, the British commander, had promised them, and that it would be better policy to make peace with the Americans.

Accordingly, he divided his forces, sending one detachment north to the Indian villages on the river St. Joseph, in the southwestern part of Michigan, and another to the Indian towns on the Wabash River. So rapid and successful were the movements of these divisions, that before the close of the month all of the principal villages had been destroyed in both of these districts, and most of the corn cut down, Harrison believing that if he could deprive the Indians of their means of sustenance, he could more easily induce them to make peace with the Americans. General Winchester, who was second in command, started, on the 22d of September, with about two thousand men, including a detachment of cavalry, from Fort Wayne to Fort Defiance, where the town of Defiance, Ohio, is now located, Harrison returning to St. Mary's, in

Ohio, to forward to Fort Defiance supplies for his army.

The march to Defiance was exceedingly slow. The army was not only beset by hostile Indians at every step, and obliged to keep scouts out in every direction so as to avoid ambuscades, but the country was covered with a dense forest. There was not a single settlement between Fort Wayne and Defiance. Every night the camp was fortified by throwing around it a temporary breastwork of brush and logs, so that frequently the progress was not more than six miles a day. A short distance from Defiance the army halted, and erected a blockhouse before proceeding to attack the fort. About the 1st of October, General Harrison, with a fresh body of troops under Colonel Jennings, joined Winchester's forces, and preparations were made for an immediate attack upon Fort Defiance; but on the approach of Harrison the fort was evacuated, and the British and Indians fled down the river.

On the 4th of October, Harrison, having by his almost uninterrupted march to Fort Defiance, and the surrender of that place without resistance, been strengthened in his belief that he could soon retake Detroit, and wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender, returned to Fort St. Mary's, with the view of organizing and bringing up the center of his army.

Before leaving Defiance, Harrison ordered General Tupper to proceed with one thousand men to Maumee, and drive the enemy from there; but insubordination broke out in Tupper's troops. A serious misunderstanding arose between General Winchester and General Tupper, and the attack was abandoned.

Nothing more could be done either against Maumee or Detroit until the arrival of Harrison with the rest of his army. Events of considerable importance were in the meanwhile taking place farther West.

A relatively large army had been gathered together at Vincennes, Indiana, under command of General Hopkins, to proceed against the Indians in Southwestern Indiana; but hardly had the campaign fairly begun before discontent and insubordination began to manifest itself. This army was composed chiefly of Kentucky militia, who claimed that no one had any authority to send them out of the State except by their consent, and who would not acknowledge the authority of the United States or General Hopkins. They soon became but little more than an ungovernable mob, and finally defiantly refused to obey their commanding general; and against his express orders they turned back, leaving General Hopkins and a few United States soldiers to bring up the rear. About the same time, however, an event took place which brightened for a moment the tarnished luster of American arms. Fort Harrison was then in command of Captain Zachary Taylor. This fort was a weak stockade, and only garrisoned by about fifty men, some of them sick, and all nearly worn out and exhausted by watchfulness, surrounded as they were by a sleepless, vigilant foe. While in this condition, with not half of his men fit for duty, an attack was made by a force of nearly five hundred Indians. It was made in the middle of the night. The Indians succeeeded, in their first onset, in firing one of the blockhouses, containing a large portion of Taylor's supplies.

Taking into account only the men who were fit for duty, the Indians numbered over twenty to one of the defenders; but with a heroic determination to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and encouraged by the skill and valor of their commander, after a stubborn fight of six hours the little band succeeded in driving off the enemy with a great loss, for every shot meant a dead Indian. This heroic defense had a most disheartening effect upon the savages. They began to think again, as after the battle of Tippecanoe, that the Americans were invincible.

Soon after the heroic defense of Fort Harrison, Captain Taylor was promoted, this victory being one of the first steps upward in a glorious career, that did not end until after the American people had conferred upon him the highest office in the gift of the Nation.

Chapter IV

A FEW days after the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Ruth, with the prayers and loving advice of her parents, left home, for the first time, to go among strangers. Upon arriving at Cleveland she found the Hentzler home had been converted into a hospital, in which were about a dozen sick and wounded soldiers. Women nurses were then unknown, and the physician in charge, a kind-hearted but gruff man, at first absolutely refused to permit Ruth to act in any way or manner in the capacity of a nurse at the hospital; but Ruth was not easily discouraged. She secured a room at Mrs. Hentzler's, who had a kind of womanly oversight of things at the hospital, and acted as her assistant. To this arrangement the doctor at last consented, principally because Mrs. Hentzler insisted upon having Ruth with her. But not many days elapsed before the physician, upon visiting his patients, would always send for Ruth to assist him—that is, if she happened to be absent; and one day he was heard to remark—a great concession for a physician in those days—"I believe the care and nursing of Miss Wright does the soldier boys about as much good as the medicine I give them;" and it was not long before Ruth was not only a recognized, but a prized and esteemed nurse at the hospital.

Ruth was a natural nurse. Whenever she came into the sick-room, a smile of pleasure lit up the face

of every sick and suffering soldier. Poor fellows who could hardly turn or move, would follow her with their eyes, as some flowers turn continually toward the sun, as though from her presence they were receiving the sunshine of health and strength. But there was one to whom her presence was like water to the thirsty traveler in the desert. The more she frequented Lieutenant Dinsmore's sick-room, the more difficult it seemed for him to forego her presence. And while Ruth kindly and faithfully nursed all, it was easy to perceive that her smile was sweeter, and that there was more soul in her eyes when attending Dinsmore. But notwithstanding her care, his recovery was slow. The exertion and excitement of his trip to Cleveland, combined with the malarial fever, retarded the healing of his wounds.

A few evenings after Ruth's departure, Mr. and Mrs. Wright were again sitting alone. They had been silent for some moments.

Mr. Wright at length said: "I wish that Henry would return. Mother, we shall be very lonely tomorrow. While I do not blame him for his attachment to Charlotte—she is a splendid girl—yet I was in hopes he would spend his last evening at home."

"Yes, she is a dear, sweet girl," answered Mrs. Wright; "but sometimes I wish Henry's affections were placed elsewhere. She and Henry have been playmates and friends from childhood. Until lately I have tried to believe that his feelings for her were simply those of warm cousinly friendship; but there is no disguising the fact that in his case friendship is fast ripening into love."

"There is no doubt of that," replied Mr. Wright; "but why do you say, mother, that you wish his affections were placed elsewhere? Is not Charlotte a woman worthy of any young man, even of our Henry?"

"Charlotte is a most estimable girl; but I have my misgivings. I sometimes fear that she is a little fickle; and, strange as it may seem, I am almost forced to believe that in her heart she has more love for that young Canadian, Hastings, whom she met at school, than she has for Henry; and, besides, I do not believe in the marriage of cousins."

"I never could see any harm in that; and as for Hastings, that is nothing more than a little sentimental romance. Charlotte has already forgotten him. She is too good and patriotic a girl to love an enemy of her country. Besides, his disgraceful, cowardly, and even criminal conduct at the time Henry came so near being hugged to death by the bear in the woods, ought to disgust any girl of Charlotte's spirit and good sense."

"It is that very event which has confirmed me in my opinion," replied Mrs. Wright. "Once when I was visiting at Uncle Charles's we were speaking of that affair, and Henry's narrow escape and Hastings's cowardly or cruel conduct, when Charlotte spoke up with more warmth than usual for her, and said: 'I do not believe it is fair, even if Hastings is a Canadian and one of our enemies, to accuse him either of cowardice or cruelty until you have heard his explanation of his conduct. He certainly did not act like a coward when he met Lieutenant Dinsmore in a personal conflict. Any man who is willing to meet Lieutenant Dinsmore

in a life-and-death struggle, would not be afraid of a bear.' She was about to say more, when suddenly, as if fearing she had betrayed a secret, she blushed and stopped."

"I do not see much in that," replied Mr. Wright. "She is one of those good souls that never speak ill of any one, and she would defend the Evil One himself if she heard him too strongly accused in her presence. She is too good and too sensible a girl to make even a comparison between Henry and Hastings."

"Yes, it would seem so," said Mrs. Wright; "but girls are so queer sometimes. It was not the fact of Charlotte's attempting to defend Hastings, but the tell-tale blush upon her face when she suddenly stopped talking about him, that made me believe as I do."

At this moment Henry returned, and the conversation changed. After some miscellaneous talk, Mr. Wright said to Henry: "To-morrow you will leave us. We shall miss you more than you can realize. We believe you are actuated by a high sense of duty; that you do not go to war because you love bloodshed, or for glory and military renown, but because you believe that your country, humanity, and God demand it. Remember always, my son, that there are two kinds of bravery. One is simply brute courage; the other is intellectual and moral determination. A person may have brute courage, and often does, when he is in reality a coward. A bull-dog, a prize-fighter, a gladiator, has simply brute courage, which often is merely the ability to endure a great amount of physical pain without yielding; but this is not real courage.

The Indian has this kind of courage, which he stimulates by working himself into excitement and rage by wild and often hideous yells before entering into a conflict. The truly brave man is often a physical coward, who flinches from pain and needless danger."

Thus the good father conversed with his son the night before he left to engage in the perilous duties of an Indian scout.

The next morning before daylight Henry bade his father and mother an affectionate good-bye, and, with a small pack on his back, set out for Fort Stephenson. He started early, for he had a long journey before him through an almost unbroken forest. He had determined to reach the fort that day. After he had proceeded about half a mile, and just as it was getting fairly daylight in the openings, although the shades of night were still lingering in the woods, he stopped before his uncle's house, which lay in his route, and began to whistle a then popular air in the new settlements, commencing with the words, "My sweet girl is a bonnie lass that rises with the lark." In a few moments Charlotte emerged from the house, and, coming out to the road, greeted Henry with a sweet, affectionate smile, and extended her hand, which he warmly grasped. After some conversation, he put his arms around her—he had never done such a thing before—and held her for a few moments, while her arm rested gently on his shoulder, and each kissed the other an affectionate good-bye. As he proceeded on his way he would occasionally turn, and watch her retreating form, and twice as he did so, she was also looking back, and each waved the other farewell.

There was something in that embrace, that sweet farewell kiss, that seemed to him much more than cousinly; something that fired his soul, and made him happy as he journeyed through the woods.

He reached the fort before nightfall, and was cordially greeted by the commandant, who was awaiting his arrival; for at that period great dependence was placed upon skillful scouts.

In order better to understand Henry's duties, we ought to look for a moment into the general events of the war in the Northwest. I have already spoken of the capture of the Indian villages in Indiana and along the St. Joseph River in Michigan, and the taking of Fort Defiance, the driving back of the British, who were assisting the Indians, to the rapids of the Maumee, and the unsuccessful attack upon that place. Harrison had said that he would retake Detroit before snow fell; but the unfortunate misunderstanding between Generals Winchester and Tupper, and the retreat from the Rapids of Maumee, necessarily delayed his plans, and Harrison saw before him the necessity of a winter campaign; but he was not the man to shrink from obstacles.

At this day we can scarcely realize the difficulties he had to encounter. His operations were necessarily both offensive and defensive. A frontier hundreds of miles in extent, facing a wilderness filled with hostile savages supported by British troops, must at all hazards be protected from the hatchet, the knife, and the torch of the midnight marauder. Besides, before he could attack Detroit it was necessary to build a road for the transportation of men and supplies through the

lowlands of the Maumee, then known as the Black Swamp. Through this swamp roads had to be cut, streams bridged, and blockhouses built for the care of the sick and the protection of supplies. All this had to be done with undisciplined troops, surrounded and harassed by prowling savages. While thus engaged in making preparations for the recovery of Detroit, Harrison sent forward General Tupper upon a second expedition against Maumee.

Henry was ordered to report to General Tupper at that place. He was sent across the river to ascertain the strength of the enemy. It was a perilous duty; but he successfully evaded both the British and Indians, and returned, reporting the enemy about one thousand strong, three hundred being British regulars. General Tupper attempted to ford the river; but found the water so high and so cold (it being about the middle of November) that the attack was abandoned. The following day, however, an apparently more persistent attack was made in the face of the enemy; but at length the Americans fell back in great disorder, and hastily retreated into the forest. This ruse was successful, and the British and Indians crossed the river to attack the retreating Americans; but they had not followed them far, when their savage yells of triumph were turned to cries of defeat. The Indians fought with great courage for a few moments, when, seeing the British begin to retreat, they fled in great confusion and disorder. With Indians, or any body of men having only brute courage, a retreat usually becomes a rout.

The Indians, who had rushed to battle with great

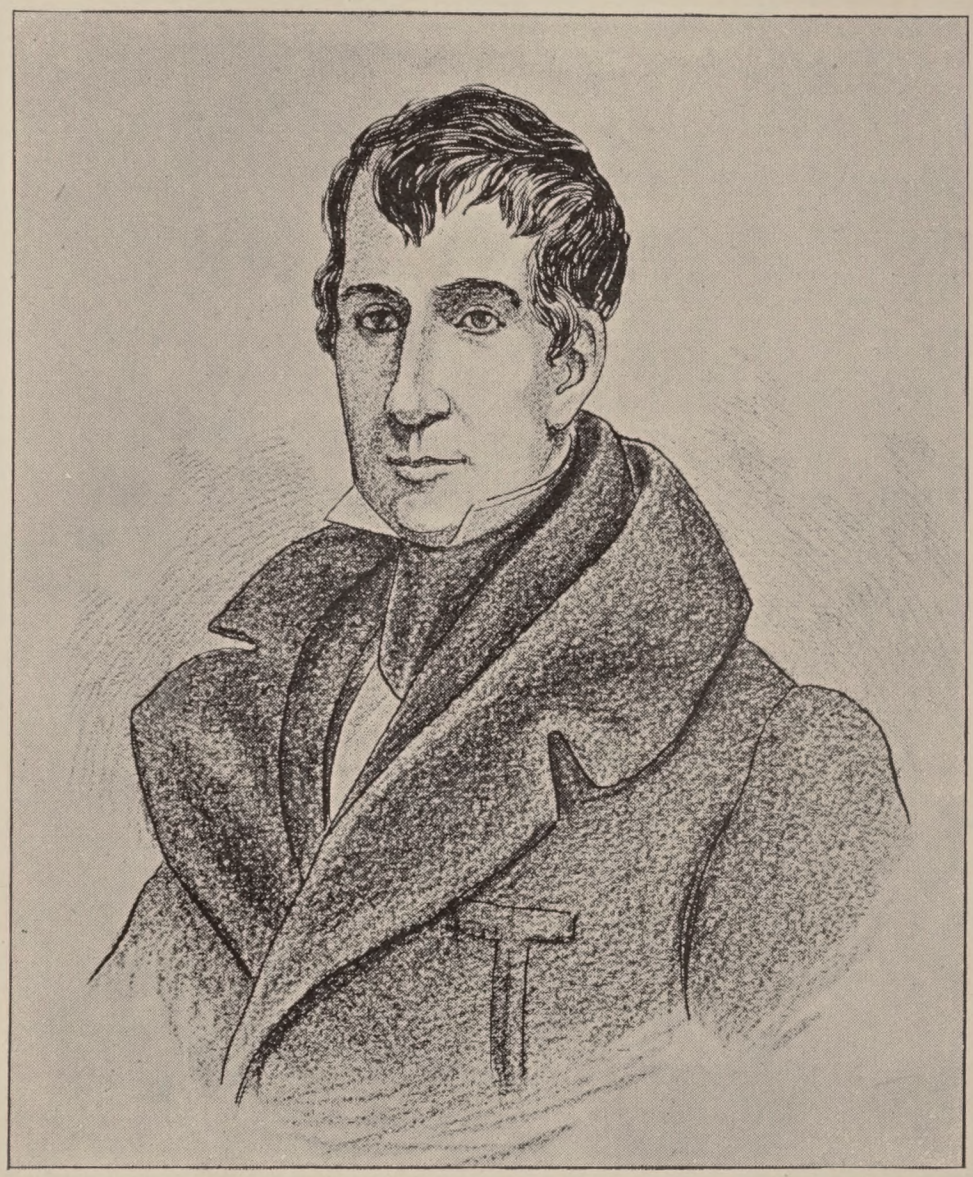
impetuosity, when defeated fled in such disorder and fear that, when they reached the river, they plunged into its swollen and icy waters with such reckless abandon that most of them were shot or drowned before reaching the opposite shore. It was at this conflict that the great chief, Split-Log, made himself conspicuous by his skill and bravery, and Henry secured the gun that afterwards, in his hands, did such signal service.

When the Americans retreated into the forest in apparent confusion, Henry and a few Kentucky sharpshooters remained behind, concealed near the bank of the river, a short distance above the point where the crossing of the British and Indians was made. Quite a number of the Indians were mounted on horses. Henry noticed Split-Log, who was conspicuous, not only by his bearing and the unusually fine gray horse which he rode, but by the fact that he seemed to be more implicitly obeyed than Indian leaders usually are. As a rule, there is little or no discipline among the Indians, and the authority of the chiefs is very limited. When the Americans turned upon their pursuers, the conflict was for a short time severe and bloody. The Americans' attack was both unexpected and impetuous; but the Indians, confident of victory, rushed into the conflict, making the woods echo with their savage war-cries. During this struggle Split-Log would spring from the back of his horse, which would remain by his side, take aim, and fire, and then remounting, ride through his forces and urge them on to the conflict. Twice when the Indians were wavering, he succeeded in rallying them; but at length

they broke and fled in great confusion to the bank of the river. Unable to check their retreat, Split-Log sprang upon his horse, and rode with great speed to the edge of the river, near the ford where the crossing had been made. He outrode his retreating command; but no sooner had he reached the bank than, with a coolness and military genius worthy of any of the world's great commanders, he sprang from his horse, gave a loud war-whoop, and running towards the fleeing Indians, turned back the first he met, and they in turn checked the others, until he had nearly succeeded in stopping the rout. At this critical moment Henry's gun rang out, and Split-Log, with a cry of pain, dropped his rifle and fell to the ground.

This shot, coming so suddenly from an unexpected quarter, combined with the fall of their chief, completely broke the rallying courage of the savages, and they fled to the river in still greater confusion; but not until they had, with great quickness and dexterity, placed their wounded leader upon his horse, thus enabling him to escape to plague and harass by his skill, bravery, and cunning, the Americans in many a future battle; but Henry captured his rifle, which was found to be one of the very best of English make, having been presented to Split-Log by a British officer.

After the termination of this conflict, Tupper was unable to follow up his victory for lack of provisions. The roads had become, by reason of the heavy rains, almost impassable; and after waiting until only one day's provisions were left, Tupper was compelled to retreat, carrying with him the wounded, twenty-seven



Gen. William H. Harrison.

of whom were borne on stretchers through the woods to Fort McArthur, a distance of forty miles. Thus ended the second attempt to take the British position at the rapids of the Maumee.

However, the expedition was not entirely barren of results; for, fearing another attack, and disheartened by the loss of so many men, the British and Indians retreated to Malden, without venturing even to secure their corn, the harvesting of which, owing to the various conflicts along the Maumee, had been delayed. But, though the necessary retreat of Tupper was discouraging, Harrison only made the greater efforts to push along his campaign and recapture Detroit. While planning an early attack upon Detroit and Malden, he learned that Tecumseh was gathering together a large force of Indians in Southern Indiana, and knowing that the dangers of an attack upon the British would be greatly increased if he left a hostile Indian force in his rear, he sent, in the latter part of November, a considerable force to subdue that chief. The expedition was largely successful, for while Tecumseh was not captured, as he eluded his pursuers, the Indians were punished, several towns destroyed, and the Indian confederacy, which had been the great object of Tecumseh's ambition, was broken up.

By the latter part of December, Harrison had gathered together an army of about six thousand men. The Indians having been dispersed or driven to the British camp, Harrison was ready to move against Malden. Winchester was ordered to proceed down the river to the Maumee Rapids, and there commence

the erection of log huts, as though intending to winter at that place; but, while building the huts, to make preparation for an attack upon Malden.

During this time Dinsmore had watched Ruth day by day, as only a lover can. Some days he would feel happy; for there was, he thought, something in Ruth's looks and actions that spoke love plainer than words *could*. Again he would think, "It is her true patriotism, her devotion to her country's soldiers, and not her feelings to me individually, that makes her so kind and tender to me." At times he was on the point of proclaiming his love; but the opportunities were scarce, and his courage failed. He finally said to himself: "She admires the brave. I will first show her that I am a brave man. I will join Winchester's command." The day before he left Cleveland he went over to Mrs. Hentzler's, to bid Matthew and his mother good-bye. He had bidden them both good-bye twice; but still did not go, when at length Ruth entered the room. After some little general conversation, Hentzler and his mother withdrew, and for over an hour Ruth and Dinsmore chatted together. Sometimes Ruth's merry laugh would fill the room, and again, as Dinsmore spoke of leaving, her face grew sad and thoughtful, and she said: "I suppose it is your duty to go; but it makes me feel sad to have you leave, and expose yourself, not only to the dangers of war, but to the inclemency of our cold Northern winters. You will meet Henry at Maumee, and I am going to send him a letter by you, and tell him to take a brotherly care of you." She thought in an instant how this remark might sound, and added quickly: "I

suppose, as comrades engaged in a common cause, you will all be brothers, and I want to add one thing more. I know that you will be brave, and ready to perform any duty that may devolve upon you; but for my sake do not expose yourself to unnecessary danger." Thus they talked as lovers often do, their bashful tongues only hinting of love; but their eyes, more bold, spoke it plainly, until at length, as he was about to leave, he bent over and kissed her, holding her for a moment in his arms, while she blushed, not with anger or shame, but with a feeling of happiness. It was love's first joyous, happy kiss.

Chapter V

A FEW days later Dinsmore reported to General Winchester for duty. As he had been under Hull, and was technically included in the general parole, there was no command for him, and at his request he was attached to Winchester's command as a sharpshooter and scout. Henry had also reported to Winchester for duty, and this arrangement threw Dinsmore, Henry, and the celebrated Indian scout, Peter Navarre, together very frequently. On the 13th of January, 1813, General Winchester received word from the inhabitants of Frenchtown, on the river Raisin (now Monroe, Michigan), begging him to come to their assistance, as they were in great fear of an early attack from the British and Indians.

On the 17th, Colonel Lewis, with six hundred men, started for Frenchtown. They marched down the east side of the Maumee, to what is now known as Presque Isle, just below Toledo, where they camped for the night. During the night Lewis received word that a considerable force of British and Indians had taken Frenchtown. The weather was very cold, and early in the morning Lewis, with his command, marched across the frozen Maumee Bay. On this glassy bridge they moved silently and rapidly, and were within five miles of the enemy before they were discovered. A short distance from the enemy's lines they halted, hastily partook of some food, and then at

once proceeded to the attack. Upon reaching the river Raisin, which was frozen solid, the command was given to charge across.

No sooner had the Americans appeared upon the river, than they were met with a murderous fire of musketry; but they rushed gallantly across, charged the stockade behind which the British and Indians were fighting, and drove them back into the woods. In the woods the enemy rallied and fought desperately, slowly retreating, but contesting every foot of the ground, so that the conflict lasted from three o'clock until dark. At length the victory of the Americans was complete, and, after driving the enemy back two miles into the woods, they returned to the village, and took possession of the camp occupied the previous night by the British. That night, although Henry had been on the march the greater part of the day, he was sent back to General Winchester's camp at Maumee, to inform him of Colonel Lewis's victory, and also with a request to send re-enforcements. Although the distance by the route he was compelled to take was thirty-five miles, Henry arrived at Winchester's camp early the next morning.* The news of Lewis's victory was received with great joy in Winchester's camp. The road was now open to Malden.

Leaving a part of his force to defend the rapids of the Maumee, Winchester started that same day for Frenchtown, arriving there January 20th. On the morning of the 21st, Peter Navarre and Henry were sent towards Malden, which was only about eighteen

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* Histories do not mention Henry's name, but simply speak of him as a scout.

miles distant, to ascertain whether there was any indication of an attack by the British. They had proceeded but a few miles when they met an acquaintance of Navarre's, who had just escaped from Malden. He informed the scouts that Proctor was planning an immediate attack upon Frenchtown. The scouts returned, and so reported to Winchester; but he thought they were frightened by the idle tale of the escaped prisoner. Winchester selected a camp, and said the next day he would fortify it. Fatal delay. He never fortified his camp. If he had done so, the bloodiest page in the history of the War of 1812, if not of our whole history, would not have been written as it is; a page that will ever remain a foul blot upon English arms; a page that, like Lady Macbeth's "damned spot," will not out.

General Winchester not only made no preparation for defense; but, with an unaccountable negligence, divided his forces, part being under Colonel Lewis in the stockade taken from the British, and part in camp a short distance from them, while he and his staff took up quarters for the night at a farmhouse about one-half mile distant. He also neglected to deal out a sufficient supply of ammunition.

The stockade, of which I have spoken, was an inclosure made of puncheons or poles split in halves, sharpened and driven into the ground, and erected by the inhabitants of Frenchtown as a protection against the Indians. Winchester and his staff, without any apprehension of danger, passed the night in sound sleep. Colonel Lewis was more apprehensive, and doubled his pickets; but sent out no scouts. Navarre

alone seemed aware of danger. About an hour before daylight he felt a presentiment of coming danger, and, arousing Henry and Dinsmore, the three started out of the stockade. The night was intensely cold. All within the stockade were sleeping soundly. The pickets reported all quiet. The scouts listened; all was still. Winchester's force outside the stockade were all in deep slumber save a few pickets.

At this moment a pack of wolves began to howl in the edge of the surrounding forest, and Dinsmore said, "There can't be any one approaching, or the wolves would not be howling so near us."

"I do n't know," replied Henry; "that sound alarms me."

"Yes," said Navarre, "I fear those are two-legged wolves, and they will gnaw our bones before long if we are not watchful. If Winchester had not made light of my alarm, I would now awaken the camp; but I dislike to run the danger of giving a false alarm."

The howling of the wolves ceased. The scouts listened; all was quiet. Navarre dropped down, placed his ear to the ground, but could hear nothing save a slight moaning of the winter wind in the tree-tops. Suddenly they heard the cry of a panther—that cry so human, and yet so inhuman; so like a human being in distress; so like a ferocious beast in rage, as to raise when heard in the forest, emotions both of sympathy and fear. Navarre again dropped to the ground, and listened. He rose quickly, and said: "We must give the alarm. That is no real panther." * Hardly had

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* Our histories give no account of this incident, but Peter Navarre often related it as a fact.

he spoken before the dark forest resounded on all sides with wild yells and savage war-whoops, followed immediately by a shower of musket-balls and cannister-shot from several pieces of British ordnance, and a furious charge of British regulars and painted savages.

The sounds and shot fell upon the sleeping and startled camp with appalling suddenness. The camp awoke amid the roar of cannon, the cracking of muskets, and the yells of savages. The character and number of the assailants were unknown. All was mystery save the deadly shot, which were fast reddening the snow with life-blood, and covering the ground with the wounded, dying, and dead. Those who were in the open field were, by the suddenness of the attack, separated; a part fleeing across the river Raisin, and a part retreating towards the stockade, in which was Lewis's command. At the first sound of battle Winchester bravely hastened to the scene of conflict, and heroically but vainly tried to rally his retreating troops. The British and Indians surrounded and shot them down like beasts, the savages scalping them as fast as they fell. Many a poor fellow fell amid the gloom and frost of that early morning hour only slightly wounded; but to be scalped and left to freeze in his own blood by a foe as heartless as the frozen earth. At one place, in a spot not more than three hundred feet square, over one hundred brave Kentuckians, the flower of Kentucky's youth, soon lay scalped and dying.

It was a conflict of extermination. Winchester and Colonel Lewis, who had left the stockade in the vain hope of stemming the defeat, were taken prison-

ers, and stripped of their clothing, except shirt, pantaloons, and boots, and in this plight taken to Proctor, the British commander. While part of the British and Indians were slaughtering those who retreated towards the stockade, others followed those who fled across the river, and nearly every one was overtaken, killed, and scalped.

Having practically annihilated that part of the army outside of the stockade, the enemy concentrated its attack upon the stockade, now under the command of Major Madison. The British, and the Indians under Split-Log, Walk-in-the-Water, and Roundhead, charged furiously; but so accurate and deadly was the aim of those behind the stockade (it being now daylight, and this command was composed largely of Kentucky sharpshooters) that each time the attack was repulsed with great loss to the British and Indians. Especially deadly was the work of Navarre, Dinsmore, and Henry, who stood side by side in one corner of the stockade, and as often as the crack of one of their rifles was heard, one of the foe fell. At length the British brought into action three three-pounders and one Howitzer; but these sharpshooters first shot the horses attached to the sled bringing forward the ammunition, and then picked off thirteen of the artillerymen, causing part of the guns to be abandoned and one withdrawn to such a distance that it ceased to be effective.*

At ten o'clock, after five hours of desperate fighting, Proctor drew off his forces, apparently awaiting

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*History simply says some sharpshooters did this, without giving their names

the return of those who had followed the fleeing Americans across the river. When the assailants withdrew, the Americans quietly breakfasted, ready to renew the struggle, if necessary. While eating, a flag of truce was sent to Major Madison, borne by one of Winchester's captured staff, and a British officer with a letter from Winchester to Madison, ordering an unconditional surrender of all the troops. Proctor had dishonorably taken advantage of Winchester's position to extort that order from him. Winchester had seen the heartless slaughter of nearly every man outside of the stockade. The cruel Proctor, who was in reality urging the savages on in their bloody work, and actually paying a bounty for scalps, told Winchester that if the Americans continued their hopeless resistance, he feared his Indian allies would become uncontrollable, and massacre all who were captured; but that if the Americans surrendered, they would be protected, and their wounded kindly treated.

When Madison received Winchester's orders, he hesitated, denying Winchester's authority as a prisoner to give orders. Peter Navarre, upon whose head Proctor had set a price, warned Madison of Proctor's cruelty and perfidy. Madison then held a personal interview with Proctor, and received from him assurances of kind treatment and protection for the Americans if they surrendered. Upon receiving these assurances, and fearing that continued successful resistance would be impossible, Madison surrendered.

During these negotiations Henry had been closely watching the British officer who accompanied the flag of truce, while his eyes assumed that peculiar, almost

glistening gray that with him denoted intense feeling. "I will never surrender to Hastings," (for the British officer was none other,) said Henry; "I would rather die fighting."

"I will never surrender to Proctor," said Navarre.

"I do not think that we, as prisoners of war, will be in any danger of our lives," said Dinsmore.

"I do not believe in exposing ourselves to any unnecessary danger, and if there is any hope of escaping I will join you, for as scouts a surrender does not bind us."

"Wright and I can escape, I believe, for we can outrun Roundhead himself," replied Navarre; "but no time must be lost. Do you see those dead Indians but a short distance from the stockade? Let each one of us bring one of them into the inclosure. In a few moments we can so disguise ourselves that only a close scrutiny will reveal the fact that we are not Indians. Quick!" No sooner said than each bore a dead Indian into the stockade. This act was noticed by the British; but they supposed they were bearing in some fallen comrades. "It is fortunate," observed Navarre, "that one of these savages wears boots, for the British must have furnished other Indians with them, and our tracks will not betray us."

Each man then placed upon his head a hideous Indian cap with long feathers, and drew on a loose fur jacket, with which each Indian had been clothed. Navarre then pulled out of his pocket a small tin-cup, put into it some brownish powder, and then some water. He then stirred the water for a moment, poured a little of the mixture upon his hands, and

washed them and his face with it. The others did the same.

"We have now the color of the Indians, but not their fearful war-paint," said Dinsmore.

"We will soon have that," answered Navarre. He then took from his pocket a very small brush, and dipped it into the unused portion of the mixture he had just prepared. He then rubbed the brush over a spot of frozen blood upon one of the dead Indians, and drew several daubs across his own face, and then did the same by the others. But a few moments had elapsed, so quickly was all this done, before all were completely disguised as Indians, and bedaubed with horrid war-paint.

It made Wright and Dinsmore involuntarily shudder when this dreadful paint touched their faces; but neither said a word.

"We can carry our pistols, knives, and guns; but not our blankets, for that would betray us, and we will not need them, for before to-morrow at this time we will either be at the Rapids, or the Indians will have our scalps," said Navarre. A short distance from the stockade was a large log-house.

The three disguised scouts, at a preconcerted signal, dashed across the open space between the stockade and the house. Major Madison having been informed before the surrender of their plan, his men were ordered to fire at the—to all appearances—fleeing savages; but so to shoot as not to hit them.

Split-Log, who was a wary chief, had his suspicions aroused; but upon being informed that the Americans were about to surrender, they were allayed. Upon

reaching the log house, the three scouts turned, and in full view deliberately proceeded down the river towards Malden, the British headquarters, and also towards a body of Indians who were coming from that direction. Before reaching the Indians, the scouts had to pass through a strip of thick woods. No sooner had they reached the woods, than Navarre, speaking low, said: "We must bear off towards Detroit, make a detour, and strike the lake at the mouth of the river, and thence across to Presque Isle. If the Indians follow us, we must run for our lives."

But the Indians, who were hurrying on to the battlefield, did not notice the scouts, so that they needed only to make a slight detour to the left; then turning to the right, they crossed the river Raisin about a mile below the battlefield, and about a half-mile from the outposts of the enemy. As they stepped out upon the river they could see the British flag waving from the American camp. When they struck the ice on the river, Navarre said: "Let us follow up the river as though proceeding towards the camp, as we can be plainly seen, and if an alarm is given, as it may be, if we are seen leaving the battle-ground at this hour of victory, and going in the direction of Maumee, some of the British pickets and straggling Indians may be on the other side of us, and we might run right into a hornet's-nest of bullets."

Acting on this thought, and changing their original plan, they proceeded up the river, apparently towards the camp, as though taking the river on account of the walking being better. "If we can once get to the southeast of the enemy," said Navarre, "we are prac-

tically safe, as there are neither British nor Indians in the direction of Maumee."

When nearly opposite the outposts of the British camp, they leisurely climbed up the bank of the river, and stepped into the woods on the farther side. Just as they entered the forest, savage yells broke out from the American camp.

"O, my God!" exclaimed Henry, "you are right, Navarre; that inhuman wretch Proctor is giving the prisoners up to be massacred by the savages."

"It can not be possible," said Dinsmore.

"It is too true, and few will live to tell the tale of this day's disaster," replied Navarre; "but let us hurry along. There is no danger now of our being observed. The Indians are too delirious with rage and blood, and the British will pay no attention to some straggling Indians."

Passing along, they came upon the field where their comrades who had fled across the river had been surrounded, shot down, massacred, and scalped in the morning, and a more hideous and ghastly sight never met the eye of man. Over one hundred men lay dead, with their bare, scalped skulls freezing in the reddened snow, and these dead and mangled bodies were the horrible remains of some of the best and noblest of Kentucky's sons! As the scouts left this bloody spectacle, they had to cross a narrow opening in the woods. Navarre looked back, stopped a moment, and almost involuntarily raised his rifle to his shoulder, then dropping it, he said: "No, let each of us pick out our man, and partially avenge the murder of our comrades." Not more than five hundred feet from them stood three

British officers, engaged apparently in an exciting conversation, and viewing, as the scouts thought, with indifference the slaughter of the defenseless prisoners. One of these officers was Hastings, and they saw him raise his hand over his head, and shake it in the air.

"The wretch," said Henry; "he is urging on the savages in their fiendish slaughter. Let us mete out to them the punishment they deserve."

Dinsmore seemed for a moment to be struggling with conflicting emotions; but he quickly and quietly said: "No; they deserve death; but let Heaven punish them. We, too, would be assassins to shoot them now; and besides, to kill them would not only endanger our own lives, but might also cause the death of some of our comrades whom the wretches may possibly spare."

"You are right," replied the others, and lowering their guns, they turned away from the dreadful scene before them, and plunging into the forest, moved rapidly towards the Maumee. They proceeded in silence, each occupied with his own sad and gloomy thoughts. Nearly one thousand men among the bravest and best of Ohio's and Kentucky's youth had marched over this route but a short time before. Out of that one thousand, only thirty-three, all told, escaped. Some were taken prisoners, and were afterwards exchanged; the rest reddened the snows of Frenchtown and the banks of the river Raisin with their life-blood, and most of them were not slain in honorable battle, but brutally murdered.* "O, blood-

* There is some conflict as to how many were slain and how many taken prisoners.

iest picture in the book of time!" Certainly the bloodiest picture in the history of our country.

For a long time this massacre was used to embitter the minds of the American people against the British; and there are hundreds of people living to-day who never even heard of this cruel slaughter, but who, from the bitter feelings then aroused, have imbibed from their ancestors a hatred of Great Britain.

But while that conflict will always, where history is read, be a blot upon English arms, the British Government, and certainly the English people, were not guilty of this great crime. Many of the British officers protested manfully at the time, and some of the most bitter denunciations of Proctor's inhuman conduct have come from the pens and mouths of English and Canadians. As well might we charge, as unfortunately for the peace and good-will between the North and the South has been done, the cruelty of Wirz and some others at Andersonville and Libby prisons to the whole people of the South, to whom the cruel deeds there perpetrated are even more abhorrent than to the people of the North.

But to return to the scouts. They had proceeded but a short distance when they struck a trail, a partly beaten path in the snow, marked by blood. They examined it carefully.

"There are some of our wounded comrades not far from here," said Navarre.

They followed the trail very cautiously for a few minutes, when Henry suddenly stopped, and said: "We are likely to be shot any moment, if the men

whose trail we are following have strength enough to shoot, and have their arms."

"Why so?" asked Dinsmore.

"Are we not disguised as Indians?" answered Henry. "Self-preservation will compel these wounded men to shoot if they think we are following on their trail."

Acting upon this thought, each man removed his Indian jacket, cap, and feathers, and washing his face in the snow, partially succeeded in removing the Indian color and war-paint. They then proceeded cautiously, still fearful of being shot by friends. After going about one-half mile they drew near a strip of woods thickly covered with bushes; but before getting too close to this underbrush they stopped, each hid behind a separate tree, and Dinsmore began to whistle softly a then familiar Kentucky air. He had whistled but a few strains when he was answered from a thicket just in front of them by a low whistle, which took up the air and carried it on. There was no mistake; but still the scouts proceeded cautiously to the thicket.

There behind an oak-tree sat four men, all who were left of that brave band that fought and died in the dusk of the morning, separated by the fatal mistake of their commander from their comrades. One of these men, severely wounded, had escaped death and scalping because he was bald; two because they had fallen before daylight in the first onslaught, and in the darkness and first fury of the battle they had been passed by, and not afterward discovered. One,

and the only one not wounded, owed his escape to a fall, in which he had rolled down the bank of the river, and, becoming covered with snow, by lying still he had not been noticed. The uninjured man had helped his wounded comrades on so far, and had kindled a small fire to warm them; but they had not tasted a mouthful of food since the evening before. Numb with cold, weak from loss of blood, and faint for want of food, the three wounded men had looked death calmly and bravely in the face. To march to the Rapids was impossible, to return to Frenchtown meant death and scalping, to remain where they were meant death either from hunger or cold, and they thought before another morning's dawn they would serve to make a feast for some band of prowling wolves. They had each told their well comrade to leave them to a fate that he was powerless to avert, and save his own life; but he would not abandon them. Twice at the risk of his own life he had returned to the battlefield, or, more correctly speaking, to the slaughter-field, and stripped the dead of clothing, the better to cover his wounded comrades, and protect their blood-drained bodies from the cold. Dinsmore pulled from his pocket a large flask, and gave each a liberal drink. The scouts then drew from their pockets some bread and dried venison, and offered it to the hungry men.

One of the wounded men refused to take it, saying: "No; you will need all the food you have. For us to eat will only prolong our lives for a short time, and not help us in the end; while to take the food

which you so generously offer will prevent you from escaping."

"O fie!" said Henry; "none of you have deadly wounds. Cheer up, comrades; we will get you back to the Rapids some way, and you will all live to pay back these red savages and bloody British for this day's service."

Thus encouraged, the four men ate heartily of the plain food so generously proffered. Henry and Navarre stepped back, and engaged in a short thoughtful conversation.

At the close of their consultation, Navarre stepped up to the wounded men, and carefully examined each. At the end of the investigation, he said: "Good; they are nothing but flesh wounds. Cheer up, boys; we will get you out of this all right."

Navarre and Henry then looked around, as though in search of some particular thing. Henry soon spied what he wanted, and, stepping up to a slim ash-sapling about four inches in diameter, climbed up it a number of feet, then swinging off from its trunk, but holding on to the top with his hands, he bent it to the ground. Navarre then applied his stout hunting-knife to the spot on the body of the sapling where the tension of the bending strain was the greatest, and soon severed the sapling. In the same manner five other saplings were soon cut. Henry and Navarre then cut a number of pieces about three feet long. They then cut one of the fur Indian jackets they had thrown off into thongs, and soon firmly tied the cross-pieces to the saplings, which served as runners; and thus they had,

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in the space of a couple of hours, with the assistance of Dinsmore and the uninjured man, improvised three sleds. On the cross-pieces of these sleds small branches of trees were first placed, then snow was packed over them to prevent them from hurting the wounded men, and on top of the snow were laid extra coats, and on each sled was placed a wounded man. Each well man, Navarre excepted, took a sled, and began to march towards the Rapids. Navarre would now go a little distance ahead, occasionally clearing out of the way some obstacle, and then drop behind to look, and listen to see and hear whether they were being followed. This method of travel was necessarily very slow, and when nightfall came they were only about five miles from Frenchtown. A fire was then built; for it was thought there was no danger of their being followed, and, besides, the wounded men could not endure the cold.

They all ate very sparingly; for the provisions which the three who left the fort deemed sufficient for them, would soon be exhausted when divided among seven. During the night each of the sound men in his turn kept watch, not by the fire, but some distance back on their trail. In the morning they ate the last of their provisions, and at daybreak started on their journey. At about ten o'clock in the morning, to their great joy they met a body of men from the Rapids, whom Harrison had sent to assist Winchester. These troops were informed that it was too late now; that Winchester's army, with the exception of a few who had escaped, were numbered with the dead. Upon receiving this mournful intelligence, the com-

mand, with the exception of a few men who went forward to see if perhaps some escaped American could not still be found and rescued, returned to the Rapids.

Harrison was greatly depressed by the events at Frenchtown; but not disheartened. He strengthened his position at the Rapids of Maumee, and at once devised a plan of capturing Malden, or at least destroying the English war-vessels that were in winter quarters at that place. He sent a body of men across the ice to Middle Bass Island, with instructions to be in readiness (each man with his feet inclosed in moccasins), and, on the evening of the day following their arrival at Middle Bass, to proceed during the night across the frozen lake so as to reach Malden before daybreak, and attack that place from an unexpected quarter. But unfortunately for Harrison's plans, the day preceding the evening this expedition was to start, the wind suddenly shifted, became very strong, the ice broke up, and this attack had to be abandoned. Nothing more now could be done until spring. Harrison selected as the headquarters of his army, and the base from which to operate, a site near the Maumee River, and just above the present village of Perrysburg, and in honor of the governor of Ohio named it Fort Meigs. At this place Johnson Dinsmore tendered his services to General Harrison, and was sent by him to Kentucky to recruit a company of sharpshooters.

Chapter VI

BEFORE leaving for Kentucky, Dinsmore felt that he must see Ruth, and make a declaration of his love; but upon arriving at Cleveland he was greatly disappointed to learn that she had left for her home the day before. He was not merely disappointed, but perplexed at her action; for he had written her of his intended visit. Mrs. Hentzler, however, informed him that Ruth would return in a few days. Accordingly, he waited, daily expecting her arrival. In the meantime the weather became warmer and the roads very bad, and Dinsmore tried to believe that this was the cause of Ruth's failure to return; but he often wondered why she had left no word for him. In the meantime, while in Cleveland, he found himself the object of many marked attentions.

At that time the Kentuckians were generally lionized, for most of the fighting had been done by them. Besides, Dinsmore, with his new captain's uniform, was a handsome officer, and there was something romantic about his escape from the dreadful massacre of the river Raisin.

In this little village of Cleveland he soon met all its society, and, among others, Miss Mixture. Every young lady was anxious to receive Captain Dinsmore's attentions, and none more anxious than Miss Mixture. She told him that she wished very much to see him, as there were some matters in connection

with their first meeting that she wished to explain. Dinsmore's recollection of that meeting, while exceedingly painful, had been by subsequent events much weakened, and he could not, under the circumstances, easily avoid accepting her invitation.

A few evenings later he called. He was received with the greatest cordiality. He had not visited with her long, until, looking at him with one of those sweet, tender looks that she knew so well how to assume, but which in the present case was not all assumed, she said: "Captain, I think, in justice to you and myself, I ought to speak of our first meeting. I have often thought of you since then, because after I left that night I learned more about that hunt, and I hope you will forgive me. I said some naughty things that night; but you see you were not only a stranger to me, but I did not know that you were in any way connected with the affair. I had known Henry and his sister Ruth—a dear, sweet girl—for so long, that I felt a friendly interest in them, and I thought then, as I do now, that he had been cruelly deserted, and I naturally felt indignant; only then I did not know, as I do now, who was guilty. Captain, I hope you do not blame me; for I have suffered with the thought that I annoyed you."

Dinsmore assured her that it was all past, and that, in fact, he had nearly forgotten the whole affair at the table.

"By the way," said Miss Mixture, "have you seen Ruth Wright since you have been here this time?"

"No, I have not. She is at home, I think."

"I am so sorry; she would be so glad to see you

looking so strong and well. She must be a skillful nurse."

"She is," answered Dinsmore. "I sometimes think I never would have recovered if she had not taken such splendid care of me."

"You ought to feel grateful to her."

"I can assure you I do," he replied.

"Ruth is a good, noble girl," said she, "and I am so glad, and so will you be, to learn that her prospects for future happiness are so bright."

"What do you mean?" asked Dinsmore.

"She is engaged to Major Brown, of a Pennsylvania regiment which was quartered here, and whom she nursed while he was sick. He is not only fine-looking, but he is a very worthy and promising young man. By the way, speaking of Major Brown reminds me that one of the men you so bravely assisted in escaping from Frenchtown was named Brown. You must tell me all about your escape." Thus she adroitly turned the conversation, as if she had said nothing of importance, and during the remainder of the evening used every winsome artifice to make him forget Ruth; for she knew that the poisoned arrow had entered his heart, and that love is often caught on the rebound.

Dinsmore did not sleep well that night. Before morning he decided to leave for Kentucky at once; but first he determined to learn, if possible, whether Miss Mixture's statements were true. The next morning he called upon Matthew Hentzler and his mother to bid them good-bye.

"Are you going so soon?" said Mrs. Hentzler. "I think Miss Wright will be here to-day. You ought

to see her before you go. If you are not careful the Pensylvania major will get the start of you." Mrs. Hentzler said this jokingly, little dreaming that her words were wounding Dinsmore worse than the savage's scalping-knife; for that could only cut and scar the flesh, while she was cutting and scarring the soul. Dinsmore controlled his feelings, and made no reply; but soon afterward, in talking with Matthew, he asked with apparent indifference: "Who is this Pennsylvania major of whom your mother spoke?"

"I do not know anything about him, only every one thinks he is a very fine man; and I have heard that he is going to marry Miss Wright."

Miss Mixture had told him this; but he did not say so, for he supposed it to be a fact, and he did not think the source of his information of any importance; but he observed that Dinsmore was troubled by what he had learned—for he could not entirely conceal his feelings—and Hentzler added, not thinking just what effect his words might have under the circumstances: "I may be mistaken, but Major Brown left yesterday, and Miss Wright will now return. Some think that it would have been embarrassing to her for you both to be here at the same time; but I think you can cut him out, now that you are here and he is gone, if you try very hard."

After his interview with Hentzler, Dinsmore returned to his hotel. It was the best and only hotel in Cleveland. After supper he went into the office. A bright, cheerful fire was burning in the immense fireplace, and, besides the light from this fire, a couple of tallow candles had been placed on the counter of

the bar, so as to enable the landlord and barkeeper to make change, for the bar and office were one. Money was scarce in those days, but whisky was cheap, and the hotel was not only a place for taking care of travelers and the dealing out of liquor, but also the general meeting-place of the villagers to hear the news.

The bar consisted of a few glasses and a barrel of whisky, from which the drinks, at two for five cents or three cents for one, were drawn by means of a wooden faucet. The loungers and guests greeted Dinsmore with great respect. Some asked him to take a drink, and tried to engage him in conversation, both in jest and earnest. The principal topic, however, was the war and the outlook for its future.

Soon the mail-coach from the South drove up to the hotel. Dinsmore at once engaged a seat for Cincinnati, and learned that the coach would start promptly at five o'clock in the morning. After making the necessary arrangements for his journey, he asked for a light, and the landlord handed him a tallow candle placed in a shining brass candlestick. This candlestick was a special compliment to Dinsmore, as most of the guests lighted themselves to bed by a candle placed in an iron candlestick. The conversation, laughter, jesting, and story-telling of the hotel office seemed, for the first time, unpleasant to Dinsmore, and he felt as though he could endure it no longer. He went to his room; found it cold and cheerless. He placed the candlestick upon the window-sill, for there was no other place to put it. He did not mind the cold room; a warm one would have been

oppressive to him. He was warmed by an inward fever.

He paced backward and forward in his room. The floor was uncarpeted, and the sound of his footsteps annoyed him. He thought of Ruth, how he had watched her day by day, when, as a ministering angel, she seemed his ideal, the embodiment of all that was tender, loving, true, and faithful in woman. It was true she had not given him any promise in words of her love. He had not, in words, asked her to love him; but in the thousand and one signs and expressions by which soul speaks to soul, each had told the other many and many a time of love. He thought of the evening, a few short weeks since, when he had held her in his arms and implanted upon her lips a kiss that made his very heart throb, not with the ecstasy of passion, but with the elevating, stimulating, and soul-enobling thought that he was loved by one so true, so noble and faithful. Yet, as he now believed, while this supposed noble woman, this ideal of womanhood, was returning his embraces of love and looking woman's holy love into his very soul, she was making love to another, to whom, before Dinsmore was fairly out of sight, she had given her plighted troth. And still more, from what he had learned from Hentzler, Ruth was at least partially faithless to the man to whom she had promised her faith and heart; for according to Hentzler's statements—and Dinsmore had unlimited confidence in his friend Hentzler—Ruth had left Cleveland for the purpose of avoiding meeting Dinsmore and Major Brown together. This made her actions all the more unworthy; for he believed

that if he had not accidentally discovered her faithlessness, she would have still pretended to love him, notwithstanding her plighted love to another.

As we have seen, Ruth's love had been a potent influence in developing the latent good in Dinsmore's soul. Now all was different. For a time, at least, these noble impulses were being stifled, and more: at that hour he felt a hatred towards all womankind. All were false and faithless. His room seemed stifling. He passed out into the open air. He felt a desire to get away from himself. As he walked along a street of the quiet village, he accidentally thought of Miss Mixture. She had warmly insisted upon his calling before he left. He did not admire her; he thought she was simply an attractive, pretty-looking, soulless woman; but just then it seemed to him that she was as good as any other woman. She could at least for the moment divert his thoughts. He knew that Ruth was now at Mrs. Hentzler's, but to have seen her would have been not only exceedingly unpleasant, but it would have added fuel to the fire that he wished extinguished.

A woman with even less moral worth than Miss Mixture would have pleased him at that moment still better; for no woman was worthy of more than the fancy or passion of the hour. He called upon Miss Mixture. When first she saw him he was simply an unknown hunter. Now he was not only a captain, but a petted hero.

Never did Dinsmore seem so gay and witty as that evening. His flattery and protestations of regard for Miss Mixture, which he did not feel, would have made

him dishonorable in his own eyes at any other time, and would have offended, instead of pleased, a better and truer woman. He even went so far as to embrace her and implant a kiss upon her lips as he said good-bye; but how different from the one he had implanted upon Ruth's lips a few weeks before. That was a kiss of purity and affection; this was the kiss of a roving gallant.

Before daybreak the next morning, Dinsmore had entered the mail-coach, and was on his way to Kentucky.

We must now leave him for a few moments, and look in at the Hentzler home. Ruth, on reaching Cleveland, learned from Mr. Hentzler that Captain Dinsmore was not only in the village, but that he was going to leave the next morning. Mrs. Hentzler also informed her, in answer to an inquiry, that Dinsmore knew of her expected arrival that day. She had, therefore, with a joyous, expectant heart, watched and waited for his coming. She did not think it possible that he would leave without calling to see her. Several times she thought she heard footsteps that were his, and her heart throbbed and her cheeks flushed with pleasure, but each time she was doomed to disappointment. At length she was forced, owing to the lateness of the hour, to believe that he was not coming; why, she could not imagine. She sought in vain for reasons, and then, with womanly hope and confidence, yet with some vague forebodings, she said to herself, "There must be some good reason, which I shall know some time."

The next morning, thinking that Dinsmore might

be sick, she requested Matthew to go to the hotel and make inquiries; but he returned with the information that Dinsmore was out quite late the night before, and had left on the morning stage. Ruth, though perplexed, grieved, and disappointed, went bravely to work.

A few days after Dinsmore's departure, Miss Mixture called upon Ruth. Since Dinsmore last visited Miss Mixture—the most cunning people are often the most easily self-deceived—she believed that she had supplanted Ruth in Dinsmore's affections, and could hardly wait for an opportunity to make known to Ruth her success. To do so would at once gratify Miss Mixture's vanity and torture Ruth. After chatting for some time, Miss Mixture asked Ruth when she returned to the village. Upon being informed, Miss Mixture pretended to be greatly surprised, and said: "I did not suppose you were here that day, for you and Captain Dinsmore were once such great friends, and, as he had not seen you for some time, and had called upon me very often during his stay here, I should have supposed he would have spent that evening with you instead of with me."

Ruth colored, but suppressed her feelings as much as possible, and replied calmly, "Captain Dinsmore had the right to spend his last evening in Cleveland where he thought best, and I hope you had a pleasant visit with him."

"O, I did. I think he is charming; but while I like him very much, I think he is a little forward; he made me a little vexed."

"How so?" said Ruth.

"O, nothing; I do not like to speak of such things. While it is true he showed me a great deal of attention when he was here, and seemed to think a great deal of me, I think he was very presumptuous to embrace and kiss me as fondly as he did when he left, although I suppose that is a way of gallantry these Kentucky soldiers have. For my part, I do not want a young man to take such liberties, even if he is a special friend; but a girl can hardly be offended at such a fine-looking fellow as Dinsmore, even if he is a little forward."

These words cut to the quick. Ruth thought of her parting with Dinsmore. To her that embrace, that kiss was a sacred remembrance, a secret of the heart; and to hear this girl thus boasting—for while she pretended to be angry, Ruth knew that she was pleased—not only added to Ruth's sorrow, but also produced a feeling of resentment mingled with disgust; and she replied with words that stung Miss Mixture, but at the same time stung herself: "Yes, these soldier boys are, I hear, in the habit of kissing every girl that says, by her actions, that she wants to be kissed by them."

Miss Mixture plainly saw that she had wounded Ruth's feelings, and she said: "O dear! I did not suppose that you were so well-informed as to the soldier boys. I have no doubt that you speak from experience."

The hot blood mounted to Ruth's face; but, controlling her feelings, she replied quietly, "Let us drop this subject, for it will do neither of us any good to talk in this way."

With but little further conversation, Miss Mixture brought her call to a close, and Ruth soon after sought her room, and there gave way to her feelings in a copious flood of bitter tears. Love's bright ecstatic dream had vanished. Dinsmore was her first and only love.

During her stay at home, Henry had also visited home—as we shall learn later—and from him she had received a full account of Dinsmore's courage and moral worth. He told her how Dinsmore had not only resisted the temptation to inflict perhaps deserved punishment upon his enemy, Hastings, but how he had restrained the others from putting into execution their feelings of just resentment and anger.

As Henry related these things Ruth felt a genuine and laudable pleasure in the belief that Dinsmore's actions had been controlled, at least in part, by his love for her; and now this brave and true-hearted man, this real hero, this ideal embodiment of true and worthy manhood, had vanished. As she thought of all these things, of her last parting with him, of Miss Mixture's shameless boast, her tears became less copious, but more bitter, and at length she cried and sobbed herself to sleep. In her sleep she again saw Captain Dinsmore, clothed in his officer's uniform, the ideal of true, heroic manhood. She heard his ardent vows; she felt his kiss of pure love. She awoke from this delightful dream, only to realize, by cruel contrast, the intensity of her disappointment and anguish. At length her thoughts became more calm and her conception clearer, and she said, almost aloud: "No, I will not believe he is false and faithless. Miss Mixture

has perhaps deceived me"—and then a new thought flashed through her mind—"perhaps deceived him. Yes, Miss Mixture said he had been to see her several times before I returned." With these thoughts Ruth arose and dressed. She then knelt down, and with no feeling of bitterness in her heart, not only asked God to give her strength to endure her sorrow, but prayed most earnestly for the welfare of the one she so truly loved.

History tells us that, with the advent of the warm weather in the winter of 1813, the sickness in Harrison's army very greatly increased, and some of the sick were sent to Cleveland to be cared for. Fortunately for Ruth, she was very busy in nursing them; and while not a day passed that her thoughts did not dwell upon the absent soldier, not a day passed that her prayers did not ascend to the Throne of Grace for his welfare. Yet she had no time to brood over her sorrows, and she at least partially forgot her own in striving to assuage the sufferings of others.

Very soon after his return from Frenchtown, Henry visited his parents. On his way from Fort Meigs to his father's home he stopped at Fort Stephenson, and at that place he had an opportunity—there being no regular mail between Fort Stephenson and Cleveland—to send a letter to his sister, requesting her to meet him at their home, that they might enjoy a visit together. On his way home he had to pass his uncle's house, and of course stopped to see the family.

He was greeted warmly and affectionately by every one; for the news of his almost miraculous escape from the massacre of Frenchtown had already

reached his home. His aunt, in her pleasure and delight at seeing him return safe, threw her arms affectionately around him, saying, "Thank God, you have returned safe and sound!" After her mother had set such a bad example, of course Charlotte was excusable in doing the same thing, even "before folks."

The evening of Henry's return, a number of the neighbors and his uncle's family called to see him, and to hear of the bloody slaughter at Frenchtown. As he described the terrible, heart-rending scenes there enacted—although no one in the room had lost friend or relative, those slain being largely Kentuckians—the feeling of anger and sorrow depicted on the faces of his listeners can better be imagined than described. But when he reached the account of Hastings and his first intention of shooting him and his companions, partially to avenge the death of his comrades, and how Dinsmore induced the others to desist from meting out what seemed a just punishment, it was noticed that Charlotte shuddered and trembled, but this was thought to be the natural effect of the terrible recital.

That night Charlotte did not, as usual, fall asleep at once upon retiring. The excitement aroused by Henry's description of the terrible scenes at Frenchtown was not all that kept her awake. Henry's mother had more than half divined Charlotte's feelings. Charlotte had, as we have seen, met Hastings at the home of her aunt. He was a fine-appearing, manly young fellow. In short, by that subtle alchemy of the soul which no philosopher or psychologist has yet explained, these two young people were almost in-

sensibly and irresistibly drawn together. While they had never directly spoken of love, they had often, in their conduct towards each other, crossed that indefinable boundary which separates the pleasant land of friendship from the happy kingdom of love, and when they came to part each had impressed upon the lips of the other a kiss which seemed to linger and make each happy. They had not only been parted for some time, but they belonged to nations engaged in a bloody, bitter strife. Neither had in words clearly thought of love, but each had hung in the halls of memory a most attractive picture of the other.

When Hastings visited John Wright's he did so on the plea of a wish to take part in the hunt. Charlotte not only hoped, but felt that Hastings had been induced to participate in it principally because he desired to see her. She said to herself, "The Canadians have more game and better opportunities to hunt than we have." Besides, as we have seen, before Hastings returned to Cleveland, he had a short conversation with Charlotte. It was not so much what they said at this time as their looks and manner that tended to revive and stimulate the feelings each entertained for the other. Then, too, she had learned of the terrible duel of Hastings and Dinsmore on the banks of the Detroit River, and the recital of this combat had increased her admiration for Hastings; for, according to Dinsmore's own statement, Hastings fought bravely; and she said to herself,"No man can justly be called a coward who is willing and ready to meet a man like Dinsmore in a hand-to-hand conflict." But Hastings was absent. He belonged to a hated nation.

Henry was present, and was not only brave, manly, and strong, but he was fighting his country's battles—he was glorious. She admired him, and her womanly instinct said, "Henry loves me."

When a woman admires a man who is present, and at the same time feels that he loves her, it takes a better armor than the memory of the absent lover to protect her entirely from the darts of the winged god; and each dart that pierces her armor under such circumstances helps to efface the picture on memory's walls. Charlotte had at first tried to ridicule in her heart the idea of her cousin Henry being in love with her. "He thinks a great deal of me as his cousin," she had often said to herself; but of late she felt that Henry's feelings were much more than those of mere cousinly affection. She also began to realize that her feelings for Henry were very different from what they had been. The last few times that he had left home, the parting embrace and good-bye kiss had caused her heart to beat as no mere cousinly feeling could. Yet she kept continually looking at the other picture in memory's gallery. But now she began to believe Hastings to be, not a coward, but a bad, cruel man; and yet there was something in her heart which contradicted this belief. Still thinking, she at length fell asleep—"to sleep: perchance to dream. Aye, there is the rub." She dreamed. She saw before her the fearful events that had just been portrayed to her. She saw the hideous painted savages, with knives and tomahawks reeking with blood. She saw the ground covered with the dead and dying. She heard wild, inhuman yells; she heard calls for mercy when there

was no mercy; and amid all this scene of blood and cruelty she saw Hastings, like a spirit of evil—like a fiend from the realms of eternal hate—urging on and directing the work of death and cruelty. She awoke from this horrid dream, trembling. "It is true," she said to herself, "Hastings is unworthy and cruel. I will never think of him again."

After remaining at home for a few days, Henry returned to Fort Meigs; but the evening before leaving he spent with Charlotte. He thought she had never been so kind and frank, and never seemed the time to pass so quickly, nor their parting quite so affectionate. On his way home, as he walked slowly along with throbbing heart, he said to himself: "What a fool and coward I was that I did not make a full confession of my love to Charlotte! She knows that I love her, but a girl wants to be told of a man's love. If I keep putting this off, I shall never tell her."

But now let us return to Dinsmore. You all remember the unfortunate mental and moral condition in which he left Cleveland. He had resolved never to think again of Ruth. He felt that her wanton faithlessness had wiped out all the debt of gratitude he owed her; besides, to think of her was not merely mental pain, but worse—it was anger and moral bitterness.

The mail-coach was full of passengers. Nothing, not even an ocean voyage, brings fellow-travelers in such close social contact as a long journey in a stage-coach. Dinsmore had congenial companions, but he was the liveliest and most entertaining of the whole company. No one would have suspected the burning

heart concealed beneath the gay, joyous exterior. How often it is that the wounded bird flies the most swiftly; the injured deer bounds the most lightly; the hollow tree appears the most grand and majestic; and the tortured soul appears the most joyous and happy!

But Dinsmore's journey at last came to an end. He reached his Kentucky home, and the first person to meet him was his dear, good mother. She threw her arms around her darling boy, whom, for some days after the first news of the terrible disaster at Frenchtown, she had believed, not only to be among the dead, but among the mangled and scalped. With a mother's ecstasy of delight she embraced him, and wept tears of joy over the return of her son, whom in her dreams she had seen scalped and freezing in the bloody snows on the banks of the river Raisin. There is nothing so near the divine in this world as the love of a good mother. If a young man has a good mother—and the faith I have in the future of our people lies in the fact that most boys have good mothers—and he loves that mother, I always have hope for him, no matter how low or fallen he may have become. Some day the love and memory of that mother will reach down into the gloom and darkness of his degradation, and lift him up into a better and nobler life. The world is full of true and worthy men who, in the dark hour when temptation has nearly won the victory, have been strengthened and saved by the memory and love of a good and true mother.

When Dinsmore left Cleveland he had no faith in womankind. Women were not regarded by him as worthy of true, honorable love. They were, to his

thought, the lawful prey of the successful man. It was not from passion, but from anger and lack of respect for women, that he thus felt; but the pure, tender, loving embrace of his mother aroused his better nature. After his mother came the fond, sweet, and affectionate embrace of his sister. Dinsmore was himself again.

That night, when he lay down in bed, he thought of Ruth, of his mother and sister, and then of himself; and the more he thought of his mother and sister, and of his own wicked, unworthy feelings, the more humble he became. He said to himself: "He who is so unworthy as to believe that all women are false because he is deceived in one, is not worthy of a good and faithful woman. There are others as good and true as my mother and sister, and I will find one some day. I was simply deceived in Ruth, or"—and he stopped and thought for some time. His ideas were clearer than they had been when in a less calm mood, and at length he added: "Is it possible that I have been deceived by others, and that Ruth is yet a true and worthy woman? It seems impossible; still I may be mistaken. I will know some day." And with these thoughts he fell asleep.

Chapter VII

We must now turn our atention to the war in the Northwest. As we have seen, after the terrible disaster at Frenchtown, General Harrison established his headquarters in the forest that skirted the rapids of the Maumee. He had in his immediate command at Fort Meigs about 1,800 men, who were placed under the skillful direction of Captain Wood, chief engineer of Harrison's army. Under Wood's instructions, Harrison's soldiers immediately proceeded to fortify Fort Meigs. A camp was laid out, somewhat irregular in shape, covering about eight acres. It was the intention to inclose this place, with the exception of small intervals left for batteries and blockhouses, with picketed timbers fifteen feet long, and from ten to twelve inches in diameter, and set three feet in the ground. As soon as the lines of the camp were designated, a portion of the labor was assigned to each company, by which means a very laudable emulation was easily developed. To complete the picketing, to put up the blockhouses, and to build the storehouses and magazines required to contain the supplies of the army, was a very considerable undertaking. Besides, an immense amount of labor was required in excavating ditches and clearing away the forests about the camp, and all this had to be done when the weather was inclement and the ground so hard that it could not be removed without the aid of a mattock and

pickax. But to the use of these tools most of the soldiers were accustomed, and this knowledge was, in this case, the salvation of the army.

Unfortunately, before the work of fortifying Fort Meigs had progressed very far, General Harrison was called to Cincinnati. He went there for two reasons: to visit his sick family, and to take the supervision of bringing forward supplies and recruiting fresh troops. He was desirous of increasing his army until it should reach at least four thousand men, as he deemed it absolutely necessary to have this number of men under his command before he could hope successfully to attack Fort Malden, and besides, the term of service of a larger portion of the 1,800 men at Fort Meigs would expire in the early spring. Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, with great enthusiasm and energy, assisted General Harrison in the recruiting of Kentucky troops, and made a call for three thousand militia, 1,500 of them for Harrison's army, who were to be organized into four regiments, forming a brigade to be commanded by General Clay. About the first of April, Harrison, with a small body of troops from Kentucky and Ohio, leaving the main body to be brought up by General Clay, arrived at Fort Meigs. Among these was a company under the command of Captain Dinsmore. Upon Dinsmore's return to Kentucky, and his recounting the dreadful deeds enacted at the river Raisin, he succeeded, with but little difficulty, in raising a company of Kentucky sharpshooters, who marched northward with the battle-cry upon their lips, "Remember the river Raisin!"

When Harrison reached Fort Meigs he found that the Pennsylvania and Virginia troops, and some others, their time having expired, had left the army, reducing the number of troops to about 500 men. He also found, to his great surprise and disappointment, that but little progress had been made in fortifying the place. About the time General Harrison left for Cincinnati, Captain Wood went to Sandusky for the purpose of superintending the erection of a fortification, leaving the work at Fort Meigs in charge of Colonel Leftwich, belonging to the Virginia militia. Leftwich not only proved himself thoroughly incompetent, but he appears to have contemplated the desertion of his post as early as possible. He was not only regardless of the danger to the stores, but of the comfort and safety of those whom he might leave behind. He allowed all work upon the fortifications to cease, and, besides, he permitted the soldiers to burn, for fuel, the pickets which had been collected for the purpose of forming a stockade.

During this period, Henry Wright, in common with many of the officers and soldiers, had been watching with anger and mortification the results of Leftwich's indifference and incompetency. One morning, in the latter part of February, Henry noticed a large fire upon which the Virginia militia were piling pickets which had already been sharpened and prepared for the defense of the fort. He sought the headquarters of Colonel Leftwich, and modestly and deferentially expostulated with him upon the danger of permitting such lawlessness, saying that he (Henry) could organize a volunteer force that would proceed to the

woods, which were close at hand, and obtain all the necessary fuel; but Colonel Leftwich indignantly listened to Henry's expostulations and offers, and threatened to place him in the guard-house.

During the day Henry brooded over the condition of things. He had no feelings in respect to the manner in which he had been treated. He would have willingly been punished in the guard-house could he only have succeeded in staying the waste of materials that might soon become of inestimable value. That night he sought the quarters of one of the officers, and said to him: "I am a scout. I am not directly connected with the army. I am simply under the officer who has command of the fort. I can leave the service at any time. Would I be guilty of any offense should I leave the fort and inform Captain Wood, at Sandusky, of the condition of things here?" * After some conversation, Henry decided that it was his duty to inform Captain Wood. He determined to do so regardless of the consequences.

Accordingly, on the following morning before daylight, he started for Sandusky. It was a long and perilous tramp of over sixty miles through the snow-covered and trackless forest. It was his intention, notwithstanding the distance, to reach Fort Stephenson that night, but there was a coating of snow, and much of the way the ground underneath it was soft, and he found his strength insufficient to carry him through.

When about ten miles from the fort he found him-

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*In 1812 scouts were not usually, as in later wars, enlisted men, and could leave the service at any time.

self compelled to bivouac for the night in the forest. He attempted to make a fire, but everything was so wet with rain and snow that he failed in the attempt. As the shades of night began to darken the forest, every now and then he could hear in the distance the howling of wolves, which, as the darkness increased, grew louder, nearer, and more frequent. He realized that should he go to sleep, or even pass the night while awake upon the ground, he might be torn to pieces by the hungry wolves, that are always more dangerous and ravenous when snow covers the ground. Fortunately, the night was not very cold, and after looking about him for some time he discovered a small tree, with some thick branches not very far above the ground.

Accordingly, he climbed this tree, drew his gun up after him, and wrapping his blanket around him so as to protect himself as much as possible from the weather, prepared to pass the night in the tree-top.

It was not long before the wolves gathered around the tree which he had climbed, barking, yelping, and often leaping up into the air in their mad but vain attempts to reach him. There, standing upon one limb, with his hands upon another, so as to keep himself in position, often stamping his feet upon the limb and striking them against the sides of the tree to keep them warm, with the wolves howling around and beneath him, he passed the night without once closing his eyes in sleep. At the first indication of the break of day the wolves departed, permitting him to descend and proceed upon his journey. About noon he reached Fort Stephenson, nearly exhausted. He re-

mained there until the following day, and then proceeded to Sandusky. Upon reaching Sandusky he informed Captain Wood of the condition of affairs at Fort Meigs, and how he had, at the risk of censure and of his life, determined to apprise Captain Wood of these facts. Captain Wood most heartily thanked the brave scout for his courage and patriotism, and informed him that he had nobly done his duty. Almost immediately he repaired to Fort Meigs, and proceeded, with great zeal, to complete the work at the fort.

Shortly after General Harrison returned to Fort Meigs, the ice began to move in the Detroit River and the lake. Proctor at once proceeded to execute his plans for an early attack upon the fort. Ever since his bloody deeds at the river Raisin, he had been using every means in his power to concentrate at Malden, in addition to the British and Canadian forces, as large a number of Indians as possible. He fired the zeal of Tecumseh by holding out to him bright hopes of success in his great plan of confederating all the savage tribes in the Northwest; and, besides, Proctor boasted of his ample power to place in the hands of his Indian allies not only Fort Meigs, its garrison and stores, but he also promised that he would deliver over to him as a prisoner, his old enemy, General Harrison.

Tecumseh, with his usual skill, energy, and influence, succeeded, notwithstanding the effects of Harrison's previous raids and their continued defeats by him, in assembling at Fort Malden over 1,500 Indian warriors. Proctor was highly pleased with the response of

the savages to his call; and visions of speedy victory, personal glory, and official promotion were before his eyes. He became more boastful in his manner, and more supercilious than ever in his conduct towards the Americans at Detroit. He assembled, early in April, at Sandwich, a short distance from Detroit, the Canadian militia, and on the 23d of April, 1813, he embarked his army, consisting of 2,500 men, including the Indians, on a brig and several smaller vessels. He was also accompanied by two gunboats with some artillery.

On the 28th this force landed on the left bank of the Maumee River, near old Fort Miami, and established a camp at that point. General Harrison had been for some days daily expecting an attack, and upon the morning on which Proctor's forces and his Indian allies landed at Fort Miami, Captain Hamilton, with Henry Wright and Peter Navarre, had been sent out to reconnoiter. They soon discovered the enemy, and immediately returned to the Fort and informed General Harrison of his approach.

General Harrison had at this time only a little over one thousand men; and although Fort Meigs was quite strong—several blockhouses having been erected, together with lines of intrenchments and a fairly good supply of field pieces put in position—yet Harrison was relatively both weak in numbers and wanting in military supplies. He feared that if the fort should be subjected to a protracted siege his ammunition would be exhausted. He was also convinced, from the character and number of the enemy, that his post was in great peril.

He knew that General Clay was on the march with his Kentuckians to re-enforce him. Immediately upon receiving information of Proctor's arrival, General Harrison sent Peter Navarre to Fort Stephenson with dispatches announcing Proctor's landing at Maumee. At the same time he sent Captain Oliver, together with Henry Wright and a friendly Indian, to General Clay, to urge him to press forward with all possible haste.* It was not known exactly where Clay's forces were, but he was supposed to be on the march between St. Mary's and Fort Defiance, and the three messengers were ordered to proceed first to the latter place. This was a perilous journey. The country was beset with hostile savages. The route was through an unbroken forest, the ground was soft and spongy and, in some places, almost impassable at that season of the year.

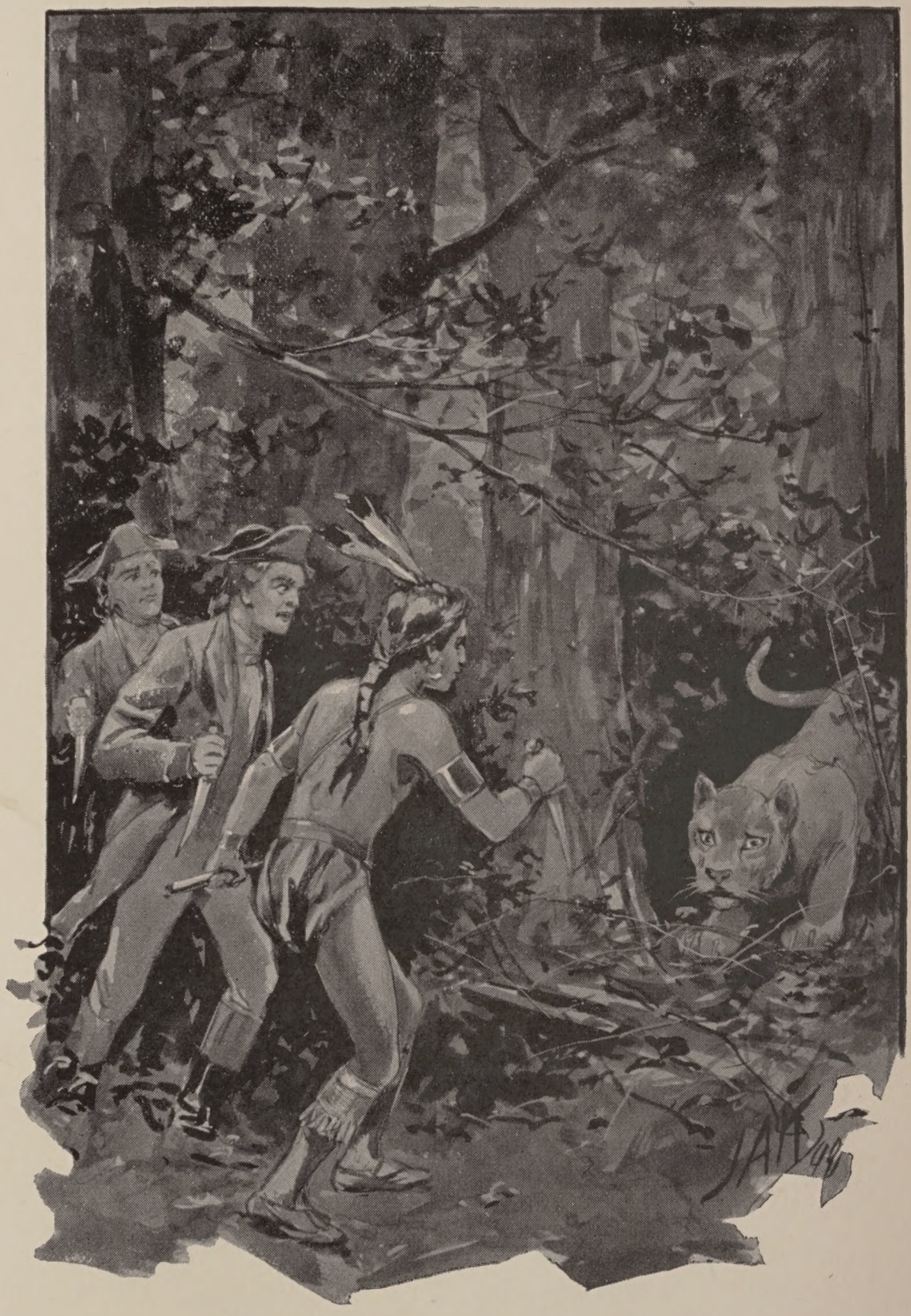
The sun was beginning to sink in the western horizon when the four men started out into the forest. A body of troops escorted them into the woods beyond the opening which surrounded the fort, so that if they were perceived by the enemy it would not be observed, upon the return of the troops, that some had remained behind. As soon as the four messengers reached the thick forest, each man, with three days' provisions, a gun, two pistols (there were no revolvers then), a blanket, and a large hunting-knife, started on his perilous journey, and soon disappeared in the thick and tangled forest, one in the direction of Fort Stephenson (a route not then beset by Indians),

*History says Harrison sent Captain Oliver, a scout, and a friendly Indian.

and the others towards Fort Defiance. They had proceeded but a short distance on their journey—the forest was growing dark, the sun was beginning to sink behind a thick, black cloud—when suddenly the Indian, with a low, almost inaudible "hist," dropped instantly to the ground, and the others did the same.

A moment later a shower of bullets whistled over them, followed by a savage warwhoop from a score or more of Indians, so quickly as to seem almost like a rebound from the discharge of the guns. The three sprang to their feet and fled with all possible haste, with the Indians in hot pursuit. But their pursuers were unable to gain upon them, and it soon became so dark that they could only be followed by sound, and the pursuit was abandoned.

Soon after it began to rain in torrents. The thunders seemed to roll over the tree-tops, while the vivid lightnings flashed among the branches of the trees and lighted up the dismal darkness of the forest for a moment, and then left the blackness more intense and blinding than before. It finally became impossible to proceed. The ground was so covered with water that they could not lie down, and, leaning up against a large tree, partly sheltered from the storm, the men soon fell asleep in an almost erect position. They slept as scouts sleep, to all appearance soundly, but the slightest unusual noise will waken them. Henry had been sleeping, as it seemed, about two hours, when something aroused him. He almost involuntarily clutched his rifle, which stood beside him, and at the same time gently touched his companions. He had a vague, intuitive sense of danger. All listened; not



THE SCOUTS SURPRISED BY A PANTHER.

a sound was to be heard save the dripping of the water from the branches of the trees, for the rain had nearly ceased. The scouts peered into the darkness. A little in front of them they saw what seemed to be two balls of fire. A flash of lightning again lit up the woods for an instant. Before them was an open space surrounded by great elms, whose broad, extending branches reached out and almost touched each other, and it seemed as though they stood in one of nature's amphitheaters; for a few feet in front of them was a huge panther, crouching and ready, yet hesitating to spring upon his prey. Each man instantly drew his hunting-knife, but the beast knew that he had been discovered, and fled, leaving the scouts to peer almost helplessly into the darkness, and tremble, notwithstanding their courage, lest the savage beast, unseen and unheard, should spring upon them at any moment.

Morning dawned, however, without further alarm, and the second day the scouts reached Fort Defiance, and soon after their arrival General Clay also reached the fort with about 1,200 Kentucky troops.

Almost immediately after Proctor's landing at Fort Miami, a short distance below Fort Meigs, he commenced the erection of some batteries on the bank of the river almost directly opposite that fort. Harrison endeavored to prevent the erection of these batteries; but, notwithstanding the heavy fire from Fort Meigs, the work proceeded, and Proctor felt very confident of success, boasting that he would soon "smoke out the Yankees."

Fort Meigs, as we have seen, was fortified largely by means of a stockade, which was of little avail in

protecting the soldiers from the fire of the batteries which Proctor was locating on the other side of the river. Harrison very skillfully arranged the tents inside of the fort so as to shut out any view which the British might obtain from the opposite side of the river. Then, during the night of the 29th and the day of the 30th, he set all his men to work, and on the morning of the first day of May, when Proctor opened up his batteries, he was greatly disappointed and chagrined to observe that an earthwork or embankment nine hundred feet long and twelve feet high had been erected on the entire river side at Fort Meigs. Proctor kept up a continuous fire from his battery during the first day of May. But he had no bombshells, nor did his artillerymen then have much skill in dropping balls into a camp or fort, so that the shot from Proctor's batteries either plunged harmlessly into the soft embankment, or passed over and beyond the troops. Such futile efforts were so encouraging to Harrison's soldiers that often, after a charge of artillery, they would spring out upon the embankments, wave their hats, and cheer. This enthusiasm was, however, soon stopped, for every now and then, from some unknown quarter, and in some mysterious way, a man would be struck with a bullet, making the men more careful about exposing themselves.

At the end of the first day's siege Proctor became aware that his artillery was having but little effect. Accordingly, he sent a number of English troops across the river, with a large body of Indians, under the command of Tecumseh, for the purpose of attacking the fort from the other side. Just

below the fort, and running back from the river, was a wooded ravine. The Indians and British concealed themselves in this ravine, and began to erect earthworks for the placing of a battery. While this work was going on, during the second day's siege, Proctor kept up an incessant fire from his batteries. On the third day British batteries from both sides poured an uninterrupted storm of shot into the fort, to which Harrison made but feeble reply, owing to his desire to husband his ammunition. But the location of the battery on the edge of the ravine was such that the fire from it was scarcely more effective than from the opposite side of the river.

General Proctor also tried to take the fort in a still different manner. During the night he moved up one of his boats, upon which were placed several pieces of artillery. From this boat, under cover of the night, which was very dark and cloudy—it having rained almost incessantly during the entire siege—he opened up a terrific fire upon the fort, and attempted to take it by assault, but in this attempt he was completely frustated, and, after considerable loss, the boat returned to Fort Miami.

On the morning of the fourth day, General Proctor sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, demanding Harrison's surrender, stating that his force was amply sufficient to capture the fort, that resistance was useless, and that a surrender would avoid unnecessary effusion of blood. To this note General Harrison replied, saying: "Tell General Proctor that it will redound much more to his glory to capture Fort Meigs than to have it surrendered."

Harrison had thus far frustrated every attempt on the part of the British; but he realized, not only their great numerical superiority, but the fact that they were much better supplied both with arms and ammunition. He remembered the fate of Hull, and the disaster at Frenchtown, and he felt very anxious. He had heard nothing from Navarre, Captain Oliver, or Henry. A little before midnight on the fourth he was greatly pleased and encouraged by the arrival, at the fort, of Captain Oliver and Henry, together with fifteen men from Clay's army, from whom he learned that soon after the messengers reached Defiance, General Clay also arrived at the same place with about 1,200 men, and that Clay was making all possible haste to join General Harrison at Fort Meigs. That he had built eighteen flatboats, boarding up the sides to protect his men from the fire of any savages who might be lurking in the woods along the banks of the river, and with these boats, on the fourth of May, he had proceeded down the river with his command to the head of the rapids (now Grand Rapids). The night was intensely dark, the river was swollen, and the pilot refused to proceed further. But under the guidance of Henry, who was familiar with the river, the men who had just arrived at the fort had braved both current and the darkness to inform General Harrison that he might soon expect re-enforcements. Immediately upon the receipt of this information, Harrison, with great promptness and military skill, formed his plans for the coming day. He at once sent dispatches to General Clay, directing him to proceed down the river as early in the morning as pos-

sible, and upon arriving at a point just above Fort Meigs, which the officer bearing the dispatches would designate, to land on the left bank of the river the larger portion of his forces. At this point Colonel Dudley was to attack the battery on the opposite side of the river, throw the guns into the river, or, if that could not be done, to spike them, and then cross the river to Fort Meigs. With the remainder of his men he should land on the right bank just above Fort Meigs, and cut his way through the Indians into the fort. At the same time Harrison would make a sortie from the fort, thus placing the Indians on that side of the river between two attacking forces.

Before break of day Henry was ordered to proceed up the river in order to signal Clay's men. He reached the bank of the river before daylight, and, concealed in some bushes along the shore, he awaited the coming of Clay's forces. While thus waiting he heard the report of a musket across the river. He had been told of the deadly bullets which came from some unknown source. Carefully scanning the opposite shore, he noticed a large tree growing close to the bank of the river just a little below where he stood. In that tree he could see an Indian just in the act of reloading his gun. A moment after making this discovery his rifle rang out, an instant later something dropped from that tree, and the mysterious firing ceased.*

Clay came down the river very early in the morning, and was successful in landing his men, under Colonel Dudley, just above where is now the village

*This tree, from which Henry dislodged the Indian, is still standing on the bank of the river at Maumee, and is often pointed out to visitors.

of Maumee. Dudley's forces reached the British batteries almost unperceived. Their attack was completely successful: the battery was captured, and the guns destroyed. But a portion of his men pursued the British and Indians, contrary to orders, some distance down the river, and there they were attacked by a detachment from Fort Miami. Colonel Dudley was informed by a messenger that a portion of his troops were in danger of being surrounded and slaughtered. In order to rescue them he hastened with his command to their assistance, his men, with great enthusiasm, raising a war-whoop in imitation of the Indians' yell, charged upon the British and Indians, and drove them back in great disorder and confusion. Had Colonel Dudley withdrawn his forces at this time, his victory would have been complete, but his men were composed largely of raw militia, and, fired with zeal and enthusiasm, they rushed into the woods in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy. General Proctor, supposing that he was being attacked by the main body of the Americans, had recalled, from the opposite side of the river, Tecumseh, with some seven hundred Indians under his command. At the same time a large detachment of British regulars were sent forward from Fort Miami, and soon Colonel Dudley's forces found themselves cut off from retreat by a greatly superior force, and their victory turned into complete defeat. Colonel Dudley heroically endeavored to rally his forces and cut his way out. A terrible hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The Kentuckians fought with valor, desperation, and skill, but the odds against them were too great. Colonel Dudley was at length slain and scalped, and with

him nearly his entire command. Within an hour after these brave but rash men had entered this dark forest, three hundred of them lay dead and dying in its dismal shades, and to-day the visitor at Maumee is shown the fatal field known as "Dudley's Massacre." Out of eight hundred men only about one hundred and seventy-five were able to escape and cross the river.*

The Indians, with the apparent consent and encouragement of Proctor, commenced the same bloody deeds of slaughter and cruelty that marked the disaster at Frenchtown. Near Fort Miami, twenty prisoners, almost before Proctor's eyes, were killed and scalped; but as soon as Tecumseh arrived upon the scene of slaughter, with less cruelty and inhumanity than General Proctor exhibited, he commanded the Indians to desist from further slaughter of their prisoners. Tecumseh exercised a much greater control over his followers than other Indian chiefs; but so bent upon the slaughter and scalping of their prisoners were the Indians at this time that they did not at once heed Tecumseh's commands, whereupon he snatched a tomakawk from the hands of an Indian who had just killed one of Dudley's men, and with it felled the Indian to the ground.

This prevented further slaughter. Some of the apologists of Proctor claim that he was not so cruel as history represents him to be, but that he was afraid of his Indian allies, and did not have the courage to

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*There is some dispute as to the number slain, but authorities practically agree as to the number that escaped.

prevent them from slaughtering their prisoners; but in my opinion he was both cowardly and cruel.

In the meantime, owing to the rapid current of the swollen river, General Clay experienced considerable difficulty in landing the remainder of his forces upon the east bank of the river, first landing at Hollister Island, a short distance above Fort Meigs. He, however, finally succeeded in reaching the shore. His men, about four hundred in number, were immediately formed into line, and a charge made against the Indian forces at the south of Fort Meigs. At the same time a sortie was made from the fort, and the Indians, finding themselves attacked from both sides, fled in great haste to the east, they being hemmed in by Clay's forces to the south, the river to the west, Fort Meigs and Harrison's attacking forces to the north. As the Indians fled in great haste, Clay's soldiers, as well as the attacking party from the fort, followed them with the same reckless impetuosity that had marked the behavior of Dudley's forces on the opposite side of the river, and the result well-nigh proved as fatal on the east side as it did on the west. For, in the meantime, Tecumseh had, with the greater part of his command, recrossed the river after Dudley's disaster.

These, joined to the British forces stationed in the ravine at the battery to the east of the fort, immediately rushed south to cut off and surround in the woods our forces which were chasing the fleeing Indians. General Harrison was watching the troops from Fort Meigs with glass in hand. Just south of the fort was a cleared space; but to the east, in the direction in which the Indians were fleeing, followed,

as I have said, in hot haste by Harrison's and Clay's forces, was a thick forest. As Harrison saw our forces plunge into this forest in pursuit of the fleeing Indians, he realized that their ardor and impetuosity was very likely to expose them to danger, and perhaps disaster, and he said: "It is seldom that a general has to repress the ardor and bravery of his troops, but these Kentuckians have too much bravery."

At the same time he saw a sight which appalled him. On the edge of the forest to the east, and a little north of where our forces had entered the woods, were some five hundred Indians, followed by a large detachment of British regulars, rapidly advancing southward between the fort and the forest. He realized that if his men should be surrounded in the woods, and their escape cut off by this attack from the rear, they would probably be not only defeated, but perhaps a large portion of them slain and scalped.

Not a moment was to be lost. Turning to Captain Dinsmore, who was at that moment near the commander, General Harrison said: "Captain, send the best horseman and bravest man in your command to warn our troops of the danger, and recall them instantly. Quick! The loss of a few moments may mean the loss of all our men."

"I will go myself," promptly replied Dinsmore.

"Go," said the general.

Dinsmore, seizing a gun, instantly sprang upon a horse, and started on his dangerous mission. The Indians had already moved so far south as to be almost between the fort and the American forces in the woods. The savages could be plainly seen upon the

edge of the forest. As Dinsmore, with his horse at full speed, rode towards them, the sight in front of him would have appalled a less stout and brave heart. The savages were frightfully bedaubed with war-paint, most of them naked save a cloth around their loins, but armed to the teeth with rifles, war clubs, tomahawks, and scalping-knives, and their hair plastered so as to resemble the quills of a porcupine. Some of them were painted black, some red, some partly white and black, and some partly red and white, and, as they moved through the edge of the forest stealthily, silently, and with as much bloodthirsty cruelty as panthers, Dinsmore realized that to fall into their hands would not merely mean death, but death and scalping. He also realized that the same terrible fate awaited his comrades in the woods should he fail in his undertaking, and he rode forward without hesitation. The Indians soon discovered his approach, and a volley of bullets was sent after him, both from the Indians and the British, but, either owing to the distance or the lack of accuracy of aim, none of them reached its mark; but just at this moment Split-Log, the best horseman among the Indians—the chief of whom I have spoken before—who was again mounted on a fine gray horse, was seen riding at full speed towards Dinsmore, with the evident intention of intercepting him. The two riders, both with their horses on a full run, drew nearer and nearer each other, one riding southeast and the other nearly south. General Harrison watched, with intense interest and anxiety, the outcome of this race. At length Dinsmore had almost reached the forest, and in a few moments would be safe. Suddenly, and

while going at nearly full speed, Split-Log sprang from his horse; dropping on one knee, he raised his gun, and fired.

Dinsmore's horse sprang into the air with a wild plunge, and then fell to the ground. Split-Log's bullet had struck a vital spot.*

A loud yell of triumph greeted Split-Log's achievement. Harrison's lips quivered. An officer, who was at this moment standing at Harrison's side, said:

"General, can not you spare a few more men from the fort? I will charge the redskins from the rear."

"Go," said the General, "but be careful. Defeat now means the loss of everything."

But Split-Log's triumph was of short duration. Dinsmore, notwithstanding the suddenness of his fall, had extricated himself from his fallen horse, and, springing up almost as soon as his steed reached the ground, he started into the woods on the run, followed by a shower of bullets. At the same moment a sharp report rang out from behind a great elm that stood at the edge of the forest just to the south and west, and Split-Log fell to the ground. Henry's rifle had again done its work. After Henry had dislodged the Indian sharpshooter from the tree across the river, of which I have spoken, he proceeded cautiously up the stream, so as to place himself, if possible, in communication with General Clay's forces. Secreting himself in a clump of bushes on the edge of the river, he awaited the landing of Clay's men, not thinking it safe or prudent to pass through the lines of the Indian forces that

*The real name of the man who made this heroic ride, and whom we have called Johnson Dinsmore, was J. T. Johnson.

were stationed at the south of the fort. As soon as Clay made his attack upon the Indians, immediately followed, as we have seen, by the sortie from the fort, Henry, being further to the west, did not follow our forces in their reckless pursuit of the fleeing Indians. But no sooner did he see Dinsmore leave the fort on his perilous ride than he at once divined his object. Running along in the edge of the forest to the south of the fort with the great speed for which he was noted, he reached the woods to the east at about the same time that Dinsmore fell from his horse. He did not arrive there soon enough to prevent Split-Log's shot, but soon enough to avenge it. Although Dinsmore had sprung almost instantly from his horse, he discovered, before he had proceeded many steps, that he had badly sprained his ankle.

He kept on running, but at every step the pain increased. As he entered the woods Henry and he came together, and Henry, perceiving that he was badly hurt, and learning the object of his mission, said: "Bear off to the west, keep the trees between you and the savages, and get back to the fort, if possible. I will run on and warn our comrades of their danger." Henry then ran forward with all possible speed; but the yell of the savages, together with their firing, had warned our imprudent victors, and the order for retreat had been given even before Henry's arrival; but his message hastened their retreat.

The Americans, upon their return, met a large body of Indians and British at the edge of the woods; but the returning soldiers were prepared and expecting the attack. In the meantime, Dinsmore, finding

that he was absolutely unable to proceed, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, but at the same time to avoid all unnecessary danger as far as lay in his power. He therefore hid behind a tree a short distance from where Henry had left him, with his gun and two pistols ready for service. "These are good for three savages," he said grimly to himself. He could hear the wild yells of the Indians coming nearer and nearer, and sounding louder and more ferocious every moment. Death seemed certain. He could not escape by flight. He could not contend, single-handed, against a savage horde. Moments seemed hours. He looked upon the sun for the last time. He thought of his old Kentucky home, of his mother, his father, and sister. In that hour he thought of Ruth, and wondered whether she was true or false; whether the news of his death would be received by her with indifference or cause her sorrow. "I hope they will tell my mother that I died for my country's honor and the safety of my comrades." The savage yells were now close to his retreat. He had not been discovered, but he could not much longer remain concealed. The savages were filling the forest around him. He looked towards the fort as though to take a last farewell look at the "Stars and Stripes." He saw his brave comrades rushing towards him with all the speed in their power. "Brave men," he said; "they can save our comrades, but they will be too late to save me."

Just then a yell announced that he had been discovered; but that yell was that Indian's last war-whoop. No other Indian had seen Dinsmore, and the yell, fol-

lowed by the instant death of the savage, seemed for a moment to daze those around him. Had they fallen into a trap? A few men were approaching them on the run, as though to speedy victory, against a force of ten times their number. And here was a sudden yell, an instant death. It took Dinsmore but a few moments to reload his gun. A savage near the fallen one discovered him, and, with a yell, pointed to the tree where he stood. This savavge also fell the next instant. Strange to say, they did not at once rush towards the tree and kill him. The savages seemed seized by a momentary fear. The Indians always believed that there were some white men protected by the Great Spirit who could not be killed.

Here was a man, with apparently plenty of opportunity to escape, facing a whole army. It was either a trap or this man was protected by the Great Spirit. At this moment, however, Tecumseh arrived. No such foolish fear beclouded his clear, though savage intellect, and several of his followers rushed towards the tree at once. Once more Dinsmore's rifle spoke and an Indian dropped. At the last discharge three Indians rushed upon him with uplifted tomahawks. Two pistol shots did their work, and only one enemy was left. The first blow of this savage was parried by Dinsmore's gun, and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued. Dinsmore seized the Indian's tomahawk, and each seized his hunting-knife, but an instant later another Indian brought Dinsmore to the ground with a fearful blow upon his head. No sooner was this blow dealt than the Indian who delivered it drew his knife to scalp his prostrate and apparently

lifeless foe. At that moment the Indian staggered and fell to the ground, and his knife slipped from his hand. Henry's unerring aim had saved his comrade and friend from mutilation, and, as he hoped, from death.

Immediately after delivering his message, Henry had hastened back to find, and, if possible, assist Dinsmore; but Dinsmore had not traveled as far as he expected, and Henry had borne off too far to the west; but the report of Dinsmore's gun had informed Henry of his location and peril. At this moment, however, the firing became general. Our returning soldiers charged the Indians with a rush and a cheer, while, at the same time, the small force from the fort opened up on the Indians from the rear. Nor did they fire as soldiers usually do in battle; that is, in volleys at random; but each man selected his target, and the bullet seldom missed its mark.

It was impossible for the Indians and British, although outnumbering our forces, to withstand this double and impetuous attack, and they fled down the river in great confusion and haste, and with very considerable loss. No sooner had the Indians and British fled than the officer who had so gallantly led the sortie from the fort, forgetting military etiquette, came running to General Clay, and hastily saluting him, said: "General, do you know what has become of Captain Dinsmore, who so gallantly bore to you the message from General Harrison ordering your prompt retreat?"

"It was not Captain Dinsmore who delivered to me the order, but a scout by the name of Wright,"

replied General Clay, "the same brave fellow who was one of the bearers of dispatches to me at Fort Defiance."

"Strange," said the officer. "Captain Dinsmore bravely volunteered to carry the order to you."

He was interrupted by General Clay, who said: "There comes the scout now, bearing, with two others, a wounded or dead man."

The officer, with a palpitating heart, for Captain Dinsmore was not merely a comrade, but a special friend, hastened to meet Wright and his companions. A handkerchief was thrown over the face of the man they were carrying, but the officer saw at a glance that they were carrying the seemingly lifeless form of the brave Captain Dinsmore.

Henry quickly said: "He is not dead, Colonel; I think we shall be able to save him yet."

The smallest star of hope will brighten the darkest night of sorrow, and the officer replied: "If he is alive we will pull him through. Take him to the fort, as soon as possible, but bear him gently, my boys."

On reaching the fort it was found that, besides a dreadful wound on the head, Dinsmore had received a severe flesh wound in his side made by the Indian's knife, and that his ankle had become swollen to more than twice its usual size.

Henry looked on in great anxiety while the surgeon was examining Dinsmore's wounds.

"He is badly injured," said the surgeon, "but his wounds are not necessarily fatal; there is hope."

At this time General Harrison entered, and with that generous, impulsive kindness that always charac-

terized him, said: "Surgeon, that man is a hero. If human skill and care can save him, he must not die."

"Everything possible will be done for his recovery," replied the surgeon.

Upon the return of the troops to the fort, they were re-enforced by the 175 men who escaped out of Dudley's command. Harrison then ordered a charge to be made, following the English and Indians in their flight down the river. This charge was completely successful. The battery situated at the edge of the ravine was taken, the guns captured, and the English and Indians driven back at all points, so that the night of the fifth day of the siege closed with complete success attending our efforts in that day's struggle, save and except the sad loss of Dudley's men on the west side of the river. As Proctor had lost the guns belonging to both of his batteries, he abandoned all hope of taking Fort Meigs. Besides, his Indian allies began to desert him, and Tecumseh was unable to stem the tide of defection among them.

Just at this time Proctor also received word, through a messenger sent from Fort Malden, that Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, had fallen. He saw before him nothing but the capture and dispersion of his troops if he remained longer, and, coward as he was, he ignominiously fled, leaving behind him, besides his guns, a record of infamy on the shores of the Maumee, equal in blackness, but not in extent of atrocity, to that which he left upon the banks of the river Raisin. For nothing prevented the slaughter and scalping of all of Dudley's command who were taken prisoners except the orders of Tecumseh.

Chapter VIII

A FEW days after Proctor's retreat, a message was handed General Harrison, that proved to be a letter from Ruth Wright, asking permission to come to the fort as a nurse. "Brave girl," said the general. "It is such women as she that make our men heroes. But it will not do to expose a woman to the dangers around us here;" and he kindly refused her request. But a few moments later an aide announced to General Harrison that one of the army surgeons requested an interview, which was immediately granted.

"General," said the surgeon, approaching the commander, "I wish, for the sake of our wounded and suffering boys, to make a request of you."

"Name it," said Harrison.

"I want you," said he, "to countermand the refusal to allow Ruth Wright to come to the fort, and nurse our wounded. She is a sister of our brave scout, Henry Wright; and while she is one of the gentlest and kindest of her sex, she has the courage of a hero and the endurance of a scout, and more skill in nursing the wounded than half our surgeons. When I had charge of the hospital at Cleveland," continued the surgeon, with great enthusiasm, "that noble girl, by her kindness, her skill, her tact, and womanly nursing and care, brought back to health and strength many a brave fellow who would otherwise now be sleeping beneath the sod. Why, General, if it had not been

for her care the brave Captain Dinsmore would not have so gallantly risked his life to save us from defeat, but long before this he would have been numbered with the dead."

Harrison did not reply for a moment to the doctor's enthusiasm. It seemed to him entirely out of place to let a woman expose herself in this way. But after a few moments' thought, he spoke up quickly and decidedly: "Let her come, then, if you think best. If she can save the life of a single one of our brave boys, she ought to come."

A few days later Ruth arrived at the fort. As she passed in, the soldiers looked at her with that courteous respect which a true soldier has for a good woman. But the purest nugget of gold has some dross. Among these brave men was one base wretch, who, as Ruth passed in on her errand of love and mercy, made an insulting remark in reference to her.

Among the fresh troops that Harrison had gathered together at Fort Meigs was Dinsmore's old friend and comrade, Matthew Hentzler. As the wretch, whose name was Jim Jenks, made the remark, of which I have just spoken, Hentzler was standing close beside him. Scarcely had the words escaped Jenks's foul lips before he fell to the ground, leveled by an indignant and well-aimed blow from Hentzler's right arm. The blow was dealt with such power and energy that Jenks lay for a few seconds upon the ground, dazed and semi-conscious. Such a breach of military discipline, however, could not escape the notice of the officer in charge, and the two men were immediately brought before him. Upon hearing the cause of the

blow, the officer, with a look that expressed even more than his words his contempt for Jenks, said to him: "You were served only partially right; you ought to have been shot. One who is so dead to the instincts of honor and manhood, as to make the character of a good and true woman the subject of low jesting, is unfit for the companionship of brave men. You are worse than an Indian; for, with all their brutality, they respect the honor of woman. Tecumseh, and even Split-Log, would tomahawk you if you were with them. Begone; even your presence is obnoxious." Then turning to Hentzler, the officer said: "You must be careful not to break the peace of the camp; but in this instance you are exonerated."

Shortly afterwards, at roll-call, Jenks did not respond. He had taken the officer's hint, and deserted; and later turned up in General Proctor's camp. He could not brook the scorn and contempt of his comrades.

At first Ruth experienced great embarrassment in being unable to procure any place to stay at the fort, as there was no apartment found suitable for her occupation. This difficulty was, however, soon overcome, as the surgeon, who, as we have seen, not only knew but greatly admired her, cheerfully gave to her his own room, which was a separate apartment.

You all remember Ruth's mental suffering at Dinsmore's neglect to call upon her in Cleveland, which was intensified by Miss Mixture's statements. But unlike Dinsmore, her faith had not been destroyed. Man may reason more accurately from cause to effect than woman. Woman is his superior in reaching cor-

rect conclusions by intuition. Especially is this true in matters of the heart and affections. Ruth had long since reached the conclusion, not that she had been deceived in Dinsmore, but that he had been deceived. But what if she should be mistaken? Perhaps he had never really loved her. He had never told her of his love. But the hope that he loved her, mingled with some doubt, only made her love and her desire to possess his love the more intense; for the prize we hope to win, but fear we may lose, is incomparably more dear to us than the one we feel sure of winning. With these feelings Ruth entered the hospital, hoping and expecting to see Dinsmore.

She was greatly disappointed in finding that he was not in that apartment of the hospital to which she was assigned; but the sight of so much pain and suffering made her forget self, and, notwithstanding her intense desire to see Dinsmore, her duties and character as a nurse prevented her from showing a wish to care for any one in particular. Besides, the more she wanted to see Dinsmore, the more her maidenly heart shrank from seeking him.

A couple of days after Ruth's arrival at the fort, Henry called, as he very frequently did, to see his friend, Captain Dinsmore. During their conversation, Henry incidentally remarked that he hoped Ruth would be as successful in bringing him back to health and strength as she had been in Cleveland. Dinsmore replied with an assumed indifference, and also with a tinge of bitterness that did not escape Henry's notice: "I did not know she is here. I have not seen her yet." Henry was not only puzzled and surprised, but a little

angry; for nothing so nettles a brother who loves his sister, as to have any one, and especially a friend whom he admires, slight, or seem to slight, her. But Henry made no reply, and, after a little further conversation, he left the room.

Henry and Dinsmore had become very closely attached to each other; their admiration and regard each for the other was mutual. We all know how strong are the attachments and friendships formed in school amid the trials, struggles, and triumphs of early life. But these attachments are weak beside those formed between comrade and comrade in time of war. There is nothing that binds heart to heart, as though with bands of iron, like the sharing in common of great dangers and hardships, when not merely the welfare, but the life of each often depends upon the courage, skill, and faithfulness of the other. Henry had never talked with Ruth about Dinsmore, or with Dinsmore in reference to Ruth; but there are nearly always numberless little things—expressions, looks, and actions—which indicate as clearly and as unmistakably the course of love, as bubbles on the surface of the stream indicate the direction of its current. And Henry had for some time not only believed, but hoped, that Ruth's and Dinsmore's admiration for each other was fast ripening, if it had not already done so, into true love. He had not seen Ruth since his visit to his home after his escape from Frenchtown.

Dinsmore, as we have seen, only returned to Fort Meigs a few days before Proctor's attack; so that Henry was in complete ignorance of what had happened at Cleveland. That day Henry's duties kept

him very busy; but the following day he saw his sister. Upon his expressing surprise that she had not seen Captain Dinsmore, Ruth replied that it was her first duty to attend those assigned to her care. Henry could not gainsay this fact; but he was not satisfied. He well knew that something had happened of which he had no knowledge. In the meantime, the fact that Ruth had not visited him not only pained the sick man, but confirmed his opinion that she was false and fickle, and he resolved to keep all thoughts of her from his mind. But he could not; and in his weak conditon his conflicting emotions of disappointment and hope began very materially to retard his recovery. At the same time Ruth began to feel in her heart that Dinsmore did not wish to see her, and the gulf between them was growing wider and deeper each day.

A few days later Henry held a conversation with Hentzler; and by adroit questioning learned that, although Ruth had arrived in Cleveland before Dinsmore left, he had not even called to see her, and left the town without so much as leaving a message for her. Henry was not only perplexed; but he was becoming more and more indignant toward his friend Dinsmore. He felt as though, if for no other reason, Dinsmore should at least have shown some respect and gratitude to Ruth for her kindness and care. In the meantime Dinsmore was not improving, and Ruth looked haggard. One day Henry said to himself, "Here is a mystery that I shall fathom." He questioned Ruth, and could learn nothing from her, except that she also was perplexed. He resolved to have a conversation with Dinsmore.

At this time, and about three weeks after Dinsmore received his wounds, Ruth at the close of day was sitting alone in her apartment; she was tired and dejected. During her stay at the fort a conscientious conviction of having done her duty, the happiness of feeling that she was relieving pain and helping to assuage suffering, had cheered and comforted her. She had been so occupied with the sufferings of others, that she had little time to think of her own sorrows. But this evening she felt as though the last spark of hope was extinguished, and love's bright and happy vision had disappeared forever; the black night of disappointment and sorrow seemed to be enveloping her in gloom. Her love for Dinsmore not only had the fervent intensity of a maiden's first and only love; but it combined all the romantic dreams of girlhood, all the hero worship of the times, all the admiration of the intellect with all the affections of a woman's heart. Again she wept.

There was a knock at the door of her apartment. Hastily drying her eyes and smoothing her disheveled hair, she opened the door. Before her stood an orderly and a very attractive young woman about Ruth's age. The orderly, bowing very courteously, said: "Miss Wright, this is Miss Dinsmore, a sister of our brave Captain Dinsmore. She has come all the way from Kentucky to see, and, if possible, assist in the care of her brother; and as there are no other apartments suitable for ladies, I have been sent to ask if you will be so kind as to share yours with her." "Certainly," was the reply; and with most cordial greetings on the part of both young women, Miss Dinsmore entered

Ruth's apartment. The new arrival was Mehetabel, or Hettiebelle, as she called herself. Almost her first words were, "How is Brother Johnson?" After being told that he was improving, but very slowly, Hettiebelle said: "I do not suppose that I can nurse him as well as you do. Brother Johnson used to write me from Cleveland so much about your kindness, and how much you did to relieve the sufferings of our poor, brave soldiers, that as soon as I learned of Johnson's terrible wounds, I resolved, even against my mother's protestations—although as a matter of fact, I think, she wanted to come, too—that I would imitate you, and come and help you nurse Johnson and all others who need care and attention."

These words not only pained but embarrassed Ruth; but she quietly replied: "I am very sorry to say that I have not had the pleasure of seeing Captain Dinsmore since he left Cleveland. My duties have been in another apartment of the hospital, and I have been so closely confined there, that I have not had an opportunity to see him."

Hettiebelle was greatly surprised, and at the same time displeased; for in her sisterly affection for her brother he was in her eyes a great hero; and she had supposed, of course, that Ruth was taking special care of him; in fact, the possibility of anything else had never entered her mind. Besides, she imagined there was an air of indifference about Ruth's manner. She looked at her more carefully than before. Ruth looked so sweet, and yet so sad and tired, and bore such evident signs of recent tears, that, with a perplexed yet sympathetic feeling, she said: "I am very

sorry you have been unable to see my brother. He will miss your care very much, I know." Ruth's face colored slightly; but she made no reply.

At that time women were not allowed in any part of the hospital during the night; and Hettiebelle, being unable to procure the necessary orders, awaited with great impatience for morning. The meeting of brother and sister was most affectionate. Hettiebelle bent over and tenderly kissed him, and then sat down by his side, and there spent most of the day. During the conversation which occasionally took place between sister and brother (for Hettiebelle had orders not to talk too much) she spoke of the fact that she and Ruth Wright were occupying the same apartment, and how surprised she was to learn that Ruth had not even visited him since her arrival at the hospital. A cloud spread over Dinsmore's features as his sister spoke of Ruth, and he replied: "So far as I am concerned, I am not particularly anxious to see her. You look surprised; but I will tell you frankly that I have been cruelly deceived by her; and as you must, of necessity, be with her very much while you remain here, I will tell you what I never intended to impart to any one." He then related how kindly and tenderly she had nursed him; how, at their first meeting, there was something about Ruth that had almost involuntarily and irresistibly drawn him towards her; how during the weeks in which she had cared for him and the others in the hospital at Cleveland he had learned not only to love her, but that he had believed her to be the very ideal and embodiment of all that is worthy, good,

and noble in woman; how while they had never pledged their love to each other in words, yet there were many, very many, things which had induced him to believe, and had given him a right, as he thought, to believe, that his love for her was fully reciprocated. He then related to his sister how he had sent a letter to Ruth, informing her of his intended visit to Cleveland, almost solely and expressly for the purpose of seeing her; how immediately, upon the receipt of that letter, she had left, in order that she might not be embarrassed by meeting him and Major Brown at the same time. He went somewhat into detail in reference to the facts which I have related. This recital not only greatly interested, but raised in the heart of the sympathizing sister a feeling of resentment towards the one who, she then thought, had used her almost sacred position as nurse, not with unselfish devotion, but with a cruel, coquettish love of conquest.

That night Ruth felt that Hettiebelle's manner was less cordial and more stiffly polite. A few days later Henry called to see Captain Dinsmore, for the express purpose of having a plain talk; but he found his sister Hettiebelle sitting by his bedside. After the formality of an introduction and a short conversation Henry retired, disappointed, but saying to himself: "Dinsmore's sister is a very sweet-looking and pretty girl; but I hope she is not as fickle as her brother."

Soon after leaving Dinsmore, Henry again met Hentzler, and said: "I have just come from the bedside of Captain Dinsmore. He does not seem to recover as fast as he ought; and there is something strange

about his manner and actions. He does not seem to me to be the same man that he was before we parted after the bloody events at Frenchtown."

"I have never said anything about it," replied Hentzler, "and perhaps I ought not to say anything to you; but I sometimes think that Dinsmore thought a great deal of Miss Wright, and that it troubled him when he heard of her engagement to Major Brown."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Henry, with surprise. "Who is Major Brown?"

"O, you know; he is the Pennsylvania officer that is engaged to marry your sister."

"No," said Henry; "she is not engaged to him. I never even heard of him; and I am positive if Ruth were engaged to him I should have heard of it. Who told you that Ruth was engaged to Major Brown?"

"Let me see—why, it was Miss Mixture. You know her. She told me; and as Ruth and the major were together a great deal, I supposed it was true."

Light dawned upon Henry. He thought a moment, and then said: "That is simply Miss Mixture's gossip; but why do you think Dinsmore cared anything about it? Did you tell him that Ruth was engaged to Major Brown?"

"Yes, I guess I did. He was asking me one day who Major Brown was. He said he had heard he was engaged to Miss Wright, and asked me if I had heard anything about it, and I told him I had heard they were engaged. He took on as though he did not care much about it; but I know better."

"What made you think so?"

"Well, I can not just tell now; but he said some-

thing about a letter he had written to her, telling her that he was going to visit her at Cleveland, and Miss Mixture told me that Ruth left Cleveland so as not to see Dinsmore and Brown together at the same time. Miss Mixture said it would be embarrassing if Ruth had two lovers to call to see her at once; and while I do not know anything about it, I think she told Dinsmore, because you know Miss Mixture is a great talker."

Henry was silent for a moment. He made no reply, except to say: "This is all news to me. I will see you again." He passed on.

Soon after this conversation with Hentzler, an assistant announced to Ruth, while she was attending to her duties in the hospital, that her brother wished to see her. Ruth and Henry then sought Ruth's apartment, and Henry briefly related to her his conversation with Hentzler. Ruth was silent for a moment; but there was a peculiar brightness in her eyes. She had not been so happy for months. All was clear to her now, save and except the letter. She knew she had received none; but she recalled Miss Mixture's conversation. She felt sure that she had not only informed Captain Dinsmore of her engagement; but by her wicked skill she had brought about this sad and bitter estrangement. She said to herself, with an intensity of joy that completely drove away from her heart all feelings of resentment towards Miss Mixture: "This explains it all. He has loved me all this time. He thought me false, or believed me to be another's; and if he loved me, it is no wonder he did not wish to see me. To think how I have neglected this poor,

brave, suffering man;" and her feelings of happiness were saddened by the pains of regret and self-censure. At length she said to Henry—for, womanlike, she was not quite willing to let even her brother look into her heart and see her real feelings—"Perhaps Hentzler is mistaken about Captain Dinsmore taking any interest in the information which Hentzler gave him. But I think Hentzler ought to tell Captain Dinsmore not only that he was mistaken, and who his informant was, but also to say to Captain Dinsmore that I never received any such letter from him; and that I had no knowledge whatever of his intended trip to Cleveland."

"He shall do it," said Henry, who now clearly understood the real condition of affairs, except that he wondered what became of the letter.

Shortly after Henry left Ruth's apartment, Hettiebelle entered. During the few days which had elapsed since her arrival at the fort, Ruth had returned, to some extent, her formal politeness, and the two young women had made but little progress towards acquaintance or friendship. Yet on two occasions Hettiebelle had accompanied Ruth into that part of the hospital where Ruth's duties lay, and she had watched her kindness and care, and had begun greatly to respect her. On the very day of which I am speaking, Hettiebelle said to herself: "There is some mistake. It does not seem possible that Miss Wright, with all her care and devotion to the sick, her gentleness, her kindness, and with all her air of sadness, can be actuated by other than disinterested and noble motives."

That evening, upon returning to her apartment, Hettiebelle found Ruth in much better spirits than

she had ever seen her. Her manner was more cordial; her eyes seemed to have a brighter luster, and she inquired after Captain Dinsmore so earnestly and, as as Hettiebelle thought, so differently, that she could not but notice the change in Ruth's manner. She said to her: "You must have had a very pleasant day, or have heard some good news. You seem to be in unusually good spirits this evening."

"Yes," replied the other. "I am feeling happier than I have felt for a long time. I only hope that I may not be again disappointed. Perhaps some time I will tell you what I have learned to-day; but not now."

The next morning Hettiebelle was again at her brother's bedside, when Hentzler approached, and was most cordially greeted by the sick man and his sister. He sat down by Dinsmore's bed, and, after some general conversation, said: "Captain, I have just learned something; not that you care anything about it, or that it makes any difference to you one way or the other; but I thought I would tell you that what I told you in Cleveland about Ruth Wright is not true."

"What do you mean?" said Dinsmore, looking up with ill-concealed interest.

"You may remember," continued Hentzler, "that when you were in Cleveland, I told you that Miss Wright was going to marry that Pennsylvania officer, Major Brown. Well, there is nothing in it. I thought I was telling the truth; Miss Mixture told me; but I have since learned that she is a meddlesome gossip."

Hettiebelle looked at her brother, and scanned his features closely, with an expression which said, "I told

you so." Dinsmore, for the first time since he had been wounded, raised himself partially up from his bed, and looked almost angrily at his friend, and said: "But why did you not tell me from whom you received your information? I supposed you knew the truth of what you said. Are you positive Miss Mixture was the one who told you?"

"I am sure of it, and I will tell you why I thought she was telling me the truth. After Henry came back from Frenchtown, he sent a letter to Ruth by some fur-buyers, who were working for Mr. Mixture, and Miss Mixture brought over the letter. She staid some time at our house, talking about one thing and another—you know she is a great talker—so that when she got ready to go home it was after dark, and while I do not go in her class, I went home with her that night; for I thought she might be kind of afraid; and on the way home we were talking about you, and I said I wished you would get to Cleveland before you went South. I had heard that you were going down to Kentucky to raise a company, and I said that I did not think you were coming; for I thought Ruth Wright would like to see you; and that I did not think she would leave for home just then if you were coming, as she had said, after reading Henry's letter, that she was going home to see him. Miss Mixture answered me, and said: 'That is the very reason I think Dinsmore is coming. I suppose you know that Ruth is engaged to Major Brown, and as she thinks Dinsmore admires her—and between us, while Ruth is a splendid girl, Dinsmore never cared a snap for her, only as he is grateful to her for her nursing and care.

But you see,' she went on, 'as long as Ruth thinks he cares something for her, she does not want him to come while Major Brown is here. You know,' and she laughed, 'it is awfully embarrassing for a girl to have two beaus at once in the same house, especially if she has promised to marry one of them. It is apt to create a fuss; and Major Brown is going away soon, and when he goes Ruth will come back. Now, you see if I ain't right.'

"Well, the day after Major Brown left Cleveland Ruth did come back; so you see I thought Miss Mixture told the truth; and not only that, but I must say I did not have quite so much respect for Miss Wright as I had before; and perhaps you remember, I felt, as your friend, a little vexed about it; not that I supposed you cared; and I told you at the time that it looked as though Ruth left so as not to see you and Major Brown together; and I thought you did just right, even if she had nursed you so kindly, to go and see another girl the night before you left, and show Miss Wright that there were other deer in the woods besides her."

"But," said Dinsmore, still more interested and excited, "one thing I do not yet quite understand: why did Miss Wright leave so suddenly just as she knew I was coming to Cleveland; for I wrote her I was coming, and sent the letter by the same party that took Henry's letter."

"I was just going to speak of that,"replied Hentzler, "when you broke in upon me. I have learned something about that letter, and something which has made me have some bad thoughts that I will not

speak of, because I may be on the wrong track; but, no matter how it might have come about, I am sure of one thing: Miss Wright never got your letter. She did not know that you were coming, and she went home—as she naturally would—to see her brother after the terrible time he had among the redskins at Frenchtown. As I said, I do not want to think evil of any one, but it is kind of queer how Miss Mixture guessed that you were coming, and how, after you had spent several evenings with her, she should boast to Miss Wright that you had made love to her."

"The false creature!" exclaimed Miss Dinsmore; "she kept that letter; but it served you just right to leave a good and true woman, as I believe Miss Wright is, for a false, characterless creature like Miss Mixture. It is curious what little sense young men have in their judgment of girls. I have been thinking for some time that there was some mistake, and that you had falsely judged Miss Wright."

Dinsmore made no reply. His emotions were too painful for expression. Hentzler watched his face, and not being able exactly to analyze Dinsmore's feelings, he began to fear that he had not only been talking to the sick man too long, but that he ought not to have related these things; and he arose to depart, saying: "I hope, Captain Dinsmore, that I have not tired you, and perhaps I ought not to have said anything about these things; but as I had told you what I found out afterwards was not true, I thought I ought to tell you what I know."

"O no," replied Dinsmore, "you have not tired me in the least, and I can assure you I am very glad

you have told me what you have to-day. In fact, to be honest with you, I wish I had known these things long before."

After Hentzler left, Dinsmore and his sister were silent for some time. At length Dinsmore said, in what seemed almost like a low moan, "What a miserable, blind, ungrateful fool I have been!" and then, after a few moments' pause, he added, "Miss Wright never can, and never will, have any respect for or confidence in me again."

Hettiebelle had watched with anxious care the strong emotions of her brother, and she began to feel alarmed lest his excitement should bring about a serious relapse, and, bending over him, she kissed him tenderly, and said: "Nonsense, brother; do not think about this any more. If Ruth is the dear, sweet, true, sensible girl that you think she is, you will before many days think more of each other than ever before. The air is always purer after a thunderstorm, you know. But you are tired and excited. You must be careful, or this day's excitement will injure you. I can assure you, brother, that it will all come out right; and then," she added, with a smile, "you may spell that word both ways."

Nothing is so pleasing to the average girl—except it is to be in love herself—as to be a "go-between" in an affair of the heart; and especially is this true if one of the parties is a brother. With such assistance obstacles soon vanish, difficulties disappear, misunderstandings are cleared up, and the course of true love finds its proper channel, and its current becomes smooth.

After a few moments of silence, Hettiebelle said: "Johnson, how would you like to see Miss Wright, or are you too tired to see her to-day? I am afraid you are."

"I would like to see her very much, if she will be willing to come; and I shall not be as much exhausted by to-morrow if I can see her to-day as I shall be if I do not. It seems to me as though I can not wait."

"Be quiet, then," said his sister, "and after dinner I will bring her with me, I am sure;" and so saying she left the room.

After dinner Ruth and Hettiebelle were alone in their apartment. Ruth had learned of Hentzler's interview, and she was full of hopeful but anxious expectancy. Hettiebelle said to her: "Are you going to be very busy this afternoon?"

"Not especially so," was the reply.

"If you have time," said Hettiebelle, "I wish you would call with me and see brother Johnson. You have not seen him since he was so badly hurt, and I think it would do him good to see you."

Ruth replied, while a flush of pleasure passed over her countenance, "I should very much like to see him if I were sure my visit would be agreeable."

"I am certain he will be very much pleased to see you. To be frank and plain, I am going to tell you what I think. You and brother Johnson have had some misunderstanding, and if you will only see each other and talk it over like sensible people, you will soon be as good friends as ever, and I should not wonder but even better."

Ruth answered: "I can assure you that I shall be very much pleased to see him."

But her looks and her manner spoke much more emphatically than her words the pleasure, the joy, she anticipated, not only in seeing him, but in removing the wall of separation that had so unfortunately been raised between them.

"But," said Ruth, "I must first see the surgeon in charge, and get a permit. You know it would not do for me to go into an apartment not connected with my duties without his permission."

"I will see him, and tell him that I want you to go with me and see my brother, and as he knows how well you nursed him in Cleveland, I am sure I can get his consent."

"Well, you get the permit, and I will be ready in a moment," Ruth answered.

But she was not; for she spent more time that afternoon upon her toilet than she had done for a whole week previous.

As they started for the apartment where Dinsmore lay, Ruth felt as though she could almost hear her heart throb. As she approached Dinsmore's couch, he extended his hand, and said, "I am very glad to see you."

She replied, "I am very much pleased to see you."

They clasped each other's hands; the words were simple, and could easily have been counterfeited. The clasping of hands was commonplace, and might have had but little significance; but there was something in their looks and manner that could not be assumed;

something in the trembling of the hand of each while in the clasp of the other that could not be fictitious. There is something that the God of Love puts into the eyes of true lovers when they meet that is the most difficult thing in this world to counterfeit. Both were happy. Hettiebelle said to Johnson, as Ruth seated herself beside his couch: "I have watched you, my brother, pretty faithfully; still I believe you prefer your old nurse, and I will leave you in her charge while I take a little rest."

Dinsmore at that moment would have given half his kingdom—if he had possessed one—to have been, weak as he was, where he could have enfolded Ruth in his arms.

Ruth said to Hettiebelle: "I think you are dreadful lazy to-day to leave your brother so quickly; but I will try and take care of him for a little while."

Hettiebelle had scarcely left, when Johnson, turning to Ruth, said: "I fear that I have wronged you. I will be frank, and acknowledge to you that I have not only acted unmanly and unkindly towards you, but I have done worse; I have entertained unkind and unmanly thoughts in reference to you. But I hope you will forgive me."

She placed her hand upon his, and said: "O, Captain, you are sick, and I fear that you are tired. Let us not talk to-day about that. This is not the time for explanations. Let us forget all about the past, and just have faith and confidence in each other; and then some time in the future, when we have an opportunity, we will explain everything that may need explanation."

"O, thank you," replied Dinsmore; "you are so kind; for I feel that I have been entirely to blame."

"O no," interrupted Ruth; "let us not talk about who was to blame. I am as much at fault as you; and I really think that it is neither of us, only perhaps we were too easily deceived. Let us simply resolve that in the future we will have more faith in each other, and not be so easily misled by circumstances and falsehoods. But you are too weak now to talk of this matter any more."

They then conversed for some time, but without further mention of the cause of their mutual estrangement; for both felt themselves partly to blame; and, besides, each felt happy and not inclined to blame any one, and especially each other. They not only felt that the chasm between them had been bridged, but that they were better friends than ever.

At length Ruth said: "Captain, I must go; you have talked more than you should to-day; you are tired. You must now rest. But I will not neglect you in the future, and will come and see you often."

"O, do not call me Captain; call me Johnson, and come and see me very often, and I know I shall soon be well and strong again; and if I did not think you would be offended, I would call you Ruth. I think that is a sweet, pretty name, and some girls are appropriately named."

"O, you flatterer! I think you must be getting better." She held out her hand, and said: "Good-bye, Johnson. I will come often; and if you never do anything worse than call me Ruth, I shall never be displeased with you again."

That night Ruth looked out from her apartment. For many days before, the sky had been overspread with clouds. They had disappeared. It was a beautiful moonlight June evening. The full, resplendent moon hung high in the heavens. She could see the broad, forest-lined Maumee; and far across the river, a little below the fort on the high banks, she could just discern the dim outlines of the gloomy forest where so many of Dudley's brave men fell, while close at hand, on the right bank of the river, just below the fort, and running thence easterly, the dimly-defined outlines of the wooded ravine, in which but a short time since Tecumseh and his savage horde lay concealed before they set out to surround Clay's troops. She looked out over the clear space lying between her and the dark, tangled forest to the east, towards which her lover, with the horrid painted savages in full view, had so gloriously ridden, and she shuddered as she thought of that dreadful but heroic ride. The scene on every side was lovely. It seemed indescribably beautiful to her happy and joyful soul, and she said to herself: "How quiet and peaceful; how beautiful and lovely! An omen of the peace and happiness that is before me. The battle is over; victory is ours; the clouds have disappeared; the moon has risen; my sorrow has vanished; my lover is mine."

Just then, in the still, dark forests, she heard the sharp, quick, savage barking of a pack of hungry wolves. She had often heard that same cry; but never before had this sound so impressed her. After watching the scene for a few moments, a cloud began to obscure the moon. The wolves commenced to howl

more savagely than before; and she said to herself, with a tinge of sadness: "No; the danger is not yet over. These are dreadful times. The savage wolf lurks in the woods; the cruel Indian stalks in the forest; the English are not yet defeated; the evil passions of mankind are still unsubdued." She turned away from the scene, happy, yet with a vague, indefinable dread, and sought her bed. Hettiebelle had been sleeping for two hours.

Chapter IX

In order better to understand the rest of my story, I must describe the events of the war in the Northwest for the next few months.

As soon as Harrison was certain of Proctor's flight, he left Fort Meigs for Upper Sandusky, and from there proceeded to Cleveland, ordering the entire country, from the mouth of the Maumee to the Cuyahoga, to be patrolled by armed bands of soldiers, so that the lake settlements might be protected from a sudden descent of the exasperated foe. But this precaution was taken more particularly to prevent the setlements from being robbed and plundered, and the inhabitants murdered, by roving bands of Indians, who were not unfrequently led by some renegade white man, who was worse than his Indian associates.

Ohio had caught the enthusiasm of Kentucky, and evidences of courage, patriotism, and enthusiasm were manifest everywhere. Proctor was a striking example of the union of cruelty and cowardice. He was so discouraged by his failure at Fort Meigs that he abandoned all designs of making any further attack upon the American frontier. But Tecumseh was not so easily discouraged. He was aware of the fact that a considerable portion of the troops, by which Harrison defended Fort Meigs, were scattered along the frontier between Cleveland and Maumee; and Tecumseh continually urged Proctor again to attack Fort

Meigs. But Proctor was reluctant, until at length Tecumseh informed him that unless something was done the Indian braves would soon scatter, and worse, that many of them would lose faith in Proctor and the British, and would join the Americans. At length, in the latter part of July, Proctor, through the influence, energy, and skill of Tecumseh, collected nearly all the Indians of the Northwest together at Malden, who, with Proctor's own command, made an army of nearly five thousand men. After the assembling of this large number of savages, notwithstanding the fact that the American frontier was patrolled by companies of armed men, bands of Indians began to overrun the lake-shore region from the Maumee almost to the Cuyahoga, killing and plundering whenever opportunity occurred, and occasionally carrying away prisoners, especially women and children. These savages would suddenly appear in one section terrible messengers of fire, destruction, and death, and, before opposing forces could reach them, they would suddenly disappear in the trackless, unbroken forest. On returning to Malden they were supplied with arms, food, and clothing by the British. Tecumseh, however, became more than ever impatient at this prolonged inaction, as his Indian warriors were ready and anxious for battle. He knew that, without some decisive action, this great body could not long be kept together. He demanded of Proctor an immediate attack upon Fort Meigs, and submitted to him an ingenious and well-formed plan for its capture by strategy. The plan was so well designed and so admirably executed that nothing but a fortunate circumstance

prevented the success of Tecumseh's plan, the destruction of the fort, and the capture of the entire garrison. Tecumseh purposely let it be known that the British and Indians intended to make an attack upon the fort by allowing a prisoner to escape. The prisoner fled, as Tecumseh supposed he would, to Fort Meigs, and informed General Clay of the proposed attack by the great number of British and Indians assembled at Malden. Clay at once sent word, by Henry Wright, to Harrison, at Upper Sandusky, requesting re-enforcements. But Harrison understood the character of the man opposed to him. He knew that Proctor was a coward; that Tecumseh was brave and skillful. He also knew that Fort Meigs, if properly defended, could not be taken by a sudden attack, and that for a siege, the Indians, even under so skillful a commander as Tecumseh, would be of little avail. Harrison, instead of sending a body of re-enforcements to General Clay, sent Wright back with a message, not only advising Clay of the commander-in-chief's views, but at the same time warning him to beware of being taken by surprise or falling into some trap of his cunning foe, and further informing Clay that should a siege be undertaken, Harrison would promptly send the necessary re-enforcements.*

Between Upper Sandusky and Fort Meigs a very fair military road had already been constructed. Henry took this road and followed it until he was about four miles from Fort Meigs. In the season of July, in all that country which used to be known as

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*History speaks of this messenger as McCune.

the "black swamp," which now comprises some of the finest farms and agricultural lands in the world, the forests were so dense with undergrowth, the ground so soft and spongy, the mosquitoes and flies so numerous, that it was with great difficulty that a person could travel, and, at best, the progress was very tedious and slow. Wright was well aware that he would be exposing himself to danger should he follow the military road until he reached the fort; but as no Indians had been seen in the vicinity for some time, and as less than four days had elapsed since he left, he did not believe the British had yet arrived, or that the woods were infested with savages. Still he proceeded with great caution. In order that he might not be seen for any considerable distance, he kept close to the edge of the forest on one side of the road, and often, not only stopped and listened, but placed his ear to the ground, to catch, if possible, the warning sound of the approach or presence of an enemy. He had proceeded this way until he was only about two miles and a half from the fort, when, some way, he felt impressed with the idea that to proceed farther meant death. In this prosaic, matter-of-fact age, we have but little faith in presentiments; but, without stopping in a vain endeavor to explain the unexplainable, it is a fact too well established, not only by the authentic history of the past, but by the occasional experience of the present, that men, in times of danger, do have presentiments of that danger. Henry felt this presentiment. He said to himself, "I believe that the enemy is lurking in the woods." He had seen no sign of the concealed foe, but he felt their

presence. He also realized, with this feeling, the greater necessity of reaching the fort and delivering his message. To proceed along the road would invite death and failure. To plunge into the forest meant great, perhaps fatal, delay. He made an attempt to discover the presence or absence of the Indians by a little stratagem. First, he had determined to do that which a scout, a hunter, is, of all things, most loath to do; that is, should he become satisfied of the presence of the Indians, to work his way through the thick forest without the aid of his gun, which, in the bushes, would be of but little assistance, and might materially retard his progress. But as this gun was, in his eyes, almost invaluable, he first looked for a suitable place in which to secrete it. He stepped into the woods, and finding a big, fallen log, at the side of which he thought he could place his gun so that it would not be readily found, he carefully secreted it, and then fired his pistol into the air. This shot he immediately followed by imitating an Indian war-whoop. His stratagem had the anticipated effect. He heard the cries of the Indians in the forest close by him, and between him and the fort. Cautiously, but as rapidly as possible, he moved into the forest in a southwesterly direction from the military road. Fortunately for him, he had not proceeded far enough to be surrounded by the savages, though many of them were not far from him. Then commenced a race for life through the thick and tangled forest. But to overtake Henry was much beyond the skill and speed of his savage pursuers. He did not fear being captured as much as he did the delay caused by his being com-

pelled to flee from his savage foes. And further, he fully realized that in all probabilities the savages had entirely surrounded the fort, and that it would be impossible to reach it from any direction. But he kept on working his way slowly through the thick, heavy forest, until, at length, the sun went down, and the forest, which even in daylight was dark and gloomy, became, in the night, absolutely devoid of a ray of light—the very intensity of darkness itself. For a time, guided entirely by the sense of feeling, he groped his way along. At length, realizing that it would be impossible to reach the fort that night, and well knowing that no savage beast was lurking in a forest so full of men, he wrapped his blanket around him, and, sitting partially upright, leaning against a tree, fell asleep; but the rustling of a leaf, the snapping of a twig, or the catlike tread of an Indian would have immediately aroused him.

Just as the sun was beginning to announce in the treetops the coming of day, and while the woods were still dark, Henry commenced again his dangerous journey toward the fort. He proceeded very slowly and with great caution. In this way, at about nine o'clock in the morning, he had nearly reached the edge of the forest to the south and east of the fort, near the place where Dinsmore was so badly wounded. Between him and the fort lay the cleared space over which Dinsmore had so gallantly ridden to save his comrades. He knew that the savages were in the woods all around him, and he wondered at having eluded them so far; but he knew that the moment he stepped into the open space he would be discovered,

and become the target of more than a score of guns. But to proceed cautiously any farther was in vain, and he resolved to make a bold dash, and trust to his speed and the inaccuracy of the savages' aim for his safety. Having thus resolved—although he knew it was a perilous undertaking—he slipped along noiselessly, but quite rapidly, in the thin woods which skirted the opening. Fortunately, he had already placed some distance between him and the woods before he was discovered. He well knew the peculiar characteristics of the savages. He knew that, as soon as he was discovered, they would immediately set up a cry and shout of alarm, instead of doing, as a white man would have done, fire at him before giving the alarm. No sooner did he hear the savage yell announcing his discovery, than he sprang forward with all possible speed, but dodging hither and thither, springing first one way and then another, to disconcert the aim of the savages. The bullets flew around him thick and fast; one grazed his arm, and one cut his coat close to his ribs; but, providentially, no bullet reached its mark, and he was soon beyond the range of the enemy's shot, and reached the fort in safety.

He immediately reported to General Clay, and delivered General Harrison's message. He then partook of the first meal he had eaten since the noon before, and soon after lay down to rest and sleep; for his journey had been an extremely tiresome one, and the previous night's sleep was far from being complete and refreshing.

During the time that had elapsed since the British repulse at Fort Meigs—for it was now July 25th—

most of the wounded had either heard their last bugle-call, or had so far recovered as to have departed for their homes. Dinsmore and his sister had accepted a cordial invitation from Ruth, and were about to start for her home on the Huron River, intending to remain there a few days, and then proceed to Kentucky. But their plans had been frustrated, or at least postponed, by the arrival of Proctor's and Tecumseh's forces. I find it nowhere so stated in the history of those times, but I very strongly suspect that Dinsmore was in no hurry to start home. Under the circumstances, he naturally was anxious to become quite well and strong before leaving the fort, especially as, since the departure of the others, Ruth had, or at least took, more time to care for him, although in reality he was under no special need of any nurse's care. And while she had a full sense of her duties and responsibilities as an army nurse, neither she nor Dinsmore was quite able—though they thought they were—to conceal their feelings towards each other. But both thought that it would be very nice and pleasant for Johnson to visit at Ruth's home before his return to Kentucky. It had also been arranged that Henry was to go home at the same time, and Hettiebelle had begun to think that a visit at Henry's home would be very pleasant, especially if he was going to be there. There had been no love-making between Henry and Hettiebelle. Henry had treated her, not only with the courtesy and gallantry that a true soldier pays to a good and attractive woman, but with the additional feeling of friendship and cordiality which his strong attachment for her brother,

combined with the knowledge of Ruth's and Johnson's love for each other, would naturally produce; nothing more. Charlotte was too dear to him, and he was too true-hearted even to think of allowing any one else to take her place in his affections. Henry was naturally very diffident in the society of the opposite sex; and until he met Hettiebelle, he had never been well enough acquainted with any young lady, except Charlotte, to be able to throw off that awkward, embarrassed, and restrained feeling that often tortures bashful young men in the society of young ladies. But Hettiebelle's society had become very pleasant to him. He had entirely thrown off that feeling. Ruth and Hettiebelle had also become sincerely attached to each other. Hettiebelle looked upon Ruth, not only as one who had helped to save the life of her brother, but as one whom he truly loved. Ruth saw in Hettiebelle the sister of the only man she had ever loved; but they would have been friends without these circumstances.

It is said that for persons to become the warmest and the best of friends they must be unlike; that those who are similar in character, temperament, and disposition do not make the best and most lasting friends. This is partly true and partly false. For persons to make the best and truest friends they must have common moral principles. They must have the same conceptions of right and wrong. The superstructure only must be different. So it was with these young women. They were alike in motives; were governed by the same controlling principles of right and wrong;

but very different in their actions and external characteristics. Hettiebelle was quick, impulsive, generous, sympathetic, and changeable in her moods. She was like a beautiful April day, when shower follows sunshine, and sunshine follows shower, and the sun, shining through the raindrops, makes everything so beautiful that we are thankful for the rain, even if, perchance, we get wet. Ruth was more sedate and quiet, not so easily excited, but more permanent in her moods, whether of sunshine or shadow. She was more like a September day, quiet, calm, beautiful, yet when the storms come they do not so quickly pass away. They differed in impulses and actions, but never in motives and principles. The same rule of conscience controlled each ; the same patriotic love of country, the same purity of thought and nobleness of purpose. Ruth was like clear, quiet water drawn from some mountain spring; Hettiebelle like the same pure water, coming from the same fountain-head, but taken from the foaming, rushing, bubbling, gurgling mountain stream; alike, yet different in external characteristics. Such were Ruth and Hettiebelle, and such persons make the best and truest friends. And while Ruth's friendship and admiration for her cousin, whom she thought to be a dear, sweet, good girl, was very strong, yet she not only shared in part her mother's feelings, but like very many others, she was opposed to the marriage of cousins, and would have been greatly pleased had Henry's affections been given to Hettiebelle instead of Charlotte. She often said to herself: "I wish Henry would

fall in love with Hettiebelle. I know he could win her love if he would only try." But she never breathed this thought to any one.

Towards the close of the afternoon of the day upon which Henry returned to the fort, Hettiebelle, Ruth, and Johnson were sitting together upon a rough, wooden bench just outside of one of the blockhouses which had been used for the purpose of a hospital. They were not aware that Henry had returned; for, during the previous twenty-four hours there had been considerable random firing, so that their attention was not particularly called to the shots which were fired at him on his run to the fort. They had been silent for some time, all of them absorbed with their own gloomy thoughts. At length Johnson said:

"It is now five days since Henry left with dispatches for General Harrison. It seems to me we ought to hear something from him or General Harrison by this time. I am afraid we have not a sufficient force to defend the fort against both Proctor's and Tecumseh's men. It makes me shudder to think of what may be before us, and that you two will now be compelled to remain here. You both ought to have left when we first received word of Proctor's intended attack."

Ruth, for some reason, glanced almost involuntarily around her, and then, placing her hand softly upon Johnson's, said: "We could not have escaped if we had tried, without being exposed to more danger than we are here. We are just as safe as you are, and besides, we may be needed before long. O, I tremble to think of it! But I am not going to desert my

post because there is danger, and I certainly shall not so long as you are here. You know," she said, looking at him as only a girl in love can look, "we are to share together the storm as well as the sunshine."

"Brave girl,"—he was interrupted by a noise, as though several hundred guns had been fired at once in the woods to the east. The firing increased every moment, and, mingled with the noise of the guns, could be distinctly heard the savage war-cries of a great number of fighting Indians. The fort was instantly in a state of intense, but disciplined, military excitement. Word was passed from officer to officer, and from soldier to soldier, that Harrison's expected re-enforcements were being ambuscaded and cut to pieces in the woods close at hand. But General Clay, anxious and thoughtful, gave no orders. The firing became more and more furious, the shouting of the Indians more animated, the cry of attack changed into the sharper and more exultant shouts of victory. General Clay, surrounded by most of the officers of his command, was in full view of not only the soldiers, but Johnson, his sister, and Ruth. Johnson looked at General Clay in surprise, which, after the lapse of a few moments, seemed to turn into sorrow mingled with anger and contempt. Ruth's blue eyes began to assume that glittering gray appearance, which, as we have seen, characterized her brother in times of unusual intensity of feeling. Hettiebelle could not control her feelings. Turning passionately and excitedly to her brother, she said: "O, Johnson, why does not General Clay send men to rescue General Harrison

and his men? O dear, O dear! and besides, Henry"—she had always spoken of him as Mr. Wright before—"is probably killed and scalped," and she began to cry.

Ruth looked at Dinsmore, and instead of calling him Johnson, she said: "Captain, why does General Clay act so indifferently?"

"It is strange," he slowly answered. "General Clay is a brave man and a true soldier, but his conduct is to me unexplainable."

In the meantime the fight in the woods was maintained with great animation and vigor. Sometimes the Indians would advance rapidly, with loud and triumphant shouts of victory. Again they would be forced back a little, only to charge more furiously than before. At length indignation among Clay's officers and men became so great as almost to cause a mutiny, especially among the Kentucky militia, who boldly demanded that they be allowed to proceed to Harrison's assistance. General Clay was troubled. He sent for Henry, and questioned him for a moment. Then, turning to his angry and impatient officers and men, he said: "I have General Harrison's message, in which he informs me that he shall send no troops at present. No one else can. Besides, I am informed by our trustworthy messenger that there are no troops on their way here. I can not understand this conflict; it certainly seems too animated, too intense, not to be real. And while I admire your courage and the devotion which you show to your brave commander, General Harrison, I am convinced that he is not near, and that it would be unwise to allow you

now to leave the fort. I will take the whole responsibility; you must not leave the fort."

This quieted but did not fully convince either men or officers. But soon afterwards the firing began to grow less and less frequent, the shouting less loud and animated, and then all was quiet.

As Henry withdrew from General Clay, he was first observed by Hettiebelle, who exclaimed: "Why, there is Mr. Wright now."

"Sure enough," said Ruth. "Where could he have come from?"

A moment later Henry joined the other three, and soon explained how he reached the fort, and his belief, not only that Clay had acted wisely, but he seemed to feel a little natural and justifiable pride in the fact that General Clay had been, to a great extent, influenced by his opinions. All expressed great pleasure and joy at Henry's safe return, and Hettiebelle added: "I was so much afraid, Mr. Wright, that you would be killed."

"Yes, Henry, look at her," said Johnson, with a sort of mischievous twinkle in his eye; "she has just been crying like a child for fear that you were being shot."

Hettiebelle blushed as Henry looked at her, but she answered: "Of course I did, and I am not ashamed of it either. It was enough to make any one cry to think of a friend being exposed to such danger."

Hettiebelle had large, brown eyes, in whose lustrous depths were mirrored, with faithful exactness, the various moods and impulses of her generous, sympathetic nature. Nothing more enhances the

beauty of a true woman than real, generous tears. When a young man sees a handsome, generous, sympathetic young woman bathed in tears, and her cheeks reddened with a slight tinge of shame, with which modesty, not conscience, paints her cheeks, and he realizes that these tears of sympathy were shed in his behalf, he must be made out of dull, passionless clay, or else he is in great danger of being wounded by more than one arrow from the bow of the little god of love. And for the first time, and in spite of Henry's affection for Charlotte, in spite of his constant nature, he felt that Hettiebelle was a wonderfully sweet and beautiful girl. Had Charlotte then seen him, and divined his feelings, I fear a pang of jealousy would have entered her heart.

Night came on soon after the firing and the noise in the woods ceased. General Clay passed an intensely anxious night. He felt that his course had been right and prudent; but he well knew that if the morning should prove that he had been mistaken, he would be branded as a heartless, incompetent coward.

Soon after sunrise the next morning, scouts were sent out from the fort. The enemy had disappeared, and it was learned that the battle, which had been apparently so furiously fought in the woods, was simply a stratagem of the cunning Tecumseh; that in the ravine, of which I have spoken before, and which lay to the north and east of the fort, was secreted a large body of British regulars. Had Clay either not been informed by Henry, or had he displayed less firmness and resolution, and sent men out to rescue supposed re-enforcements, those sent would

have been immediately surrounded and cut to pieces, and the fort would have been taken, and not one would have escaped death or capture. When these facts became known, the humility of the officers who so boldly demanded that they be sent forth, can better be imagined than described; and with the keenness of this feeling of humiliation, and the knowledge of how near they came to being entirely destroyed, came a respect and admiration for General Clay's wisdom and firmness. Had he been wrong, he would have been ignominious; he was right, and he was glorious.

Greatly mortified at the complete failure of the so carefully and skillfully planned stratagem, the British, with a portion of the Indians, immediately embarked, and sailed down the river, for the purpose of making an attack upon Fort Stephenson. A number of the Indians, however, marched across the country for the purpose of co-operating with Proctor in that siege. Fort Stephenson was under the command of a gallant young Kentuckian, who was about to immortalize himself, for as long as the history of America shall be read, the glorious defense of Fort Stephenson will continue to stimulate patriotism and shed luster upon American arms.

History and poetry have immortalized Leonidas and his Spartan band at Thermopylæ; Arnold von Winkelried and the brave Swiss mountaineers at Sempach; Bruce and the Scottish Highlanders at Bannockburn; the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava; but neither history nor poetry has handed down a record of greater bravery, truer courage, or more signal success against overwhelming odds than the de-

fense of Fort Stephenson. And in its picturesque and romantic details, none of the events of the past excel, and few equal it. Major Croghan, its commander, was a slender youth, not quite twenty-one years of age. He was not only slender, but rather effeminate in appearance, and with a high, intellectual forehead, and the general appearance of a quiet, thoughtful man. He seemed, in appearance, the very opposite of what would be expected in a combative, heroic, military leader. But he had been under the eye of General Harrison at Tippecanoe, and enjoyed in the highest degree the full confidence of his commander. Harrison had, however, examined the fort, and pronounced it incapable of withstanding a siege. On receipt of news from Clay of the departure of Proctor, Harrison, fearing that an attack might be made upon Fort Stephenson, sent a messenger to Major Croghan, ordering him to abandon the fort at once and destroy all its supplies. The bearers of this message started from Fort Seneca (now Tiffin) at midnight, and lost their way in the darkness, and did not reach Croghan until nearly noon the following day, and found the forest already swarming with Indians. Believing that he could hold the fort, Croghan sent word to Harrison that he had determined to hold it, and, "by the Eternal, he would!" This was apparently a most positive disobedience of explicit orders. Harrison, as I have said, greatly admired Croghan, but this bold and defiant disobedience could not be overlooked. A body of men, under command of an officer, was immediately sent from Fort Seneca to Fort Stephenson to arrest Major Croghan, and he was at once

taken to Fort Seneca. When brought before Harrison, the latter sprang to his feet, and, with vehement anger, said: "Major Croghan, how came you to write me that insolent letter?"

"Why, General, did not the messenger explain it?"

"Explain it; how can there be any explanation of such a letter?"

"General, your messenger did not reach me until after the time you had set for me to meet you. The Indians were already around us, and I thought the messenger would be captured, and the enemy would get the message, and I told him to explain it to you should he be fortunate enough to reach you."

"The infernal rascal," cried Harrison, "he did not explain anything! It is all right," said the general; "I am now glad you did not get my message. If you think you can hold the fort, you may return at once with an escort. But while you can probably resist the Indians, I fear you can not resist the British and Indians together, and when the British appear, you should evacuate, and do not wait until you are so surrounded that you can not escape."

Croghan returned to the fort resolved to maintain it at all hazards, if he could, without violating the express orders of his superior. But as this defense was not only brilliant and glorious, but the last battle in the Northwest of the War of 1812 fought upon American soil, I wish to describe, with some detail, the events leading up to this conflict.

Chapter X

AFTER the failure of Tecumseh's stratagem, Proctor immediately left Fort Meigs, and proceeded down the river; but the wind was very light, and there was no current in the river, so that the progress from Fort Miami to the lake was very slow.

On July 26th, the day after the departure of Proctor, General Clay sent Wright, with a small detachment of soldiers, as a protection against the Indians, to Fort Stephenson, to warn Major Croghan of the probability of an early attack upon that place by a large, combined British and Indian force. This detachment reached Fort Stephenson late that night.

On the 28th, Wright and two Kentuckians were sent down the Sandusky River, with orders to keep a sharp lookout for the approach of Proctor's forces. The last day of July, 1813, four men were seated under the spreading branches of a large oak upon the shore of Catawba Island. This island is practically a part of the mainland, only a very narrow and shallow strip of water separating it from what is known as the peninsula. That is the body of land which you see on your maps lying between Sandusky and Port Clinton, extending several miles out into the lake. Then, as now, the waters around the island were famous for their fish, while the peninsula was a great hunting-ground, especially for the two tribes of Ottawas. These men were all above ordinary size. Two were

dressed as scouts, and had on high boots, reaching nearly to the knee, gray pantaloons, gray hunting-shirts, and caps of the same color, with a wide, stiff, black front-piece. Two were in the uniform of the Kentucky militia, blue caps and hunting-shirt, pantaloons of the same color, except a fringe of gold at the bottom, and a wide, red belt. The four were armed alike, each with a rifle, two pistols, and a large hunting-knife fastened in his belt. Each had also a thick blanket, which was now lying on the ground. They had been seated in silence for some time, looking out upon the waters, a scene of beauty. The lake was calm. A gentle breeze swept in between the mainland and the islands, just rippling the surface of the water. They could look across the passage and plainly see, nestled, as it were, in the bosom of the lake, Green Island, Put-in-Bay, and, a little farther in the distance, Kelly's Island, with numerous little intervening islands, while to the southwest could be seen, like a cloud on the horizon, the marshes and lowlands to the west of Port Clinton. It was nature's solitude, her painting. Everywhere the land was covered with a luxuriant forest. On the elevations, the tall trees raised their heads proudly in the air, while along the low shores the shrubbery bent down over the lake as though to cool their limbs in the water. All was silent save the twitter of the forest birds and the chatter of some squirrels that had not yet learned to fear man, and, occasionally, a splash of the waters, caused by some sportive fish.

Suddenly the men heard a distant cry. All sprang to their feet and listened, each seizing his gun. "The

Indians are hunting deer," said Navarre (for the four men were Navarre, Henry, and two Kentucky militiamen).

"I did not suppose," said Henry, "there were any Indians on the peninsula at present."

"Yes," replied the other; "just before the last attack on Fort Meigs the Ottawas were getting restless through long inaction. They had been influenced by their wise and brave, though not warlike chief, Ogontz, to leave Proctor, and return to their hunting and fishing grounds on the peninsula. They are not now on the war-path, but they are both hostile and warlike, and should we fall into their hands, our scalps would pay the penalty. But as they do not know of our presence, nor are they on the lookout, if we are cautious there is but little danger."

"We should not be scalped," said Henry, "for Chief Ogontz will not permit his warriors to scalp their prisoners."

"He would not," replied Navarre, "if he could prevent it. It is true he has great influence over the Ottawas, but it is difficult for any chief to induce his followers, especially such as the cruel and warlike Ottawas, to renounce the immemorial custom of their tribe. And besides, just now there is a great rivalry between Ogontz and the chief of the other tribe. 'Big Cat,' the other chief, is not only warlike and cruel, but he is jealous of the influence of Ogontz. At any rate, we will try and not fall into their hands."

The yelling and shouting of the Indians kept continually drawing closer, and becoming more loud and

distinct. The Kentuckians were becoming uneasy. Navarre, noticing it, said: "We are perfectly safe here. The Indians have surrounded a drove of deer, and, by their unearthly noises, are frightening them into the water to the west of us, near Mouse Island. When deer are closely pressed and greatly frightened, it is one of their instincts to take to the water, and they are expert swimmers. The deer, on reaching the shore, will try to swim over to the island."

The four men, led by Navarre, walked a little way toward the west, until they reached a point where they could view the shore opposite Mouse Island. Soon they saw four deer plunge into the water, and swim towards the island. The deer swam but a short distance, when a half dozen canoes, each manned by two Indians, sped after them. The canoes soon overtook the deer, which, after some dextrous dodging and doubling, were, at length, amid great hallooing and yelling, killed and brought to the shore.

The four men were watching this animated scene with great interest, when Henry, looking up, uttered a low exclamation of surprise, and said, "There they come," at the same time pointing towards the northwest. There, moving slowly, with every sail set to the breeze, were the various vessels composing Proctor's fleet. It could be plainly seen that the boats were full of soldiers. Soon a loud yell from the savages announced that they, too, had discovered the British boats.

"They are certainly bound for Sandusky Bay and Fort Stephenson," said Henry. "We must at once warn the fort of their approach."

The men examined their arms, tightened their belts, carefully strapped their blankets to their shoulders, and hastily, but noiselessly, plunged into the forest in the direction of Fort Stephenson. They were all strong, hardy, and athletic men, accustomed to the forest, and, ordinarily, they could have reached Fort Stephenson shortly after nightfall; but it was necessary for them not only to travel cautiously, but they were obliged to ford several small streams, and also to swim the Sandusky River.

Upon reaching this river, they formed a small raft. Two of the men undressed, putting their clothes, arms, and ammunition on the raft, swam across, pushing the raft before them, while the other two, with their guns in hand, watched on the shore, lest they be taken by surprise. Then the other two crossed in the same way. About ten o'clock the next day they drew near the fort. They found Indians in the woods on both sides of the Sandusky River, and it was necessary for them to proceed with the greatest caution. On one occasion the Indians came so near them that they lay flat upon the ground for nearly two hours without making a move. Finally, the Indians moved on, and the scouts and militiamen were enabled to proceed. About noon, having eluded the Indians, they reached the fort. Three hours later the British gunboats appeared just below it. Retreat was now impossible. Tecumseh, with two thousand Indians, lay between Fort Stephenson and Harrison's forces at Fort Seneca. Proctor knew that the fort was completely surrounded, so that retreat was impossible. His force was so strong, so over-

MAJOR GEORGE CROGHAN.

whelming, and, as he feared that re-enforcements might soon arrive from Fort Seneca, he began an immediate attack. But first he sent an officer to the fort demanding its immediate surrender. Croghan replied: "We are determined to defend the fort to the last, and bury ourselves in its ruins, rather than to surrender to any force, no matter how great."

The British officer who bore Proctor's message pleaded with the Americans, saying: "See the enormous number of our Indian allies. It will be impossible to restrain them. For God's sake, do not necessitate, by your obstinacy, the effusion of so much blood, but surrender, and avoid a dreadful massacre, that will be caused if you vainly and uselessly resist."

"There will be no massacre," replied the American officer, "when the fort is taken, for I assure you that you will not take it while any one is alive to defend it."

Upon the return of the flag of truce, Proctor, with great promptness, commenced the attack. As I have said before, the siege of Fort Stephenson reads almost like a romance. Croghan had a little less than one hundred and sixty men. The fort consisted of simply two blockhouses, surrounded by a ditch about eight feet wide and of the same depth. The dirt from this ditch had been thrown out upon both sides, making, on each side, a small embankment. Then upon the inside was a line of pickets, or split poles about twelve or fourteen feet in height, and driven some two or three feet into the ground, these pickets being of but little avail against artillery. Opposed to Croghan, Proctor had nearly three times

as many white soldiers (British regulars), and about three thousand Indians, making, in all, his force over twenty to one as compared with Croghan's. Besides, Croghan had only one single gun, while Proctor had six, each one of them much superior to Croghan's one.

Immediately after landing, Proctor placed three six-pounders and one howitzer upon an elevation only about seven hundred and fifty feet from the fort, at a point where the Fremont court-house now stands, and poured shot from these four guns into the fort during the entire night and forepart of the following day. In the meantime, the pickets had been shot away, and great breaches made in the embankment; but these breaches were filled up, as much as possible, by placing bags of sand upon the embankment. Croghan replied to the furious cannonading of Proctor with his one gun in a very skillful manner. He would fire first from one part of the fort, and then from another, so as to make it appear that he had several guns; but his ammunition was beginning to run short, and for several hours no reply had been made to the cannonading on the part of the British.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day after Proctor's landing, the cannonading having been kept up almost continuously for nearly twenty-four hours, Proctor, fearing that re-enforcements would soon arrive, determined to take the fort by storm. He concentrated the fire of all his guns upon one point. Croghan's sand bags having given out, the breaches thus made were filled largely by bags of flour. Still keeping up an incessant cannon-

ading, Proctor sent two hundred men around to the rear of the fort, to attack it from that side, while, under the cover of the dense smoke arising from the artillery, another party was sent to charge the fort at the place where the cannon had made the greatest breach. So dense was the smoke that the attacking force was within twenty paces of the fort before it was discovered. However, every man in the fort was at his post; there was no random firing. Every soldier shot at a human target, and nearly every bullet reached that target. So fatally effective was the fire from the fort that the attacking party was thrown into confusion, but quickly rallied. With a shout and a yell they leaped into the ditch surrounding the fort, and began to climb up the sides towards the fort. The officer in command yelled out, "Climb up, my boys, and give it to the Yankees." Then the unexpected happened. A short time before, Croghan, fearing that the enemy would endeavor to take the fort by storm, had caused his only cannon to be secreted at one angle of the ditch. After placing the cannon in this position, as I have said above, no replies were received from the fort. Just as the ditch was full of men, and its sides lined with those climbing up, and when the British were flushed with almost certain success, Croghan's cannon, with half a charge of powder, and a double charge of grape and slugs, belched forth, from its hiding-place, a terrible volley, which swept the entire length of the ditch, strewing the bottom and sides with dead and wounded. A second charging party, heroically following their comrades, again endeavored to

cross the ditch; but they shared the same fate. And before the two hundred men sent around to charge it from the rear had reached the fort, those in front had fled in great haste and confusion, leaving behind them more in dead and wounded than the entire garrison of the fort. Just before the attacking party reached the fort, a cannon-ball struck one of the bags of flour, throwing its contents over some soldiers who happened to be near. When the British and Indians broke and fled, one of the soldiers cried out, "We got the flour, but they got the pepper."

We have seen that Proctor was cruel and blood-thirsty. In many respects he resembled the Indian. He was brave when flushed with success, but lost courage at the first reverse. And, immediately after this repulse, and before morning dawned, leaving many of his dead and wounded behind, he was sailing down the Sandusky River in ignominious retreat.

After the victory, Croghan and his men proved that they were as kind and merciful as they were brave and heroic. No sooner were they safe from further attack than they turned their attention to the care of their wounded enemies; and one of the first men to receive care and attention was a British officer, who, at the moment of attack, cried out to his men and their savage allies, "Give the Yankees no quarter." Severely wounded, and lying at the bottom of the ditch, he was seen waving a white handkerchief, pleading for the mercy which, but a few moments before, he had denied his foes.

The news of this signal victory—a victory of one man against twenty—was received with the liveliest

sentiment of admiration and rejoicing throughout the entire land.

After Proctor's retreat and ignominious failure at Fort Stephenson, the Indians, for the most part, left the British, and again became roving and hostile bands, being controlled by Proctor only as he furnished them provisions in case their hunting and plundering expeditions were unsuccessful.

Almost immediately after the receipt at Fort Meigs of the news of the glorious defense of Fort Stephenson, Ruth, Hettiebelle, and Captain Dinsmore, with a small escort, went to Fort Stephenson. It was their intention, when they left Fort Meigs, to go directly to Ruth's home, after one night's stay at Fort Stephenson. But, upon reaching the latter place, they found so many poor fellows suffering from their wounds, that Ruth and Hettiebelle decided it was their duty to stay at the fort for a short time.

Most of those who needed nursing at Fort Stephenson were wounded Canadians and English. The whole story of the attack and defense of Fort Stephenson reads more like a romance than authentic and undisputed history. But no part seems more incredible than the fact that Croghan only had one man killed and seven wounded. It seems little short of miraculous that between four and five hundred British regulars, with four cannons could, from the short distance of less than eight hundred feet, bombard, for nearly twenty-four hours, a fort protected only by the earth thrown out of the little ditch surrounding it, and sharpened sticks driven into the ground—to say nothing of the desperate attempt

to take it by storm—without causing greater damage and loss of life. But, on the other hand, the number of British wounded was very great, more than the entire number of the American garrison, and more were left behind than could be properly cared for by Croghan's command.

It was the sight of so much suffering, and the lack of proper nursing and care, that induced Ruth and Hettiebelle to remain at the fort to relieve, as far as kind and skillful care could, the sufferings of the wounded, which were augmented by the very warm weather incident to the month of August. Soon Ruth and Hettiebelle could be seen moving from cot to cot, treating friend and foe alike.

Among the wounded was a young Canadian sergeant who seemed scarcely twenty years of age. His right arm had been fearfully torn and lacerated by the discharge of the cannon at the time the ditch was filled with the attacking force. The army surgeon said to him that it would be necessary to amputate his arm. Fortunately, the surgeon from Fort Meigs, who, we have seen, held Ruth in very high esteem, accompanied Ruth, Captain Dinsmore, and his sister to Fort Stephenson, to which place he went to assist in the care of the wounded. Ruth spoke to him, and begged him to permit her to make an attempt to save the young sergeant's arm, saying:

"You know, doctor, that it is a dreadful thing for a fine young man like him, even if he is one of our enemy, to go through life crippled by the loss of his right arm."

"Just as you say, Miss Wright," replied the sur-

geon. "If you think you can save his arm, you shall certainly have the opportunity of trying." And she did try, and she not only tried, but succeeded.

Some three weeks after Ruth, Hettiebelle, and Dinsmore reached Fort Stephenson, a few of the severely wounded prisoners were permitted to return to Fort Malden, and among the number was the wounded sergeant. As they were about to leave the fort they came to Ruth and Hettiebelle, and each expressed, in the warmest terms, his gratitude for the kind care which he, as an enemy, had received. But none seemed so sincerely grateful as the sergeant whose arm Ruth had been instrumental in saving. Among other things, he said: "Miss Wright, I owe you a debt of gratitude greater than I can express. The thought of going through life deprived of the use of my right arm seemed dreadful, and it is to your care and kindness that I owe its preservation. I sincerely hope that neither you nor your brother may ever be so unfortunate as to be in trouble, but it would be one of the happiest moments of my life to be able, in some small way, to repay your kindness to me."

Ruth thanked him pleasantly for his expressions of gratitude and good-will, little dreaming that he would, at least indirectly, repay her in full measure, complete and rounded, for all the kindness which she had shown him.

A few days after the departure of the wounded prisoners, Ruth's father appeared at the fort for the purpose of taking Ruth, Captain Dinsmore, and Hettiebelle to his home. Henry had gone to deliver

a message to Fort St. Mary's, but was expected to return soon, and also to visit his home.

The road to the mouth of the Huron River was, for the most part, a winding path leading through the woods, many places rough with the roots and sticks that were among the trees.

They started early in the morning. The weather was warm, but the overspreading branches of the forest trees shut out the sun. The birds were singing, the squirrels were chattering and scampering across the road, and running up and down the sides of the trees, while occasionally a rabbit would skip across their way, and, barely out of reach of the horses' feet, would sit down, and look at them without fear. Several times during their journey they heard the proud notes of the strutting wild turkey-gobbler, and once a drove of deer bounded away into the woods upon their approach, while the little, speckled fawns turned, and timidly, but inquiringly, gazed at them with their great, lustrous eyes.

Upon reaching Mr. Wright's home, Ruth received a fond mother's affectionate embrace, and the others were, by Mrs. Wright, most cordially and hospitably welcomed.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were now in control of all the forts in the Northwest, and all the lake ports on the southern side of Lake Erie, yet, owing to the fact that the British had absolute control of all the lakes west of Ontario, Harrison found it extremely difficult to protect the frontier settlements; for these roving bands of savages would suddenly appear in some unexpected quarter, and, after de-

stroying grain, killing live stock, burning houses and barns, and sometimes murdering people, and occasionally carrying away a captive, before a rescuing party could reach them, they would suddenly disappear, and, if pursued, would return to the British headquarters at Malden, where they were safe.

General Harrison and Commodore Perry, with the co-operation and approval of the War Department, determined, if possible, to wrest the control of the lakes from the British by a decisive naval conflict. Up to this time, taking into consideration, on the one hand, the inglorious surrender of Hull, the fatal conflict at Frenchtown, and, on the other, our success at Fort Meigs and the glorious defense of Fort Stephenson, neither side had, upon the whole, gained any great advantage over the other.

Chapter XI

At this time the English were emphatically the "lords of the ocean" by almost uninterrupted naval victories over all the nations of Europe, extending over a period of more than a century. They had come to believe, as one of their poets expressed it, that

> "The wind and seas are Britain's wide domain,
> And no sail but by her permission spreads."

It is true the Americans had, on several occasions in single combats, which might properly be called naval duels, both during the War of the Revolution and in the earlier part of the War of 1812, not only been victorious, but in these conflicts they had so borne themselves as to wound the pride of England more than if she suffered greater defeats on land.

Yet never had an American squadron met in conflict an enemy; and to risk the control of the lakes, perhaps the dominion over the great Northwest, for all time, by one decisive naval conflict, was by many Americans deemed rash, if not foolhardy. But both General Harrison and Commodore Perry realized the absolute necessity of obtaining control of the lakes, unless we were prepared to yield to the British all the great Northwest; and they determined not only to risk, but to force a naval encounter at the earliest possible practicable moment.

Perry had been building his fleet during the spring

of 1813 at Erie, Pennsylvania. In the forepart of July his fleet was ready. But he lacked men to man his boats, and it was only after the most urgent demand upon the Government that he obtained a force sufficient to give him any reasonable chance of success.

After securing crews—and they were not a very promising body of men, for besides being of all ages, colors, and nationalities, many had never seen a day's service on water—another difficulty presented itself. A sandbar had formed in the harbor at Erie, and Perry was unable to get his boats over it into the lake.

Commodore Barclay, commanding the British fleet, was watching Perry, and it seemed almost impossible to cross the bar in the face of a British squadron. Fortunately for us, the British commander was invited to participate in some social festivities in Canada, and he relaxed for a few days his watchfulness. Perry promptly seized this opportunity, unloaded his guns and freight, fastened on both sides of the largest of his boats small scows or lighters, which were first nearly filled with water. Then, after these lighters were securely fastened to the larger vessels, the water was pumped out, thus giving them great buoyancy and lifting power, which enabled Perry to float his ships successfully over the bar. The guns and freight were then replaced, and so rapidly was this accomplished, that before Barclay was done feasting he found, to his surprise and mortification, that Perry was ready for the coming struggle.

Barclay did not, however, seek a conflict, but returned at once to Malden, and Perry and his fleet sailed for Sandusky Bay. At Sandusky he very ma-

terially strengthened his fighting force by taking with him about seventy brave Kentucky sharpshooters, who offered their services as volunteers. Perry then set sail for Put-in-Bay, resolved not only to throw down to the British the gage of battle; but, if necessary, to force Barclay to fight for the control of the Great Lakes and the ownership of the great Northwest.

Now I must turn a moment to other not so important but fully as exciting events.

Johnson and Hettiebelle had been at the Wright home about a week. It had been to Ruth and Johnson the happiest week of their lives. Johnson had nearly recovered from his wounds. He felt stronger and stronger each succeeding day; and about the only reminder, save his memory of the terrible ordeal at Fort Meigs, was the still lingering weakness in his sprained ankle. To strengthen this, as he said, he took long walks every day; but he very seldom went alone. Sometimes Ruth and Hettiebelle would go with him; but usually Hettiebelle would excuse herself, and remain with Mrs. Wright.

In front of Mr. Wright's house, and just across the road, was a beautiful forest. Very frequently Ruth and Johnson would wander into this forest, and sit down upon a small log that lay beneath two great beech-trees, whose spreading branches touched and interlaced. The squirrels would run up and down the trees around them, or gracefully jump along the ground as though unmindful of their presence. Occasionally a meek-looking rabbit would perch on his hind legs and watch them for a few moments, and then bound lightly away, while the forest birds would sing

RUTH WRIGHT AND LIEUT. DINSMORE.

in the tree-tops or hop along almost at their feet. Here Johnson and Ruth would sit and pour into each other's ears the old, old story. Sometimes they would talk of the happy future when they should be one, and would build those enchanting castles that hope creates and love beautifies in that most glorious time of life when youth is verging into manhood and womanhood; for next to the complete, glorious happiness of realization, which beautifies the sunset of every well-spent life, there is no pleasure quite so sweet, no joy quite so complete, as that which hope and love, combined with honor, integrity, and virtue, give to anticipation in life's bright springtime.

One day the lovers had been seated beneath the trees longer than usual. The shades of evening were beginning to darken the forest. They had not only been repeating sweet words of love; but they had been speaking of the past and the present, and hoping for the future. But there were some thoughts which, in spite of Ruth's patriotism and courage, saddened her heart, and occasionally caused a tear to glisten in her eye.

When Johnson left Fort Meigs, as I have said, he intended to return to Kentucky after a short visit at Ruth's home; but he had become so well that he concluded to join his command, the major part of whom had volunteered to go with Commodore Perry, forming a large part of the company of Kentucky sharpshooters which joined Perry at Sandusky. Henry also determined to go with Johnson. It was their intention to start the next afternoon for Sandusky Bay, and then proceed to Put-in-Bay and join Perry at that place,

so as to participate in the great forthcoming struggle. Ruth had been thinking of how soon they must part, and to what danger her lover would be exposed before they should meet again. With her head resting upon his shoulder, both had been silent for a few moments; both felt a pang of sorrow at the prospect of separating so soon; yet both were hopeful and extremely happy as they sat in silence beneath the great trees. Suddenly Ruth noticed the gathering darkness, and quickly said: "Johnson, we must go; it is getting dark. I did not think it was nearly so late."

With one sweet, fond kiss, they arose, and started for the house. They little knew how terrible would be the ordeal through which they would have to pass before they would again implant a kiss upon each other's lips.

On their return to the house they found that they were late for supper, and that Mr. Charles Wright and his family had called to spend the evening. It was a beautiful moonlight September evening. Poets may sing of the blue skies of Italy and the beauty of Southern France; but there is no place in the world more beautiful, in the glorious month of September, than the lake and island regions of Ohio.

After some general talking and chatting, Charles Wright said, addressing Henry: "What news have you of Commodore Perry? Has his fleet appeared at Sandusky yet?"

"O yes," replied Henry; "they have already embarked for the islands."

"Will Perry force the British to fight?"

"I think so, without doubt," replied Henry, "and

there will be warm times on the lakes before many days. Captain Dinsmore and myself intend to start to-morrow for Sandusky, and the next day join Perry at the Islands."

"I have been trying," joined in Hettiebelle, "to induce my brother not to go. He has been wounded twice; he has suffered enough. He has done his duty, and he has not yet fully recovered. He ought to go back to Kentucky with me; and, besides," she said, turning to Johnson, "I have made up my mind, brother, that if you persist in joining Commodore Perry's command, I shall not return home until after I know the result of the conflict on the lakes. Mrs. Wright has very kindly asked me to remain here, and I have concluded to do so."

"Just as you think best about that," replied Johnson. "I think that but a few days will elapse before Perry engages Barclay, and after that conflict is over I will return with you; that is, if I get back safe and well. But I have determined that it is my duty to join my command, and we shall start to-morrow."

"I am so glad you have concluded to stay," said Ruth and Mrs. Wright, almost in unison.

"It will be so lonesome without you;" and Charlotte also expressed her pleasure in knowing that Hettiebelle was going to remain still longer.

After some further conversation, Charlotte said: "I have an idea. This is the last evening we will be together for some time. I propose that we go blackberrying to-morrow up on the ridge, about a mile and a half from here. There is an open space, which either the wind or the Indians or both have partially cleared,

and I understand that there are great quantities of fine berries growing there. Let us all go, and have a real good time before we separate again."

Ruth and Hettiebelle both said: "That will be fine. We must all go."

But Henry said: "I should enjoy that very much, only you know about a month since the Indians raided the settlement southeast of us, and killed one settler and destroyed all the growing crops and drove off all the stock. I have heard that the people in that settlement are suffering, and I have promised to go over there to-morrow, and find out what can be done for these people before cold weather sets in, and the roads become soft and bad. If I find them destitute, the neighbors around here and from the Milan settlement are going to carry them provisions, so that they will not suffer during the winter."

"That is right," said Hettiebelle. "If I were your sister I should be proud of you; you are always trying to help some one."

"But," said Henry, pretending not to notice Hettiebelle's remark, which, however, pleased him, as her approval always did; "the rest of you may go, and I will help eat the berries when you get back."

"We will not go without you," said Charlotte.

After some further conversation, it was finally decided that Henry should start very early in the morning and return by noon, and all should go berrying immediately after dinner.

Chapter XII

JUST at break of day the next morning Henry started for the settlement that had suffered so severely from the Indian raids. After a walk of a little less than two hours through what was, for the most part, an unbroken forest, he reached a log-cabin. He found within a man, his wife, and four children, the youngest not quite two years old.

They were eating breakfast. The cabin contained but one room, with two beds. The family were seated on two wooden benches. There were no chairs, and only two home-made stools. The table was also of home manufacture, uncovered but clean, as was everything else in the house. All the family were barefooted, and the children had on just enough clothing to cover their nakedness. The husband wore a coarse, woolen shirt made by his wife, and a pair of pantaloons of untanned deerskin. With the exception of a sugar-bowl and some plates, which had evidently been brought from the East, the few dishes upon the table were tin or pewter. There was on one side a large, open fireplace. Over the fire, suspended by a hook attached to an iron bar, was an iron pot, in which all of the cooking had to be done. Henry hardly observed these things; for this lack of furniture and comforts, and even the bare necessities of life, was common in those days in the new settlements. Girls and young women were not ashamed to attend church, and even social gatherings, in their bare feet; but Henry did

notice that all the family had for breakfast was some wild-turkey shot the day before, some not fully-developed potatoes, and "johnny-cake" made from corn which had been cracked and partially powdered by pounding, and baked with only water and salt, and sweetened with maple-syrup.

Henry was informed that the savages had destroyed all their wheat and most of their corn and potatoes, stolen their horses, killed their pigs and cattle, and that all they would have to eat the coming winter would be what little corn and potatoes were left, together with what game they might be able to kill.

"But," said the man, "I do not know as we shall be able to kill any game; for we have no ammunition, and I have no money to buy more."

Henry gave him a small quantity of ammunition, and after a little further talk in regard to the condition of others in the settlement, proceeded to some of the other houses, and found everywhere want, and in some places actual suffering, although the season was yet warm and pleasant.

He promised to call the attention of the people in the neighboring settlements to their wants, and assured them that they would be provided with supplies enough to keep them from suffering during the winter, and cheered them by adding: "It will not be long before the lakes will be clear, and then you can sell your skins for something, and thus meet your most pressing wants."

Such was the condition of many of the settlements west of Cleveland in the fall of 1813, before Perry's victory gave us control of the lakes.

Various things delayed Henry longer than he had anticipated, so that it was after midday before he reached his home. He found, upon his return, that Johnson had gone to Charles Wright's to get Charlotte, and, by agreement, Henry, Ruth, and Hettiebelle were to meet them at the berry-patch. Henry hastily ate his meal, and they all set off for the meeting-place. By the time they reached there, it was three o'clock.

They hunted around, hallooed several times, but could not see or hear anything of Charlotte and Johnson. At length Henry said: "I think they must have concluded we were not coming, for we intended to get here nearly two hours earlier; and as Johnson and I have planned to start for Sandusky Bay about five o'clock, they have evidently returned home."

After picking berries for a few moments, Henry, his sister, and Hettiebelle also started back. When almost in sight of John Wright's house, Henry said: "I will go over to uncle's and bid them good-bye, and then return; for we must start for Sandusky Bay very soon."

Ruth and Hettiebelle had been at John Wright's about a quarter of an hour, when Henry entered, glanced around the room, and then said, excitedly, "Where are Charlotte and Johnson?"

"Why do you ask that?" exclaimed Ruth; "they are not here."

"Neither have they returned to uncle's," replied Henry. "It is singular; I surely thought I would find them here."

"Where can they be?" exclaimed Ruth and Hettiebelle, in one voice.

Henry did not reply for a moment, a hundred vague conjectures rushing through his mind. At length he said: "It is strange. It does not seem possible that Charlotte could have lost her way. Something must be wrong. Mother, I must find them. I will start at once; they must not be left in the woods."

He then buckled on his belt, placing in it his two pistols and hunting-knife, strapped his scout's blanket on his shoulders, took his gun in his hand, and started for the door, saying: "I will go first to Uncle Charles's; perhaps they have returned by this time. If not, I will warn the neighbors, and we must make a thorough search."

At that moment a horseman in full gallop was seen approaching the house, and hardly before his horse had come to a halt he sprang from its back. Henry saw at once that it was the scout, Peter Navarre, and he hastily opened the door. The scout's first words were: "Wright, the red devils have burned two houses, shot one man, and the Lord only knows how many cattle; but, worse than all, they are now retreating towards Sandusky Bay with two prisoners."

"Two prisoners!" exclaimed Henry.

"Yes, a man and a woman," replied Navarre.

"O, my God! they are Johnson Dinsmore and Charlotte Wright. I knew they were lost, and was just starting in search of them; but I did not dream of there being any Indians in this section of the country now. How far are they from here, and where and how did you happen to discover them?"

"I was," replied Navarre, "on my way from Cleveland with important dispatches to be delivered at Fort

Stephenson. I was riding along the road just south of here, when I came to a small clearing in which a house and barn were in flames. As I rode by, a woman ran out of the woods in great terror, saying that the Indians had set fire to her house and barn, and that her husband had been shot, and severely if not fatally wounded. She further said that the Indians were in full retreat, as she thought, towards Sandusky Bay with two prisoners. I presume that they are Ottawas, and they are doubtless retreating to the peninsula."

"Ogontz is not with them, then," said Henry, "or they would not have set fire to the buildings nor attempted murder."

"No," said Navarre; "they are probably under the leadership of Big Cat."

"We must warn the settlement, and go in immediate pursuit," said John Wright, who had arrived just at the beginning of the conversation.

"No," said Navarre, "the Indians are now several miles away, and will be across the Bay before a sufficient force can be gathered together to attack them. Besides, if we had a large force ready now to follow them, it would be unwise to do so; for in that case they would kill their prisoners, and flee as fast as we could follow. I am very sorry that I am the bearer of important dispatches, and must hasten to Fort Stephenson," said Navarre, turning to Henry. "I have stopped this long in order to warn you, and I must not delay longer. You must mount a horse at once, and ride after the savages at full speed until you reach their neighborhood; then dismount, and let your horse

find its way back, while you follow the redskins. They will not kill their prisoners before they reach the peninsula, and when they get there Ogontz still has influence enough to prevent, or at least postpone, their murder or torture, unless, as unfortunately may be the case, they have somewhere stolen some whisky. If the Indians have much whisky, the prisoners can not be saved even by Ogontz. But they are safe until the Indians reach their camping-ground; for the braves will want to show them to the squaws and maidens. You must follow unobserved, and trust to what takes place in the future to govern your actions."

In a few moments Henry and Navarre were riding at full gallop after the retreating Indians. After proceeding some eight miles, Navarre said: "I must turn south here, for Fort Stephenson, to deliver my dispatches; but I will join you on the peninsula, and give you all the assistance in my power. Be careful; a little rashness may hasten the death of the prisoners, as well as your own. Have you any paper in your pocket?" said Navarre.

"Yes," said Henry; "I have a little scrap of writing paper. I 'most always carry a piece with me."

"The Indians," said Navarre, "will probably cross the Bay at the narrows west of Ogontz Place.* When you reach the other side, you will find close to the shore, where the bay begins to broaden, an immense hollow elm-tree. A few feet from the ground, on the side of the tree toward the water, is a large hole. You can readily find the tree. Then take a little piece of

*What is now Sandusky was called "Ogontz Place" at that time.

paper, and write upon it briefly the direction you are taking, and put the paper in the ground right under the hole, and I will find it some time to-morrow. Then as you proceed scratch the bark of the trees occasionally with an upward stroke, the upward part denoting the direction you are taking. In this way I shall be able to follow you; and I think I shall have no trouble in finding you, as the Indians will no doubt proceed to their camping-grounds near the extremity of the peninsula, with which I am very familiar. Good-bye; be careful;" and Navarre rode off in one direction, while Henry followed the Indians in another. After riding along for some distance, Henry dismounted, fastened up the reins of his bridle, and permitted his horse to go, thinking that it would find its way back by its own instinct. Henry then followed the Indians on foot, proceeding with great caution. At length it became dark, and as the Indians had left the road leading from Huron to Sandusky Bay, Henry concluded it would not be safe to pursue them farther.

He wrapped his blanket around him, and lay down to sleep at the foot of a large tree. It is a curious psychological fact that men just before a battle, scouts on the eve of some startling adventure, men exposed, or about to be exposed, to great danger, and perhaps death, will sleep often soundly, while some trifling disappointment or the dread of some trouble will effectually drive sleep from the eyes.

It was not quite daylight when Henry awoke, and partook of the bread and butter and a little dried venison which his mother had prepared for him before

leaving home. He then started after the retreating savages.

It was still early in the forenoon when he discovered them upon the shores of Sandusky Bay, just west of the present town of Sandusky, and near the present village of Venice. They were preparing to cross the bay. At that time in the wooded country of Northern Ohio the Indians, in imitation of the whites, frequently rode horses, which were either stolen or had been given them; but as they had no means of keeping them, especially in the winter season, the horses were not only but little used, but were for the slightest reason abandoned; so in the present instance the horses stolen in the settlement were left behind. The Indians, taking to their canoes, paddled across the bay. Henry, secreted in the woods a short distance from the shore, could plainly see them, and also the two prisoners, and he knew that he must be extremely cautious, or there would be no hope of rescue.

After the savages left the eastern shore, and were paddling their way across the bay, Henry, keeping back a little distance from the beach, and concealed by the bushes, carefully searched the shore, hoping to find some stray canoe that might have been abandoned by the Indians. He, however, searched in vain; and finally proceeded along the edge of the bay until he reached a point near where the present Lake Shore Railroad bridge is located. Near this point he found a couple of small logs lying stranded upon the beach. He rolled these into the water, and placing across them some sticks and branches of trees he improvised a

kind of raft, tying the logs together by winding around them some long, tall grass, which he twisted into ropes. He then took off his clothes, placing them, his arms, and ammunition upon the raft, and, pushing it ahead of him, started to swim across the bay. Henry was an expert swimmer, and while the raft impeded very materially his progress, it also enabled him very easily to rest in the water. After reaching the peninsula shore, he hastened after the Indians, whose canoes he could just see far down the bay. But, first, he sought out the great elm-tree of which Navarre had spoken, pulled out of his pocket a little scrap of the paper, which he used sparingly, wrote briefly the course the savages were taking, and then placed it, as arranged between him and Navarre, at the root of the tree.

The Indians moved slowly along in a northerly direction, until they reached a point a short distance south of Marblehead, where they landed, drew their canoes out of the water, secreted them, and then plunged into the forest, and proceeded rapidly across Marblehead Point, and brought up in a short time in the beautiful wooded slope where Lakeside now stands. Let us now return for a moment to Johnson and Charlotte.

It was decided, when Henry did not return as early as was expected, that, in order to save time, Johnson should go and get Charlotte, and meet the others at the berry-field. They reached the field a little after one o'clock, and, after picking berries about two hours, concluded that for some reason Henry had

been delayed, and that he could not meet them. They accordingly started for Charlotte's home, passing directly through the forest, taking the nearest way.

They had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, and were chatting, as young people will, without the remotest dream of danger, when, suddenly and almost as though they sprang out of the ground, a band of some thirty Indians surrounded them.

Charlotte gave an involuntary shriek of fright. A white man stepped up to her, and said: "Miss, it will do no good to scream; keep still, and I will see that you are not hurt."

Johnson's first impulse was to shoot the white scoundrel, as he had a pistol in his belt, and then plunge into the woods, and take his chance of escape; but that would leave Charlotte alone with the savages. He saw that resistance was useless. He therefore coolly said: "We are your prisoners, and hope you will treat us as such."

"We will treat you as we see fit," replied the white man.

Charlotte's hands were tied, but with no harshness, and she was placed upon the back of one of the stolen horses. Dinsmore's pistol was taken from him, his hands were tied, and he was told to march in front of an Indian who was riding a stolen horse, and leading the one upon which Charlotte rode.

In this manner they proceeded towards Sandusky until some time after dark, when they halted for the night.

Johnson was securely bound hand and foot. Charlotte's hands were simply kept tied, and, to the credit

of her captors, it must be said, a blanket was placed upon the ground for her to lie upon. It was warm, and, as the Indians had fears of being followed, no fires were kindled.

At break of day the Indians started again upon their retreat, first having served Johnson and Charlotte with some bread, which the savages had evidently stolen from the settlement. After crossing the bay, the Indians proceeded more leisurely, as though having no fear of pursuit. At the camping-ground they met other Indians, who seemed more particularly under the control of chief Ogontz. The squaws and Indian girls and boys came out and looked at the prisoners, especially at Charlotte, felt of her clothing, pinched her cheeks, and pulled her hair, more as children pull a dog's ears than out of any malice.

Not long after their arrival, the Indians were joined by another band, that had apparently come from a hunting expedition. With these Indians was a British officer, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of the Canadian militia. He talked with the Indians and the white man for a few moments, and then turned to look at the prisoners; but the moment he saw the sad, tearful face of Charlotte, who was sitting with her head leaning upon her hands beside a tree, and did not see, or at least did not notice him, a flush of surprise, astonishment, and anger overspread his face. He then scanned the features of Dinsmore; and as he did so, one could almost discover a slight smile of triumph.

This officer was none other than Lieutenant Hastings. Owing to the defeat at Fort Stephenson, and

the inactivity of the British, combined with the influence of chief Ogontz, many of the Indians, and especially the Ottawas, were wavering in their support of the British cause. Barclay had no doubt of the successful result of the coming naval engagement; but in order to reap the full fruits of a victory upon the lakes, he wished to retain all the Indians as British allies.

He was aware that the Wyandots had taken sides with the Americans, and he feared that the Ottawas would also be influenced to join the Americans. For this reason Jenks had been sent to the Ottawas, to stir up in their minds a feeling of hatred against the Americans; but Barclay, well knowing the treacherous character of Jenks, thought it best to send Lieutenant Hastings to the Ottawas, in order not only to assist Jenks, but also to watch him. I have spoken several times of Chief Ogontz. Perhaps, before going further, I ought to say a word in regard to the romantic history of this chief, who, while an Indian, was in many respects one of nature's noblemen. No one knows to what tribe he originally belonged. Years before the time of my story the small-pox broke out among the Indian tribes in the Northwest. The ravages of this dread disease among the ignorant, meat-eating savages were terrible. Whole tribes fell victims to the scourge, and entire villages were depopulated. One day, on the shores of Lake Superior, some brave Catholic missionaries entered a deserted Indian village, and there found Ogontz, then a little papoose, all alone.

He had been left behind, either by heartless pre-

meditation or cruel indifference. The missionaries took pity on the little waif, exposed to certain death from hunger or wild beasts, and he was sent to Canada, and educated for a priest. Prior to the War of 1812 he came to Sandusky Bay, as a missionary among the Ottawas, over whom he soon acquired great influence.

After acting as a missionary for some time, he concluded that he would have more power and influence with the Ottawas, and do them more good by becoming their chief. He resigned his holy office, was adopted into their tribe, and became one of their chiefs. At the outbreak of the war the Ottawas, under his advice, returned to Canada, which was originally their home. Ogontz advised their return, hoping in this way to keep them neutral; but in this he was only partially successful, as their warlike spirit was ever getting beyond his control, especially because the chief of the other Ottawa tribe was not only warlike and cruel, but was jealous, and became at length Ogontz's bitter enemy.

Hastings had apparently reached the camping-ground of the Ottawas at a most favorable time. Big Cat's followers had just returned from a successful foraging expedition, and had brought home considerable booty and two prisoners, and, as Navarre feared, had succeeded in getting some whisky or fire-water, at once the delight and curse of the Indians.

This rival chief saw with pleasure and exultation the evidence of displeasure and jealousy manifested by the young braves in Ogontz's tribe, who, through his influence, had kept aloof from the war-path.

Ogontz's rival (who, on account of his savage and warlike character, as well as his size and strength, was called Big Cat *) saw now a favorable opportunity not only of inciting the warlike Ottawas, but at the same time of humbling his enemy, Ogontz. He well knew that to torture and kill a prisoner taken as Dinsmore was, would cause such a feeling of indignation among the Americans as to make war a necessity.

But among the Indians the power of the chief was limited, and the fate of the prisoners taken in war or a successful raid, was always determined by a council of the braves of the tribe. And Big Cat feared the persuasive eloquence of his rival. For this reason he wanted the council to meet at once, thinking that in the exultation and excitement of the moment they would be more likely to decide for war, and as a result torture and slay Dinsmore; for the Indians seldom killed or tortured their female captives, although, as servants or slaves of the squaws, their condition, while held as prisoners, was often pitiable.

Ogontz, being not only opposed to war, but anxious to save Dinsmore's life, urged delay, and he advanced one reason which Big Cat could not answer. He said that if they were going to torture their prisoner while they danced around the council fire, all of their tribe should be present; that not to wait would be a slight to many of their braves and young men who were now absent upon a hunting expedition, but would probably return that evening. Accordingly, it

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*There is some doubt as to the name of this chief, as he is usually mentioned in history as "the other chief," or the "rival chief."

was finally decided that the council should be postponed until the following morning.

Hastings's position was one of conflicting emotions and feelings. He not only desired, but it was the object of his visit, to weaken Ogontz's influence, and induce the Ottawas to declare war against the Americans; but at the same time he was shocked and horrified at the thought of torturing and murdering Johnson, although he considered him his bitterest foe.

But, thinking that something might arise that would enable him to see his way more clearly out of the terrible dilemma in which he was placed, he used his influence to delay the council, as also did Jim Jenks, the white man, who was with the marauding party, and who first accosted Charlotte at the time of her capture. He was none other than the wretch who, after being summarily punished for his insulting remarks about Ruth at Fort Meigs, had deserted to the British. He had his own sinister motives for desiring delay.

The Indians are usually described as watchful and vigilant; but this is only true when they have reason to suspect danger. The Indian, when on the war-path and surrounded by foes, is seldom led into a trap or ambuscade, seldom taken by surprise. But the moment apparent danger is over, his natural indolence causes him to relax his vigilance, and few, if any, sentinels watch his campfire or village.

So in the present case, as they felt secure from chase or attack, little vigilance was exercised. The evening was warm and pleasant, and as the night advanced the fires burned low. Henry cautiously

crept towards the camp, anxiously searching everywhere for a sight of Charlotte and Johnson. At length he discovered Charlotte sitting beside a tree. Around her were a number of sleeping squaws and Indian girls. By the light of a dying fire near her, he could distinctly see her face. Her eyes were red with weeping, the look of anguish and sorrow on her face filled his heart at once with love, sympathy, anger, and a determination to rescue her or die.

Just at this moment he saw the form of a man slowly and silently approaching her. As this man drew near to Charlotte, Henry could, by the dim light, distinguish his features, and was horrified when he noticed that it was Jim Jenks, the deserter. As he saw this wretch move up to Charlotte and address her, although he could hear nothing, an involuntary shudder passed over him. Henry had crept cautiously and noiselessly along on the ground, drawing his gun with him, and as he saw Jenks address Charlotte, his first impulse was to shoot him; but his better judgment prevented, and he simply watched and waited.

Jenks seated himself close beside Charlotte, and, assuming an affectionate, loving manner, said: "Miss Wright, do not look so sad; you will not be hurt. I would sooner cut off my hands than injure a hair of your head, my sweet angel." At the same time he moved a little closer to her. A look of intense disgust and maidenly anger spread over her features, and she replied, notwithstanding the dangers of her situation: "Your attentions are unpleasant. The greatest favor you can bestow upon me will be to leave me at once." Not the least disconcerted, he simply smiled, and said:

"O, now, my dear, do not get angry. I know you have had an unpleasant trip; but it will soon be over. While it has pained me to see you in trouble, I have done all this out of my love for you." She made no reply, and he, thinking, as low instincts often do, that Charlotte, like all women, was weak and senseless enough to enjoy his flattery, continued: "I will take you, my dear, to Canada, and there you can become the sweetheart of James Jenks, the great Indian scout. It will be an honor to be mine."

Her looks and feelings of disgust were not only intensified, but mingled with shame and horror, and she replied: "Miserable wretch, leave me alone. I would sooner be tortured by the savages than to receive your vile attentions. I consider the worst savage that stalks these woods far better than such a wretch as you. You are a disgrace to your sex and your race."

His smile grew sinister, and he assumed a different rôle. "You are not very flattering in your remarks, my sweetness. Perhaps you do not fully realize where you are, or who I am. Jim Jenks is not so easily thwarted. I know what is the matter with you. You are in love with that white-livered, berry-picking beau of yours. Well, miss, I 'll tell you one thing. After tomorrow there will not be enough left of him to dream about." She shuddered. "Do you know what we will do with him? Just what you Puritans do with sheep that the wolves have bitten. We will fry his hide for tallow." Charlotte trembled. The cold drops of perspiration stood upon her face.

At this recital, knowing as she well did the cruel

fate that often met Indian captives, and besides, feeling as though, by her just but not judicious anger, she had perhaps lessened Dinsmore's chance of escape, she replied, in a milder tone, suppressing with all the will-power she could muster the intensity of her feelings: "What do you mean by that, Mr. Jenks?"

"I mean just what I say. To-morrow morning we will set fire to some dry wood, and place that white-livered gallant of yours in the flame, and see whether he is so green that he won't burn. I guess he is pretty green; but green wood often makes the best fire when once you get it hot enough."

"O, Mr. Jenks," she said, while every nerve and fiber in her body trembled; "you would not allow anything so dreadful as that, would you?"

"How do you know I can prevent it?"

"I am sure you can," she replied.

A smile of almost diabolical triumph came over his face, for he wanted her to believe that Johnson's life was wholly in his hands. For then he felt certain that he could accomplish his purpose, as he had no conception of the nobility and heroism of a true woman.

"My dear," he replied, again assuming his former manner, "I can save your friend's life, and upon one agreement I will. We will now see what your friendship is worth. If you will promise to be mine, he lives a free man. If you refuse my love, I will not lift a finger to save him, and by to-morrow at this time there will not be enough left of him to make fish-bait. You will have the pleasure of seeing him fry in the flames, and realize, as you see him writhing and suffering, that you might have saved him. And you will not

even have the satisfaction of knowing that he is looking at you; for first we will use some of these coals of fire upon those eyes of his that you think so sweet. Now, it is for you to say whether he suffers, burns, dies before to-morrow noon, or lives. His fate is in your hands. If you promise to be mine, he shall go free. If you refuse, you know the results." *

She did not reply. Her bosom heaved, her frame shook like a leaf in the wind. Her choking sobs and suppressed groans would have softened the heart of the worst savage; for, except when excited by war or anger, the tears of woman will generally move to sympathy the Indian heart.

Henry had been intently watching this conversation, and although he could not hear it, he divined in part its purpose, and it was with difficulty that he could restrain his feelings. Twice he raised his gun, and notwithstanding his great control over himself, he might have shot had it not been for fear of injuring Charlotte. But just at this moment, while Charlotte was so bewildered, so agitated with the violence of her feelings and the terrible alternative that had been placed before her, that she seemed almost dazed, a new idea came to his mind.

When making visits at his uncle's and calling upon Charlotte, he had often announced his coming (more for boyish love of making a noise than anything else) by imitating the whistle of the quail. As Charlotte was struggling with the intensity of her feelings, there

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* The reader may think the speaker has painted Jenks too black, but for his historical counterpart in cruelty, we need only to refer to the infamous Simon Girty, who lived in Ohio at a little earlier date.

came twice in succession the sharp, clear, and distinct whistle of a quail. Then a few moments' silence, and the whistle was repeated. Charlotte, notwithstanding her intense suffering, heard this whistle. She listened, but without pretending to listen. In a few moments it was again repeated. There could be no mistake. Henry was near her. He was watching her. This knowledge changed every thought and feeling. As a tired, shipwrecked sailor, who has buffeted with the waves until he is ready to give up in despair and sink, suddenly and unexpectedly touches a buoyant float, and hears the approach of a rescuing boat, so this knowedge of Henry's presence came to her. She felt safe. She did not stop to think how he could rescue or save her. But he was near, and with that sublime confidence that woman places in man, she looked up calmly, and said: "Mr. Jenks, I will give you my answer to-morrow morning."

Jenks had enough crafty cunning to know that delay was dangerous to his hopes, and he replied: "To-morrow will be too late. I must have my answer now."

Just then Jenks noticed that the squaws near him had been wakened by Charlotte's sobs, and were taking a kindly, womanly interest in her sorrows, and were looking at him angrily and suspiciously. At the same time Henry noticed another man moving towards the light, near where Charlotte and Jenks were seated. When Henry observed this man's features, his surprise and astonishment was still further increased, for he discovered that the new-comer was Lieutenant Hastings. Upon the sight of Hastings, Jenks stepped

around the tree at the foot of which he had been seated, and disappeared into the woods and darkness. The most bitter dose often leaves behind a lingering taste of sweetness. The darkest night is brightened by the lightning's flash.

Henry had at first vaguely but correctly divined the nature of Jenks's and Charlotte's conversation; but the appearance of Hastings changed his views. And while it did not lessen his indignation, it must be confessed that he was a little pleased. Jenks had, as he now thought, been, by threats and promises, pressing Hastings's suit, which Charlotte had, in spite of danger, resisted with heroic, womanly courage. He also felt that she knew of his presence, and that it had given her new hope in her fearful trial. Henry now firmly believed that the whole raid had been planned by Hastings, in order to get control of Charlotte. "Miserable wretch," he said to himself. "I ought to have shot him at Frenchtown. Coward that he is, he did not have the brazen courage to threaten the poor girl himself, but had that miserable Jenks do his villainous work. Thank God, he will not succeed, and I will live to punish him yet as he deserves."

Jenks had been gone but a few moments, when Hastings, who had noticed, as well as Henry, the conversation between Jenks and Charlotte, and also guessed its import, approached Charlotte, first bowing to the Indian women, and said, "Miss Wright, I believe." His voice startled her. She looked up, and recognized the one whose picture she had so long hung in Memory's gallery. But it was not with a look of joy or pleasant surprise, but with an expression

of terror. The dream, the vision of the river Raisin, was again before her eyes; only it was no longer a dream, but an intense and dreadful reality. "Another monster come to torment me," she thought. She trembled, but made no reply. Hastings looked at her a moment. "She hates me," he thought; and as he gazed at her sweet face, he felt again the emotions that had often filled his soul in the past; only they were more keen than ever before. "She is not to blame for feeling as she does, but I will try to assuage her grief," he said to himself. Then addressing her, he said: "Miss Wright, I am, it is true, one of your country's foes; but, believe me, I am an honorable soldier. May I ask you what that man Jenks was saying to you that caused you so much pain. Upon the honor of a man and a soldier, you can trust me."

"Can I trust a man," she said, bitterly, "who murders in cold blood helpless prisoners?"

A cloud passed over his face. Henry noticed it with a feeling of pleasure. Hastings asked, with some warmth, what she meant, adding: "Such a charge is not just, even to an enemy."

"How about the cruel slaughter at Frenchtown?"

"The Indians only were guilty of those dreadful atrocities," he replied.

"Did not the British officers encourage them, and you yourself among the number?"

"It is not for me to criticise my superiors," he answered; "but I will confess that the events of that dreadful day I can not excuse."

"Did not you and two of your fellow-officers look on at that bloody massacre, and did not you raise your

hands and urge on the savages in their bloody, cruel work?"

Hastings did not reply at once. He did not at first understand to what she referred. But after a moment's thought, the scenes of that terrible day so impressed on his mind, brought to his recollection the events to which she evidently alluded, and he answered: "Miss Wright, you wrong me. I assure you, by all I hold most dear and sacred, that I had no part in the foul deeds of that day. I stood with two fellow-officers a reluctant witness of that cruel slaughter, and at the time of which you speak I raised my hand towards heaven, not to incite the savages, but in telling my comrades that there was a God on high who would avenge such inhumanity. War at best is cruel; but that was not war—it was murder. And often when I go into battle the events of that day arise before my eyes, and sometimes it almost makes me a coward, as I fear God will smite my country and its cause in expiation of that terrible crime. O, I wish this cruel, useless war was at an end! But tell me, what did Jenks say, unless it be something that you think you ought not repeat?"

Charlotte then told him of Jenks's cruel, terrible threats.

Charlotte was at all times, if not what you might call beautiful, a handsome, sweet-faced girl; but as she sat where the dim light cast its mellow rays upon her sad face, her cheeks flushed with sorrow, fear, and anger, her large hazel eyes brightened with excitement and glistening with tears, her luxuriant brown hair slightly disheveled and falling down her back,

the surroundings, the intensity of her feelings, all heightened to an unusual degree her real beauty; and besides, there is nothing that so captivates a brave and sympathetic man as a handsome woman bathed in tears and flushed with sorrow. That picture, which had been so often before his eyes, that being whose remembrance had so often filled his mind, never appeared so sweet, so attractive, so beautiful before. His indignation at the detestable cruelty and vileness of Jenks was so intense that, had Jenks been present, he would have been in immediate danger of his life. But in his love for the sad, beautiful being before him, Hastings forgot that her anxiety for Dinsmore (whom he believed she loved) was only what any true woman would have manifested under like circumstances for a brave, unfortunate man; and her plainly-expressed desire to save Dinsmore's life aroused in Hastings's bosom some pangs of jealous hatred. But his better nature soon gained the mastery, and he said, with a decisive energy that took a load of sorrow and anxiety from Charlotte's sad heart: "That villain Jenks can neither hasten nor prevent Dinsmore's death. Jenks is a despicable wretch, who deserves a thousand deaths. Dinsmore shall not suffer if I can prevent it, and I think I can." And then he added, with a slight feeling of pleasure: "There is one thing I want you to remember, and that is, that Jenks is not a Canadian nor an Englishman, but an American, a deserter from Fort Meigs. But I must bid you good-night." As he turned to go, Charlotte, with a changed manner, said: "O, Mr. Hastings, I can not tell you how grateful I am for your kindness."

During all this time Henry had been watching this conversation. He was perplexed. He could not divine or guess the result of the interview; but he was pleased when it terminated, and soon after he drew himself away some distance from the camp, secreted himself in a clump of bushes, and, with that control over his feelings that we have noticed in men accustomed to danger and excitement, he lay down, and soon fell asleep.

Chapter XIII

THE next morning the Indians were stirring at an early hour. Part of the squaws and girls were engaged in preparing the morning meal, part in clearing off the brush and fallen limbs from a space about fifty or sixty feet square under some large trees near where the great tabernacle at Lakeside now stands.

The day was not far advanced when the two tribes gathered together in this cleared space, upon which a covering of leaves had been spread. The more prominent and older men, and also the two white men, being in the center, the younger men next, and then the boys, and lastly, the women, all being seated upon the ground, the boys and women listening, but taking no part in the council. Before it began many of the Indians took a small drink of fire-water, stolen during their last raid. Fortunately, the supply of fire-water was very small, and most of the Indians were not affected by it.

Among the savages, besides age, which they venerated, there were two qualities that gave a man special influence in the council of his tribe. One was skill in hunting, bravery and success in war. The other was his eloquence, that talent which, among all people, gives its possessor power and influence, but much more where all meet in common council, and not only decide questions of importance promptly and immediately, but are largely controlled by their momentary impulses, feelings, and passions.

No sooner were the Indians seated than Big Cat called upon Ogontz to express his views as to what should be done with the prisoners.

This was the main purpose for which the council was called, although all knew that upon the fate of the prisoners would also hang the decision between peace and war. Ogontz, with apparent deference for Big Cat, replied that he who captured the prisoners should be first heard from as to their disposal. Big Cat feared the eloquence and persuasive power of Ogontz, and was totally ignorant of the position Ogontz would take, except that he was opposed to war and the torture and murder of prisoners. Big Cat desired war more than he did the torture of Dinsmore. He knew that should Dinsmore be killed, war would be the inevitable result, and, besides, he felt that upon the outcome of the deliberation of the council depended his influence with the tribes. Like many a white man under similar circumstances, he took another drink of whisky, rose in the council, and began by recounting the many wrongs the Indians had received at the hands of the Americans, and how the Americans were increasing day by day, becoming each year more and more powerful. Once the Indian roamed the forests and built his wigwam where he pleased; he danced before war-fires along every stream and on the shores of all the lakes; the woods were full of game, and the red man was happy. All is now changed; the Americans have the best of the land; our braves no more dance around the war-fire; game, the red man's food, feeds the whites. Shall we not fight for our homes, our food, our

wives and children? Our young men have captured a paleface girl. If any of them desire to take her to his wigwam, let him do so. She shall become his bride; but if not, let her help our squaws dress the game and raise the corn.* What shall we do with the young man? What did our forefathers do with their prisoners? They gave them over to the fire, to torture, and death, that the young men might learn to be brave in battle, skillful in retreat, cautious in attack, lest the same fate should await them. Let us stimulate the courage of our young men. Let the brave Ottawas dance once more around the red fires of war. Let their souls be nerved and their love of glory excited as they cast the burning darts at the writhing prisoner, and see the red flames drink the paleface's blood; then let us put on the war-paint, and, like our great ancestors, go forth to victory or death. Let us make the Ottawa's name once more a terror along the shores of the great lakes. Let him counsel peace whose craven heart fears danger, and who would be the American's slave."

Grunts of approval, Indian applause, greeted this speech.

As Big Cat sat down in the council, Ogontz rose with that gravity of manner which Indians always assume when in council unless excited or angry. He fully realized that it would require all his skill and eloquence to stem the tide of feeling against the prisoner and in favor of war. The scene, as he rose, was worthy the finest effort of the painter, the genius

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* This was the alternative usually presented to young female captives.

of the poet, and the best gifts of the orator. The sun, not yet halfway to the zenith, scattered its rays of light through the lofty trees, leaving, here and there, places shady and somber.

Around the great chief, ready to catch and weigh every word that escaped his lips, were the two tribes of the once great and still warlike Ottawas. Before him were the two prisoners—one a beautiful, sad-faced maiden; the other a brave, heroic young man. Upon the skill, eloquence, and persuasive power of the speaker, who had just risen in one of God's grandest temples, depended, not only the fate of the two prisoners, but the issue of war or peace. If he succeeded, peace would spread her wings over forest, stream, and island shores. If he failed, torture, bloodshed, murder, red-handed and cruel war, would build his death-fires in field and forest, beside running streams, and along broad bays and beautiful islands. The war-whoop of the savage would deaden the howl of the wolf, and the tears of the orphan would mingle with the sobs of the widow. The setting sun would look upon field and forest reddened by the flames of cruel war.

At the place where he rose, since then thousands have listened to words of inspiration and genius, falling from the lips of gifted divines and eloquent orators. Since then the sincere prayers of hundreds have ascended from that beautiful, forest-covered spot to the throne of the Father; but no prayer purer or freer from earthly dress has ever ascended to plead before the Great White Throne than the prayer that arose from the soul of that sweet, innocent girl-

prisoner. No words of greater pathos, of more simple, touching, and convincing eloquence have echoed among these trees than those of this preacher chief, warrior, and son of the forest. Poetry and eloquence flourished best in the early imaginative ages of men. Never has eloquence soared to such lofty heights or held so true and steady a wing as in the sylvan groves and forests, God's temples.

"Brave Ottawas, to-day we are to decide between peace and war. Like Big Cat, I am for war; but there is a time for all things. Do we hunt for fur in the hot summer time? Do our squaws gather berries amid the snows of winter? Big Cat tells us the Americans are like the leaves of the forest, and he asks if we shall wait until their numbers increase and they are still stronger. No! let us wait until they are weaker. The English and Americans are now engaged in a deadly struggle. When the great bald eagle and the fierce gray eagle rise into the air in mortal combat, and their wild screams are heard over the water from these shores to the tree-covered islands, does the wise hawk join in the struggle? No! He watches the combat while his bright eyes glisten with pleasure, until, at length, victor and vanquished fall exhausted. He then buries his talons in his helpless foe and soars proudly to his mate with the prey over which the eagles have fought. Shall we be less wise than the birds of the air? Ottawas, be wise as you are brave, and when the fighting English and Americans are exhausted, then will we sound the Ottawa war-cry from shore to shore, then will we redden field and forest with

the lurid fires of war, and, like the wise hawk, bear home to our wives and maidens the scalps of victory and glory. But more. How often, since by your adoption I became an Ottawa, has my heart throbbed with just pride as I listened to your war-songs and heard of the great deeds of your brave fathers. Need I recount, even to your children, how, in times past, the Ottawa panther hunted both beasts and men from the mouth of the Ottawa River to the great bay to the north, and the broad lakes to the south and west? As when in the night in the dark forest the angry cry of the panther is heard, the deer flee, the moose trembles, and even the wolf ceases to howl: so once, when the Ottawa panther sounded his war-cry and built his red fires in the great forests of the North, the wild beasts hid, the palefaces trembled, and the red men fled. Ottawas, whose fires now light these forests? Who now feeds upon the fish drawn from these clear, cool streams? Who now chases the giant moose through these great forests and strengthens his arm and gladdens his heart by its fat, luscious meat? Who now plows the fields where lie the bones of our fathers? It is not the American, but the English palefaces. O Ottawas, how often, when I have listened to the glorious deeds of your fathers, have I wished that I had been born an Ottawa! And to-day, here in the presence of the Great Spirit, the Father of the Ottawas, we have been urged by an Ottawa, by one born an Ottawa, to become the friends and allies of the despoilers of our homes, of those who crushed our noble fathers. Ottawas, how the Great Spirit must

have looked down in sorrow and anger upon his children when he heard those words! Besides, you ask what shall be done with the prisoners, a pale-faced maiden and her lover. Do you remember—if not, brave Ontagon does—when fishing at the mouth of the Huron River, the Great Spirit breathed upon the waters, and the wind made mountains out of the angry waves, and Ontagon's light canoe was dashed against the great rocks, and his first-born was struggling helplessly in the mad waves? Who saved that boy, who brought back from the cruel waters that father's son? It was the father of this palefaced maiden. Shall an Ottawa father be so forgetful? When his boy brings home the first spoils of the chase, when he first starts out upon the war-path to make the name of his father and his tribe glorious, shall that father say to the Great Spirit, 'In return for that boy's life I plucked out the eyes of my benefactor?'

"Ontagon, Ottawas, let us be consistent! If the Ottawa spirit is so dead, if we have fallen so low as to join hands, as to become the friends and allies of the despoilers of our homes, those who destroyed our noble fathers, let us also be so forgetful as to strike the hand that gave us back our boy. As I look into your eyes, as I see shining through them the spirit of our fathers, I can not believe that there is one among your number so dead to honor, who has fallen so low, who has become so craven, as to vote to strike a benefactor or to join hands with those who ruined our homes and crushed our venerated fathers. My only hope is, that when you decide

these questions, you will so decide as not to sadden the souls of our fathers or displease the Great Spirit above, the Father of the Ottawas."

After Ogontz sat down the grunts of approval were so general that Big Cat perceived that the persuasive eloquence of Ogontz had, in all probability, saved the lives of the prisoners; and besides, Ontagon, who was an influential brave in Big Cat's party, rose at once, and cried out: "I say let the girl go. If she is kept a prisoner, I shall turn over my son to her father as a hostage. It shall not be said that I am so forgetful as to pluck the fairest rose from the bush that saved the life of my first-born!"

At this moment took place an event that suddenly broke up all further proceedings of the council. It was an event which sometimes, though seldom, occurred in Indian deliberations, and would not, in all probability, have taken place at this time but for the white man's fire-water. Just as Ontagon sat down Big Cat arose, and walked slowly, and with apparently no object in view, towards the spot where Ogontz was sitting, which was but a few feet from him. No sooner was Big Cat directly over Ogontz than he drew his knife, and, with a quick thrust, endeavored to plunge it into Ogontz's heart; but, fortunately, Ogontz was watching him closely, and mistrusted his movements, and, as Big Cat made the thrust with his knife, Ogontz, with a dextrous movement, seized the hand holding the knife, and, springing to his feet, thrust his own knife into the big chief, killing him almost instantly.

A scene of great excitement and confusion now

ensued. But I must turn a moment to Henry before speaking further of the Indians.

Just before the meeting of the council, in accordance with their previous arrangement, Navarre found Henry; but before their meeting, and in the morning, while it was still dark, Henry had accidentally discovered an Indian canoe some distance from the camping-ground, and had brought it up opposite the camp and carefully concealed it under some boughs that hung over the water's edge.

After Henry and Navarre met, they cautiously, and noiselessly as Indians, crept near the council, and watched its proceedings. Navarre, who understood much of what was being said, would occasionally whisper a word of interpretation into Henry's ear. When Ogontz sat down, Navarre watched the faces of the Indians for a few moments, and then whispered to Henry, "They are safe." Then came the unexpected turn in affairs, the killing of Big Cat.

Henry whispered to Navarre while all was in confusion in the Indian camp: "Now is the time to rescue Dinsmore and Charlotte Wright. They will certainly be killed during this angry excitement."

But Navarre, who knew the Indian character and traits much better than Henry, said: "No, they are in no danger at present; let us wait."

Indian law was prompt, and its execution swift. It was an eye for an eye, blood for blood, and a life for a life, with no palliation or excuse except in case of self-defense, and that must be plain, and absolutely necessary. There was among the Indians

none of the modern "law's delay." The excitement caused by Big Cat's death very soon subsided.

Ogontz was soon seen to leave the council. He proceeded a few rods into the woods, and sat down upon a log, and, with the stoical indifference beneath which an Indian conceals his feelings, he seemed perfectly unconcerned. One of the oldest men in the tribe made a motion as if pushing something from him, and the women, boys, and girls immediately left the council. Let it, however, be said in justice to Indian laws, that had a woman been slain by another woman, the women alone would have sat in council.

Dinsmore, during all this time, was securely bound. Charlotte was, however, unbound and free, but she knew that she was watched, and that it would be useless for her to make any attempt to escape.

As the women left the council, Charlotte, who, by the same means as in the night before, was aware of Henry's presence, wandered slowly and to all appearances aimlessly in the direction where she thought Henry was concealed; but, as the Indian women remained near her, she was very cautious. As she approached a big tree, at the base of which there were a number of bushes, a twig apparently fell from the tree; but it caught her eye, and she noticed a small piece of paper attached to it. She did not immediately pay any attention to this twig; but after the lapse of some little time she bent over and indifferently picked it up, and, running her hand over it, detached a note, which, by a little care, she was soon after enabled to read. It simply said: "If an alarm is given, run

straight for the lake. Under the big tree that overhangs the water is a canoe.—HENRY."

The trial of Ogontz lasted for perhaps an hour. It was nearly noon when two men were seen to approach Ogontz, directly towards his face. As Navarre noticed this, he said: "The trial has ended in Ogontz's favor. His deed has been adjudged necessary. They have determined that he killed Big Cat in self-defense; for, had the decision been otherwise, instead of going up to him in front, they would have passed around and approached him from behind, and with one blow of the tomahawk would have killed him." This was the Indian method of punishment, and the chiefs were treated the same as the other members of the tribe.

"Ogontz is safe," said Navarre; "but now the prisoners are not. Big Cat's friends and relatives will demand blood, and, as they can not take Ogontz's life, they will take Dinsmore's. They are not armed. We can now take them completely by surprise. There is at least a fair show of success. You proceed cautiously to the canoe, have everything in readiness, and I will slip up and cut Dinsmore's bonds. All depends upon our coolness and quickness."

Henry crept along carefully, keeping behind the trees; but, as the women were scattered around, one of them accidentally discovered him, and at once raised a cry; but at that instant Navarre rushed forward, and in a second was beside Dinsmore, and it was but the work of a moment to cut his bonds. Charlotte, accustomed to the woods and fields, could run almost as fast as a man, and at the instant of the alarm

she started at full speed for the shore of the lake, Dinsmore and Navarre following as rapidly as possible. When he reached the lake, Navarre saw in an instant that the canoe would not safely hold more than three.

Henry was already in the canoe, and as Charlotte and Dinsmore sprang in, Navarre gave it a push out into the water, and the three were soon moving rapidly across the lake for Put-in-Bay Island, where they believed they would find the fleet of Commodore Perry.

Navarre disappeared into the woods, with the Indians in hot pursuit; but no Indian was ever swift enough to catch Peter Navarre, and they soon returned from their vain effort to overtake the fleet-footed scout.

Owing to the delay caused by the pursuit of Navarre, before the Indians got fairly started the fugitives were far out in the lake. The little canoe looked almost like a speck upon the water, and had they decided to land at Catawba Island, they would have, in all probability, escaped; but as they saw no one following, they thought that they could easily reach Put-in-Bay. The distance from Lakeside to the south side of Put-in-Bay Island is between ten and eleven miles; but distances, especially in a clear autumn day, on the water are very deceptive, and it did not appear to those in the canoe to be more than half its real distance. They had proceeded about two miles, when Henry began to get a little short of breath, for at first he had paddled with all his might. He dropped his paddles, and closely examined the distant shore. At

length he said hastily, picking up his paddles, "The savages are following us."

Then commenced a race for life for Put-in-Bay! The pursued had a long start, but Johnson was not accustomed to the use of the paddle or oar, and in nothing is a novice more awkward than in the use of paddles, and besides, in their canoe were three persons, and in each of the pursuing canoes only two.

Charlotte was a strong, healthy girl, and somewhat accustomed to rowing, and assisted Henry as much as Johnson; but the distance was long, and it almost seemed as though the island was receding, they appeared to approach it so slowly, although they were really moving with very considerable speed. The Indians kept gaining, and drawing nearer and nearer. It was not only a race for life; but it was more. For Henry it was a race for the honor and happiness of the girl he loved. For all it was an escape not only from death, but from cruel torture. Great drops of perspiration stood on Henry's and Dinsmore's faces. Their hats and coats were thrown aside, and their hunting shirts were fairly wet. Charlotte, too, was working with all her might, her face flushed with labor and excitement.

Nearer drew the island, nearer drew the pursuers. Faster and faster rushed on the canoes. Upon reaching Stone's Cove, Henry's first thought was to land there; but he feared they would certainly be overtaken before they could cross the island. His resolution was instantly made, and without stopping for a single second they pressed on along the south side of the island, rounded its southwest corner, expect-

ing, or at least hoping, to discover on that side some of Perry's fleet. But as the canoe turned the rocky coast at that point the pursuers were close upon the pursued, and none of Perry's fleet were in sight. There was only one possible chance of escape.

Henry determined to seek at least temporary shelter, and to give the alarm to the Americans, whom he believed to be in Put-in-Bay harbor. If you have ever viewed the rugged, picturesque shores of the island from that point, you have noticed where the fury of the waves has washed out large caves or water-caverns under the overhanging rocks that are beyond the fury of the waves, and under which one can row a small boat. After the waves have once started to wear away the rocks, they dash up highest where they receive the greatest resistance, so that where you enter one of these caves the rocks are little above the water; but further back they have been washed out for some height, and at that time, owing to the forest-trees that grew close to the shore, these caverns were much deeper than they are now. When in front of one of these, Henry suddenly wheeled his boat abruptly around, dropped his paddle for a moment, raised himself in his seat, and shot his gun into the air, and at the same time he and Johnson hallooed with all their might. They then sat down as quickly as they had risen, and with a few quick strokes of the paddle his boat shot abruptly towards the shore, apparently as though he was running right into the ragged rocks.

Charlotte and Johnson were at a loss to account for his strange actions; but neither said a word. "Lie down quick," said Henry, as the bow of the boat had

almost reached the rocky shore. At the same moment all bent forward, so low as to be but little above the top of the canoe. In another instant they had disappeared from the view of their pursuers, and were within this water-washed cavern. The surprise and astonishment of Hastings and Jenks is difficult to describe; but not so with the Indians. They were well acquainted with the coast, and knew the cause of the canoe's strange disappearance, and soon explained it. The Indians stopped paddling, believing they were sure of their prisoners; but Hastings instantly perceived the reason of Henry firing into the air, and of his and Johnson's loud cries. He knew the Americans were upon the other side of the island, and that if they had heard the gun or the cries they would soon investigate the cause.

"We must take them at once," said Hastings to the Indians; "before assistance arrives."

The Indians shook their heads.

"Two brave men can kill twenty who may attack them. This man Wright," said one of the Indians, "we know. He and Navarre are the bravest and most dangerous pale faces in all this country. Wright is as strong as two Indians, and I was at the battle of Fort Meigs. The other is the man who made the terrible ride, and caused our defeat."

This knowledge was imparted to Hastings and Jenks in very broken English, but distinctly enough for them to understand. The Indians rowed their boats close together, and held a short consultation, in which it was determined to land, and go upon the bank, and watch the cavern from above.

It was decided that it would be useless to attack Dinsmore and Wright where they were. One of the Indians, who could talk considerable English, said to Hastings: "The woods are thick, the island is large, and the lake is broad. The Americans have heard nothing. We will watch and wait, and unless assistance comes we will take the prisoners alive. Ogontz is not here; we will now have two prisoners instead of one."

The fugitives waited anxiously for some noise that would inform them of the approach of some of Perry's men; but they watched and waited in vain.

"They did not hear us," at length said Henry.

"O," said Dinsmore, "to think that our friends are so near, and yet do not know of our danger!"

At length night came on. Alas! how circumstances make things appear so different! I have often thought how beautiful moonlight was upon the water; and here, where we get the full diversified beauty of the rocks, broken landscape, forest-trees, and shimmering water, a moonlight evening is the perfection of ideal loveliness; but it was very different to the cave-imprisoned fugitives. Had the night been dark they would have at least attempted to escape; but it was a bright, clear, beautiful, moonlight evening, and on the water almost as light as day. Escape was impossible. Had Henry and Johnson been there alone it would have been different. Henry knew that if the wind should happen to rise in the night their light canoe would be dashed to pieces by the force of the waves surging up into the cavern. After thinking for some time, Henry said: "Johnson, you and I can swim; but Charlotte can

not. If the wind should rise, and our boat be dashed to pieces, she would inevitably drown, and perhaps we should suffer the same fate. I do not believe that the savages will torture or kill us while the Americans are so near, and I think we had better surrender and trust to circumstances or fate, with the hope that some way we shall escape, for to remain here means Charlotte's certain death, and perhaps our own."

After some further earnest and thoughtful consultation, it was determined that it would be best to surrender. Accordingly, they slowly paddled out of the cave, and were immediately surrounded by Indian canoes, and quietly gave themselves up as prisoners. It was already getting late, the Indians were tired, and Henry and Johnson were securely bound, and sentinels kept watch. Charlotte was not bound, and she apparently had her liberty; but it was only so as long as she made no attempt to escape.

While Charlotte had begun to have less fear for herself, her sorrows and anguish of the preceding night were in some respects intensified by the thought that Henry was also a prisoner, and that his cruel position was the result of his bravery and devotion to herself and his friend Johnson; but she knew that the Americans were in close proximity, and she hoped that something would develop, by which they could effect their escape before another day had passed. Johnson and Henry both fully realized the critical position in which they were placed, and they believed that much would depend upon the result of the coming conflict, although they did not know that it would take place so soon.

Thus, with great anxiety, mental and physical suffering, they being painfully bound, the night was passed.*

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* The intelligent reader will readily perceive that there is much in this, and the preceding chapter, that is legendary and imaginary; but the killing of "Big Cat," the trial, life, and character of Ogontz, are purely historical. It may be interesting to note as illustrative of the character and beliefs of the Indian, that after killing "Big Cat," Ogontz adopted and reared his son, treating him with great kindness. Notwithstanding this fact, after the boy became a man—at an Indian Council held on the banks of the Maumee, between Toledo and the present village of Maumee—he killed Ogontz. Upon being accused by a white man of ingratitude, the young Indian replied, "Ogontz killed my father, and the Great Spirit said I must avenge my father's death."

Chapter XIV

EARLY the next morning a part of the Indians started out to fish, while a few guarded the prisoners, and a small party, with Lieutenant Hastings and Jenks, proceeded towards the Bay, to learn as much as possible of Perry's forces. This party cautiously moved through the thick woods along the westerly side of the island. They had proceeded about two-thirds of the way to the Bay, when, upon reaching a slight elevation on this rocky shore, Hastings drew from his pocket a small field-glass, and scanned the horizon in the direction of the mouth of the Detroit River. He almost immediately exclaimed, with some excitement: "They are coming; there will be a hot time on the lakes to-day."

The British squadron, under command of Commodore Barclay, was in sight, moving slowly towards Put-in-Bay. It was September 10, 1813—the most eventful day in the history of our great Northwest. The scouting party immediately returned to the south side of the island, and notified the others of the impending conflict. Soon afterwards a number of other canoes came over from the peninsula. A little later, all gathered along the western shore of the island, to watch the coming conflict. The vessels, comprising both the American and British fleets, were small, and rude affairs in comparison with the magnificent boats that plow these waters now; but to the Indians they looked like moving monsters.

Perry was expecting the conflict, and the night before had completed all arrangements for the great struggle, which should decide the supremacy of the lakes, and determine the ownership of the great Northwest. A lookout had been stationed at the highest point of the island of Gibraltar, at a spot now known as "Perry's Lookout." Just at sunrise, with the aid of his glasses, the lookout discovered in the distance the approach of the enemy. The cry of "Sail Ho" from the lookout was immediately followed by signals to the fleet: "Enemy in sight;" "Get under way."

The quiet of that still, beautiful September morning was broken by the loud shouts of the boatswains sounding through the fleet, and echoing along the forest shores the command, "All hands up," "Anchor ahoy." As the fleet moved slowly out of the bay the clouds overspread the sky, and rain began to fall; but this passed quickly away, and the sun shone out bright, clear, and serene.

As I have sailed around and among these islands, and gone over the course taken by Perry's fleet, I have often pictured to myself that morning scene. It must have been beautiful, almost enchanting, yet grand and terrible. Scarcely a ripple stirred the surface of the waters. The raindrops glistened in the sun. The dark-green and densely-wooded shores of Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass, Ballast, Green, and Rocky Islands, just slightly tinted with the hues of autumn, were reflected and repeated on the surface of the smooth lake. And these beautiful islands, scattered here and there, looked like great bouquets of tinted green placed on an immense mirror. The birds sang and twittered in the

tree-tops and in the air, and the squirrels chattered in the woods. The vessels of the fleet, with all their white sails stretched to the breeze, which just kissed them to a gentle flutter, scarcely moved on the quiet bosom of the lake.

The sounds of command ceased; an almost death-like stillness crept over the fleet. In the hour of battle, amid the shouts of officers and men, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the heart is fired to deeds of bravery and courage. But it is the calm, the awful stillness that precedes the dread hour of strife, when slowly, quietly, but surely drawing nearer and nearer the bloody struggle that tries the hearts and souls of men. Seldom, if ever, has history recorded a conflict begun amid more beautiful surroundings, or to which the approach was so quiet and peaceful.

The sun was but little above the water's edge when Perry's fleet weighed anchor. With both squadrons in full view of each other, the sun had nearly reached the meridian before the first roar of cannon broke the peaceful stillness of the scene. In these quiet hours, not only each officer but each man realized that the honor, the glory, and perhaps the destiny, of each nation depended largely upon the result of the coming conflict. The opposing fleets were almost equally matched, with a slight advantage in favor of the British. The British squadron consisted of only six boats, while the Americans had nine; but the British had over five hundred men, the Americans four hundred and ninety. But owing to the fact that a number were sick with malarial fever, not more than four hundred Americans were able to report for duty. The British

had seventy guns, the Americans fifty-six. Of long range guns they had thirty-six, we only fifteen. It was for this reason that Barclay, the British commander, wished to fight at long range, while Perry desired a close action.

At ten o'clock, as the fleets were so slowly approaching each other, Perry, who was upon the flagship *Lawrence*, ran to the masthead a blue banner, upon which, in large, white letters, were the supposed dying words of the brave Captain Lawrence, "Do n't give up the ship." These words could be plainly seen from every boat, and aroused the enthusiasm of the whole squadron to the highest pitch.

When the battle began, the *Lawrence* was in the lead. The wind was in the southwest, making the British fleet to the windward of the American, thus practically enabling Barclay to select his own distance for fighting with his superior long-range guns. The *Lawrence* was obliged to endure for forty minutes a terrible fire from the British fleet before she was able to return with effect a single shot.

Having gained a nearer position, the *Lawrence*, together with the *Scorpion* and *Ariel*, opened fire upon the British squadron. But the British long-range guns not only gave them great advantage, but they concentrated their fire upon the flagship. The English seemed determined to destroy the flagship and her gallant commander, and then to cut up the smaller boats of the squadron in detail. At one time no less than thirty-four out of their thirty-six heavy guns were brought to bear upon the *Lawrence*.

Perry signaled his fleet to move forward, and at-

tack the enemy at close quarters; but the wind was so light that their progress was exceedingly slow, and for nearly two hours the *Lawrence* was obliged to bear the brunt of a terrible fire of shot and canister from the greater portion of the British fleet. She was terribly shattered—her rigging shot away, her sails in shreds, her spars in splinters, and her guns dismounted. The carnage on her decks was fearful; so slippery were they with blood that they were sanded, in order to enable the survivors to stand.

At length, out of one hundred and three men and officers who went into the conflict, all but fourteen had been killed or wounded, and the last gun was fired by Perry himself, assisted by his purser and chaplain. A less resolute and courageous man would have pulled down his flag in despair. But at this critical moment, when it looked as though victory had already perched upon the British standard, the wind, by one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence that are hid from our wisdom, shifted from the southwest to the southeast, and at the same time materially freshened. By aid of this breeze, Captain Elliott was enabled to bring up his ship, the *Niagara*, one of the finest in the fleet.

At the same time, by one of those quick perceptions of genius which often come to great commanders at decisive moments, and which seem almost like inspiration, Perry determined at once to leave the *Lawrence*, and shift the squadron's banner to the *Niagara*. Taking his banner under his arm, he, with four soldiers and his young brother, jumped into a yawl, and was rowed swiftly to the *Niagara*, amid a shower of

Commodore Oliver H. Perry.

cannon-balls and musket-shot. Almost miraculously he reached that vessel in safety, and instantly raised the squadron's banner. At the same time he gave orders to make the bold and desperate attempt of breaking the enemy's line. The *Niagara* was a powerful brig, and uninjured. Besides, most of the other boats of Perry's fleet were but little injured, except the totally disabled *Lawrence*.

The *Niagara*, followed by all the rest of the American fleet, borne forward by the now favorable wind, pressed down between the six British vessels. Each American boat, as it passed in between the British, poured into the enemy's vessels, much of the time at a half pistol-shot distance, tremendous broadsides from its double-shotted guns, and also a deadly fire of musketry. So sudden, so unexpected, so terrific, were these destructive broadsides poured into the British vessels from so short a distance, and so sudden and unexpected had been the change in the tide of battle, that within an hour after Perry left the *Lawrence*, the *Detroit*, the British flagship, lowered her colors, and the other vessels of the British fleet soon followed her example.

As soon as Perry perceived that his victory was complete, he hastily wrote with a pencil on the back of a letter his famous dispatch to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours;" adding the number and character of the boats which the Americans had captured. He also wrote at the same time, and sent by the same messenger, a more elaborate and carefully-written dispatch, directed to the Secretary of War.

It is a curious fact that the hastily-penned dispatch to General Harrison has lived to become in our country a household expression, while the more elaborate and carefully-written one, addressed to the Secretary of War, has long since been forgotten.

Thus it is that sometimes the sudden, impulsive thought of the moment lives and goes on down the ages, while our more elaborate and carefully-prepared ideas are soon forgotten.*

Then the ceremony of taking possession of the conquered vessels, and receiving the formal submission of the vanquished, was performed. This took place on the battered flagship, and in the presence of her surviving officers and crew. "It was a time of conflicting emotions," says an eye-witness. "The battle was won; but the deck was slippery with blood and strewn with the bodies of officers and men, seven of whom had sat at the table together with the commanding officer at the last meal. Perry stood on the after-part of the deck, and his sad visitors were compelled to pick their way to him among the slain. He received them with dignity and unaffected kindness. As they presented their swords, with the hilts towards the victor, he spoke in a low tone, without the betrayal of the least exultation, and requested each to retain his weapon."

It is difficult for us to comprehend at the present time the important results of this battle, in many respects by far the most important of the entire war.

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*There is considerable descrepancy among different historical writers as to this battle, but I believe the foregoing account is correct, and more nearly reconciles these discrepancies than any other.

In order that we may better understand the feelings of the Nation at that time, I have an extract taken from a history written many years since, and while many of the participants in the battle on Lake Erie were still living, which reads as follows: "At the moment of the conflict on the lake, two armies, one on the north and the other on the south of the warring squadrons, were awaiting anxiously the result. Should the victory remain with the British, Proctor and Tecumseh were ready at Malden with their motley army, five thousand strong, to rush forward, and lay waste the entire frontier. All along the borders of the lake, within sound of the cannon in the battle (and they were heard from Malden to Cleveland), women with terrified children, and decrepit old men, stood listening with the deepest anxiety; for they knew not but with the setting sun they would be compelled to flee to the interior to escape the fangs of the red bloodhounds, who were ready to be let loose upon helpless innocence. . . . Happily for America—happily for the cause of humanity—the victory was with the Americans, and the savage allies of the British were not allowed to repeat the tragedies which they had already committed. Joy spread over the northwestern frontier as the glad tidings went from lip to lip. That whole region was instantly relieved of the most gloomy forebodings of coming evils. That victory led to the destruction of the Indian confederacy, overthrowing the British power in the country bordering on the upper lakes, and secured to America the whole northwestern frontier from British invasion and Indian depredations. From that moment no one doubted the

ability of the Americans to maintain the mastery of our great inland seas. The effect of this victory upon the whole country was electric and amazingly inspiring; the victory dissipated the gloomy forebodings caused by the failures of 1812, and kindled hope and joy over the land."

It is difficult, at this time, to imagine the exultation then felt and exhibited everywhere. Illuminations, bonfires, salvos of artillery, public dinners, orations, and songs were the visible indications of the popular satisfaction in almost every city, village, and hamlet within the bounds of the Republic. The newspapers teemed with eulogies of the victor and his companions, and the pulpit and rostrum were resonant with words of thanksgiving and praise. The lyre and the pencil made many contributions to the popular demonstrations of joy, and public bodies testified their gratitude by appropriate acts. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted thanks and a gold medal to Perry; also thanks and a silver medal to every man engaged in the battle. The corporate authorities of New York ordered the illumination of the city hall in honor of the victory; and the National Congress voted thanks and a gold medal to both Perry and Elliott, to be adorned with appropriate devices; and silver ones, with the same emblems, to the nearest male relatives of Brooks, Lamb, Clarke, and Claxton, who were slain. Three months' extra pay was also voted for each of the commissioned officers of the navy and army who served in the battle, and a sword to each of the midshipmen and sailing-masters "who so nobly distinguished themselves on that memorable occasion."

Only a few weeks after the victory, Washington Irving, in a chaste, biographical sketch of Commodore Perry, said: "The last roar of cannon that died along her shores was the expiring note of British domination; and this victory, which decided the fate of the mighty empire, will stand unrivaled and alone, deriving luster and perpetuity in its singleness. In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with busy population; when towns and cities shall brighten where now extend the dark and tangled forests; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather round its history, then will the inhabitants look back to this battle we record as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends, and in the marvelous tales of the borders."

There was yet a sad service to be performed. The dead were still unburied. As twilight fell upon the bosom of the lake, amid its deepening shadows the bodies of all the slain, excepting the officers, were wrapped in shrouds, cannon-balls placed at the feet of each, then, after the close of a beautiful and impressive service, one by one all that remained of the dead heroes was quietly dropped into the clear, calm waters of the lake.

"'Neath the darkness of Erie now slumber the brave,
In the bed of its waters forever they rest;
The flag of their glory floats over their grave,—
The souls of the heroes in memory are blest."

But I must now call your attention to the prisoners on the south side of the island. As we have already seen, when they learned of the approaching conflict all assembled on the west shore to watch the struggle. The opposing forces were plainly seen between Rocky and Green Islands. As the fleets slowly approached each other, the feelings of suppressed anxiety on the part of all the whites was intense, while the Indians looked on with indifference, yet with a sort of awe, as they saw those great vessels slowly approaching each other to engage in the terrible struggle. When the cannonading began, the Indians were greatly impressed with the grandeur of the scene and the appalling noise of the great guns which, reverberating over the still waters, seemed like the roar of thunder.

Soon the smoke became so thick and dense that it hung like a black pall over the combatants, nearly shutting them out of view. When the wind shifted to the southeast, the contending squadrons were borne still further away from the island. This, together with the dense smoke that filled the air at the time of the final fierce onslaught of the Americans, when eight out of the nine vessels of the fleet were using every gun, made it impossible for those upon the shore to determine the result of the battle. Suddenly the firing ceased, followed by a calm, which, by contrast, seemed a deathlike stillness. The battle was over; but who were the victors? The Indians looked at the black cloud that hung over the waters with eager curiosity, mingled with awe. All of the whites awaited a knowledge of the result, with feelings of anxiety and suspense that can hardly be realized.

While all eyes were intently fixed upon the black cloud, anxiously waiting for it to rise and show which flag was victorious, Charlotte quietly pulled from her pocket a pair of scissors, and cut the bonds that tied both Johnson and Henry, who were sitting just in front of her. No sooner were they unbound than they slowly arose and stood upon their feet for a moment, still looking at the great cloud, and as though still fast in their fetters.

The cloud was rising. Hastings was looking at the dimly-seen boats through his field-glass, when a look of sudden pain passed over his hitherto anxious, but hopeful and expectant face. Henry, who was watching him, knew at once that the Americans were victorious. Now was the time to make a dash for liberty, warn the Americans, and afterwards rescue Charlotte. At a slight motion from Henry, he and Johnson sprang into the woods with some forty Indians and Jim Jenks in hot pursuit. Johnson, as we have seen, was not yet fully recovered. His ankle was still weak, and the Indians were too fleet for him, and he was soon overtaken.

Henry could have easily escaped, but he did not wish to abandon his friend; but finding that one or both must be taken, he left Johnson, with the intention of informing the Americans as soon as they should return to the bay, and thus rescue both Johnson and Charlotte. He had outstripped his pursuers, when, while running at full speed around a thick clump of bushes, he suddenly felt the ground give way, as it were, beneath his feet, and down he went, striking and bruising himself against the projecting rocks as he

tumbled into a deep cave, fortunately landing in a pool of clear, but cold water. The water preserved him from what might otherwise have been a fatal fall; but it was so cold that it sent a chill through every fiber. With great presence of mind he almost instantly seized hold of a projecting rock, and drew himself out of the water, and crawled to the upper side of the cave, or what might perhaps be called a natural well, and which, in many respects, seemed very much like one of those famous dennie-holes found in the north of England. Henry's pursuers saw him disappear, and their surprise at seeing him thus unexpectedly sink out of sight was as great as his when he fell.

His pursuers peered down into the cave, stepping carefully along one edge which was somewhat sloping, when Jenks, noticing the character of the cavern, said: "Well, let him stay there; he can never get out to trouble us again."

"No," said one of the Indians, "a turkey could not get out of that hole."

Hastings, who had not at first joined in the chase, as he now earnestly hoped the prisoners would escape—for he feared that they would be tortured and slain—had, upon a second thought, deemed it best to make an appearance of desiring to recapture them, also arrived at the cavern, and stood at its mouth, but said nothing. He had already formed his plans. Dinsmore and Charlotte were now both securely bound and a small guard placed over them, while the greater part of the Indians went fishing to obtain food for the evening meal.

In the meantime Hastings wandered, to all ap-

pearnces, aimlessly into the woods; but no sooner was he out of sight of the savages than he cautiously proceeded to the mouth of the cave, at the bottom of which lay Henry Wright, either dead or alive, he did not know which. In the meantime, Henry, wet and cold, had been vainly thinking of some way to get out, and escape the terrible death which he knew awaited him if he remained where he was; but he could conceive no possible method of escape, and he began to think that he must not only die of cold and hunger, but that he must leave Charlotte and Dinsmore in the hands of the savages.

As he began to yield to these gloomy forebodings, he heard a voice at the mouth of the cavern speaking very low, but distinctly, say, "Mr. Wright, are you seriously hurt?"

"No; I am not hurt; but it is impossible for me to get out," was the reply.

"Wait a few moments, and I will help you," answered the voice.

At that time wild grapes grew in abundance upon the island, as cultivated ones do now. After waiting in great suspense, and wondering how he was going to be assisted, Henry saw one end of a large grapevine slowly descending towards him. As the vine came within his reach, the same, to him mysterious, voice said, "Pull yourself out; I will hold this end of the line." By partially sustaining himself on the projecting rocks, Henry soon pulled himself out of his perilous position. As his head rose above the surface, what was his surprise to see, braced against a tree and holding the vine with all his strength, Lieutenant Hastings,

who was, as Henry had believed, the one who planned the Indian raid for the purpose of capturing Charlotte and torturing Dinsmore

His surprise was still greater when he was about to express his gratitude. Hastings, in a low voice, quickly said: "Run for your life across the island and warn your friends. The Indians, instigated by two or three of their number, and that wretch, Jenks, who is worse than any Indian, will, I fear, torture and kill Dinsmore, and perhaps Miss Wright, before assistance can reach them, unless it comes quick."

Without further words or reply, except a hasty return of thanks, Henry started as fast as his cold, stiff limbs could carry him for the harbor, and Hastings returned to the Indians and their prisoners.

At that time the waters around this island, which has for so long been a famous fishing-ground, were full of fish, and the Indians soon caught enough for their evening meal, and, on Hastings's return, the squaws were engaged in cooking the fish which had just been caught. Their meal consisted of the fish and green corn roasted on coals. As soon as they were through eating, the Indians gathered round the side of the natural amphitheater that we see before us between the hotel and the lake, the squaws and maidens being seated upon the highest part and farthest from the center. The red September sun was just sinking in a blaze of glory beneath the waters, tinting the skies with its crimson rays, while twilight, like a luminous mist, was settling down upon both land and water, and, just rising into view, the full moon

was silvering the ripples on the lake, which, as they danced in her beams, seemed like thousands of appearing and disappearing tiny shells of silver. In the tree-tops the moonbeams were just beginning to play hide-and-seek with the approaching night.

All round the sides of this natural forest-covered and forest-lined amphitheater the Indians started small but brightly-blazing fires.

Three Indians then brought Dinsmore into the center of this space, which had been cleared of all small sticks and bushes. Nearly in the center, at that time, was a small oak-tree about ten inches in diameter. Placing Dinsmore's back to this tree, they securely tied him, by means of narrow strips of untanned deerskin, tied around the tree and also around his waist. Hastings then saw, to his horror, that close to the tree was a large heap of dried twigs and branches, and, besides, four nearly straight poles, from six to eight feet long, and of a size convenient to be easily handled, and which were sharpened at one end. Close beside the tree was also a bright, blazing fire.

Hastings understood all too well the dreadful import of what he saw. He perceived plainly the intention of the savages, who were urged on in their hellish designs by Jenks, who hated Dinsmore as only such spirits of evil can. He hated Dinsmore for the reason that he believed that it was Charlotte's love for him that had caused her to resist and scorn his attentions, and, besides, he believed that Henry was lost forever in the cavern, and that Dinsmore was the only one who could inform the victorious Amer-

icans that Jenks was a deserter and a traitor. The Indians were not only determined to kill Dinsmore, but to torture him.

They intended to place the sharp ends of the four sticks or poles, that I have spoken of, into the fire which was burning so brightly close to the tree to which Dinsmore was bound, and when they were all aglow, and the ends burning like live and fiery coals, they intended to place the points against the sides and breast of the prisoner, and burn great holes into his seething flesh, and then, before the intense pain had too far benumbed and deadened his feelings, to set fire to the fagots which they had already begun to place around him; and, in order that the inhuman wretches might the more thoroughly enjoy his sufferings, writhings, and agony, they had, as the Indians always do in such cases, purposely left his head, legs, and arms entirely free.

Hastings now stepped forward into the center of this space and tried to induce the Indians to desist from their horrible designs. He used every argument that the intensity of his feelings enabled him to present. He also both threatened and made promises; but the savages ridiculed him, saying that he was neither able to carry out his threats nor his promises. They taunted him with being a coward, and said: "You British allowed the Indians to torture, slay, and scalp prisoners at Frenchtown when you were victorious. You are afraid of the Americans now that they have won. You would not have been so anxious to save the life of this prisoner if the British had been victorious. You are afraid the

Americans will have their revenge. We will show you that Indians are not as cowardly as white men. We are not afraid to torture this prisoner, even if the Americans are victorious." But, in fact, they were largely influenced by fear; for Jenks had told them that if they killed Dinsmore no one would know what Indians captured him, while if he lived to tell how he had been captured by the Ottawas, the Americans would wipe out the whole tribe. Hastings soon realized that his efforts were useless; yet he talked and pleaded as long as possible, hoping, every moment, that Henry and the Americans would appear; but at length, fearing that the Indians might become suspicious if he attempted further delay, he seated himself upon the ground a few feet above the roots of the tree to which Dinsmore was fastened.

The Indians, unaware of Henry's escape, and that he might soon return with assistance, proceeded with great deliberation in their preparations for Dinsmore's torture and death. They seemed to take a cruel pleasure in slowly parading before their victim all their various plans of torture. From the slight elevation upon which Hastings was seated he could distinctly see every movement of the savages. Twice he had instinctively and furtively glanced at Charlotte, who had been purposely seated among the squaws on the edge of the bank in full view of Dinsmore. She sat with her head drooped low, and her face covered with her hands; but he could plainly see that she was convulsed with terror and anguish. Her whole frame quivered with fear and agony. His thoughts came rapidly, as they usually do to men

under such circumstances of excitement. He felt that Wright would arrive too late to save Dinsmore. He tried to satisfy his own conscience. He said to himself: "I have done my whole duty; I have saved Wright's life in return for the debt of gratitude I owe to him and his sister for their kindness to my brother at Fort Stephenson;" for the young Canadian officer whose arm Ruth, with Henry's assistance, had saved, was Hastings's brother. "Besides, I have tried to induce the Indians to spare Dinsmore's life, and, without any fault of mine, I will soon see him out of my path. Wright will appear in time to rescue her, and she can not but be thankful to me for saving her cousin's life, and, by this means, effecting her own escape"—he having no idea that his real rival was Wright. But his conscience kept telling him that he would be a coward if, without any further attempt to prevent it, he should allow the Indians to torture and murder Dinsmore; but his mind went back over the past, and he answered his conscience by saying: "Did not Dinsmore insult and injure me in the woods at Cleveland? Did he not attempt to kill me in the forest on the banks of the Detroit River? Yes, he first tried to rob me of my honor and my manhood, and then of my life. Let him suffer, he deserves it; and when he is gone, there will be no one to stand between me and Charlotte. Besides, I have already done more than my duty. It is not my fault if he dies. Not even Charlotte can place the responsibility upon me." But his conscience was not satisfied. He looked again towards Charlotte, and this time she was

looking at him with a look of agony and supplication which seemed to say, Can not you do something to prevent this cruel torture? She looked at him for only a moment, but that one glance aroused his better nature and put new life into his soul, and a voice seemed to whisper into his ears so distinctly as to startle him: "Do you suppose Charlotte ever can, or ever will, love the cruel coward that stands idly by and sees a brave man tortured?" He thought of how he had been accused of cowardice in the woods at Cleveland. He thought of Frenchtown, and what he had told Charlotte of that dreadful day of blood and slaughter. He could almost hear his heart throb. Again his conscience said: "She will despise you if you stand idly by and see a brave man tortured; you will be unworthy of a true woman's love. Earn her love, not by removing your rival, but by showing her that you are a true and worthy man, that you are worthy of her love."

In an instant his resolution was formed, his better and nobler nature was completely triumphant. He felt the ecstasy of delight that conscience gives to every worthy soul that, in the trying hour of temptation, decides for the right. He said to himself: "I will at least prove myself worthy of her love; and if I die in trying to rescue this unfortunate man, she will always cherish my name and my memory. I will so act that if I fail, that if I meet death, and perhaps torture, she shall think of me by day and dream of my honor and heroism by night." Love was victorious. There was no more hesitation. He coolly

watched the savages as they proceeded with their preparations for torture.* The poles had been placed in the fire, and their ends were becoming burning coals. A movement of the savages told him that he could wait no longer; the time for action had come. He sprang forward, and before the Indians could prevent it—so sudden and unexpected was his movement—he cut the bonds that fastened Dinsmore to the tree, and both sprang up the sides of the hollow. The rage of the savages was directed more against Hastings, whom they deemed a traitor, than against Dinsmore.

As Hastings sprang up the sloping sides of the hollow it was necessary for him to pass through and among the squaws, and they attempted to check his progress, and he had to dodge here and there in order to pass them. This retarded his progress slightly, so that, just as he reached the top of the ridge, one of the Indians with a burning firebrand in his hands, caught up with him, and struck him a fearful blow upon the head, felling him to the ground. No sooner had he fallen than the savage thrust the hot, burning firebrand into his side, which was only partially protected by his clothing; but at that moment the sharp reports of a dozen muskets rang out in the woods. The rescuing party had arrived just in time.

A bloody conflict ensued. But it lasted for only a few moments. The Indians, while outnumbering their assailants, were without their weapons, and, be-

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* The torture actually inflicted upon Colonel Crawford by the Indians only a few years previous was similar but more dreadful than the Ottawas intended to mete out to Dinsmore.

sides, they were taken so completely by surprise that they soon fled, scattering into the woods in all directions. Henry, not wishing them to escape, ran, with a few men, to the water's edge for the purpose of destroying their canoes, so that the savages might not be able to leave the island. Henry, from his superior fleetness, and his knowledge of the position of the canoes, reached the shore somewhat in advance of the others. Here he found Jenks and an Indian just in the act of pushing off a canoe. But on his approach, seeing that it was too late to escape by water, they precipitately fled, with Henry in hot pursuit. Henry was so anxious to capture Jenks that he rushed forward in somewhat reckless haste, passing several armed Indians, one of whom, as Henry passed, fired at him, the ball striking him in the thigh, causing a severe and painful, but not dangerous wound, and checking his progress so that Jenks escaped.

Hastings was found to have a terrible burn in his side, an extremely painful, but not dangerous, wound. From the nature of Henry's wound he could not walk, and it was found necessary to improvise a stretcher, and eight men carried the two wounded ones across the island to the bay shore. All were now safely delivered from the hands of the savages, and thus closed, September 10, 1813, with two great victories, the one upon the lakes being a victory of courage, bravery, and genius, the other a triumph of the soul of love: the one grand, glorious, like some brilliant flame that illuminates land and water, field and forest, with its resplendent brightness; the other,

unnoticed, like some gem of priceless value hidden far down in the waters deep, unseen save by the All-seeing Eye. The one victory exalted a nation, the other exalted and beautified a soul. Fame has deeply engraven the glories of one upon the checkered pages of human history; the other is written in the hidden recesses of the soul. As the brilliant fire ceases to burn, while the beautiful gem remains unchanged: so, when time shall pass away, when history shall be no more, and the records of eternity shall be unrolled, the triumph of the soul, the victory of love over fear, jealousy, and hatred on that island shore, will appear in letters of living light. To be willing to die to save the life of a friend, or for our country's sake, is noble yet human; but to be willing to die to save the life of an enemy, is sublime, a touch of the divine.

Chapter XV

MORNING dawned after the battle on Lake Erie calm and beautiful, revealing to the belligerents a sad sight. Few, if any, naval engagements of modern times have been fought with more stubborn courage. The vessels of both sides were dreadfully shattered.

During the three and one-half hours' conflict, two hundred and fifty-six out of nine hundred engaged in the conflict had been either killed or wounded. Barclay, who had lost one arm at Trafalgar, was, early in the action, wounded in the shoulder, so as to deprive him of the use of the other arm.

Early in the forenoon, a squad of men, under the guidance of Captain Dinsmore, was sent out to scour the island, and capture as many of the Indians as possible; but especially to make every endeavor to secure Jim Jenks. They were instructed to inform the Indians that all who voluntarily surrendered would be kindly treated, and allowed to depart. They were also informed that a reward would be given for the delivery to the Americans of the deserter, Jenks. The greater part of the Indians, thinking escape from the island impossible, as their canoes were destroyed, soon came straggling down to the Bay, and surrendered; but Jenks and an Indian comrade were nowhere to be found. At length, in searching the woods, a friendly Indian, who was with the party, discovered a trail, which, to the white man's eye, was invisible. He fol-

lowed this trail for some distance with the unerring sagacity of a hound, until at length he gave a cry of surprise, that informed the white men that he had discovered something worthy of examination. Upon proceeding to the spot, it was found that the Indian was standing before a small aperture or opening in the ground, that apparently led into some underground passage or cave. One of the men was hastily dispatched to the Bay for lanterns. Upon the arrival of the lights, the party proceeded to explore the cave. They found it to be about two hundred and fifteen feet long, and one hundred and fifty wide. At the farther end was a deep pool of remarkably clear, cool water. What struck the explorers as peculiar and attractive about the cave, was the fact that the huge rocky roof above them seemed as though it had been some time split off and lifted up by the mighty force of nature from the rock below. For every elevation, indentation, and figure in the rock below had its reverse counterpart in the rock above. So interested were they at first in examining the cave, that they forgot the object of their search; but at length one of the men, in moving around, espied Jenks and an Indian companion lying away back under the rocks at the edge of the cave, and in mortal fear of being discovered. "O, there you are; come out of there," cried the man.

Jenks and the Indian crawled out, and surrendered. As the party passed out into the open air, Captain Dinsmore said: "We have not only found our man, but more, we have discovered a cave; and I propose that we name it 'Perry's Cave,' in honor of our vic-

torious commander." And from that day to the present time it has been so called.

Upon the return of the scouting party, the last sad rites in memory of the dead officers of both squadrons were performed with beautiful and touching ceremonies. Both fleets united in these last tributes of respect to their heroic dead. The stillness of the weather, the beauty of the bay fringed with dark, tangled forests of tinted green, the slow and regular motion of the oars striking the water in exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge, the mournful waving of flags at half-mast, the sound of the minute-guns, and the wild, solemn aspect of the place, made these funeral rites most impressive, and formed an affecting contrast to the fierce conflict of the preceding day. Then the men of both squadrons were engaged in deadly conflict; now they were associated as brothers, to pay their last tributes of respect to the dead.

Beneath the branches of some spreading forest-trees, where now to mark the spot are seen weeping willows, and not far from the shore of the Bay, were placed to rest six dead heroes—three Americans and three British.*

In less than ten days after Perry's victory, Harrison assembled an army of five thousand men at Put-in-Bay. After remaining here but a few days, they proceeded to Middle Sister, a small island about halfway between Put-in-Bay and the mouth of the Detroit River.

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*The names of those interred at Put-in-Bay are Lieutenant Brooks, Midshipmen Lunt and Clark—Americans; Captain Finnis, and Lieutenants Stokie and Garland—British.

As soon as the cruel and cowardly Proctor became aware of their approach, he hastily abandoned Fort Malden, and fled towards Chatham on the river Thames, and in all probability would not even have attempted to resist the victorious march of the Americans, had it not been for the brave Tecumseh. History has handed down to us Tecumseh's address to Proctor, as he perceived the latter's cowardly preparation for flight. Proctor knew of Barclay's defeat; but, for fear of the effect it would have upon his Indian allies, he had concealed the results of that conflict from them. Even Tecumseh himself was kept in ignorance.

As Proctor was about to give orders for retreat, Tecumseh thus addressed him: "Father, listen. Our fleet has gone. We have heard their guns. We know they have fought; we know nothing more. Why is our father preparing to run away without telling his red children where or why he is going? You told us we could remain here; that these lands should be ours. You told us that you would never flee on British soil. Why, then, do you fly? No enemy is in sight. Your red children will say you are like a fat dog that proudly curls his tail over his back, but when he sees danger he becomes frightened, and drops it between his legs and runs away. Father, listen. We have not been beaten by land, perhaps not by water. Your red children wish to remain, and fight the enemy when and wherever they appear. We have the guns that the great father, the king across the water, has sent us. Give us the arms and ammunition that you have, and you may go. Our lives are in the hands of the Great

Spirit. We will defend our lands and our homes. If it be the wish of the Great Spirit, we will leave our bones upon the fields and in the forest; but we will not fly before the enemy is in sight."

This speech, delivered to Proctor before a great council of Indians, aroused their enthusiasm in the highest degree, and Proctor wavered in his designs; for Tecumseh was a born commander, far more skillful and incomparably braver than Proctor. And notwithstanding Tecumseh was an Indian and a savage, he had great influence over Proctor, who not only admired, but feared him.

After Tecumseh's speech, Proctor told him and his Indian allies that they would only retreat a short distance down the river, draw the Americans after them, and then crush them in some spot where escape would be impossible.

About the 1st of October, Harrison landed at Fort Malden, found the place deserted, sent a small detachment to retake Detroit (which was abandoned by the British without a struggle), and, then, with the main body of his men, pushed on up the river Thames. On the 5th he came upon the British at a place about sixty miles from Detroit, and on the banks of that river there was fought what is known in history as the Battle of the Thames. This battle was short, but decisive. Early in the day Proctor fled from the scene. He seemed to be inspired with a fear that the Americans would avenge the bloody cruelties of the river Raisin. And, besides, it is said that the night before the battle, Tecumseh and Proctor had a stormy interview; that Tecumseh felt that Proctor was cowardly, and would

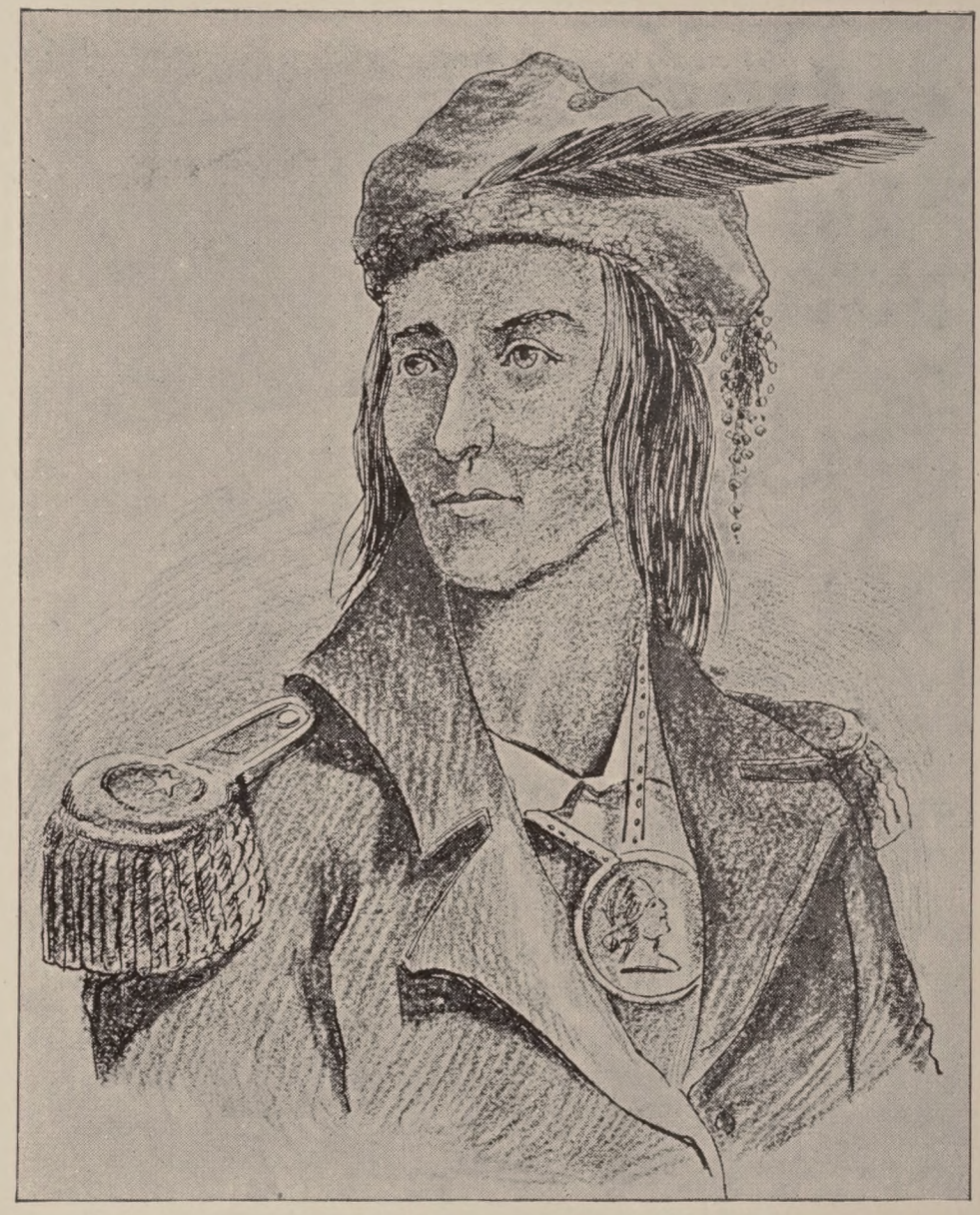
not make a brave and heroic stand; and that in this interview Tecumseh plainly told Proctor that if he saw any evidences of cowardice upon Proctor's part that he and his Indian allies would kill him (Proctor) before he could escape by flight.

Just before the Americans started upon this campaign, Harrison addressed his men in a speech that was worthy of the man and the occasion:

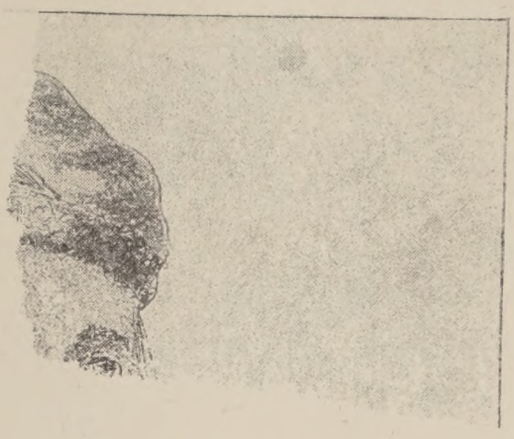
"My brave Kentuckians, remember in battle the river Raisin; but forget it after you have won the victory."

The flight of Proctor did not, however, cause Tecumseh to follow his example. Again and again this brave Indian chief rallied his forces, until at length he was slain in the thickest of the fray. Thus fell the greatest chief of his times.

Ask the ordinary reader of history who were the greatest military leaders of the world, and they will probably answer, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon; but all these fought against inferiors. Even Napoleon achieved his greatest victories when the young Republic of France had given to her soldiers a *personnel*—an enthusiasm that made the effete armies to which they were opposed an inferior foe. If we judge, not by success alone, but take into view all the surroundings, we will place high up on the monument that history has erected to military fame the names of King Philip and Tecumseh. But Tecumseh was more than a warrior. He fought with the true courage of real patriotism, of love for his country and his countrymen. In his thoughts, ideas, and principles he was very far in advance of his savage brethren. While he scalped



TECUMSEH.



(as the Great Spirit had taught him) an enemy slain in battle, he put to shame Proctor by his treatment of prisoners. Many an American captive owed his life to the protecting influence of this great chief, this noble red man of the forest.

But I must now return to my story. Ruth, Hettiebelle, and the parents of both Charlotte and Henry were, after Henry's departure, filled with the liveliest apprehensions of fear and the most gloomy forebodings as to the fate, not only of Charlotte and Dinsmore, but also of Henry. They all had the greatest confidence in Henry's skill and prudence; but they realized that he would shun no danger, and would be ready and willing at any moment to risk his life if he thought by so doing he might rescue the two prisoners.

The day following Henry's departure in pursuit of the Indians, John and Charles Wright, together with several of the neighbors, went to Sandusky Bay, but at that place were unable to learn anything whatever in regard to Henry or the Indians. On the 9th of September the two Wrights returned to their homes, and reported that they had been unable to find any trace of the Indians, their captives, or Henry. It is difficult to describe, but easy to imagine, the terrible feelings of suspense and anxiety that filled the hearts of Ruth, Hettiebelle, and the parents of Charlotte and Henry.

It was noon on the 10th of September. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright were taking dinner at John Wright's. They were seated at the table, speaking of the absent ones exposed to danger, when suddenly

the distant booming of cannon reverberated over the water. All sprang from the table, went out, and listened. Again the cannon was distinctly heard in the direction of Put-in-Bay. There could be no mistake; it was "the battle's opening roar." During the long three hours and a half of that terrible cannonading they listened, filled with indescribable feelings, in which doubt and fear were mingled with hope and confidence. At length the sound of the cannon suddenly ceased. Were the Americans victorious, or had they been defeated? Were Henry, Charlotte, and Johnson safe, or were they dead or in the hands of their savage captors? Were the lakes now in control of the Americans, or were the British still victors? Were the red wolves of the forest to be turned loose upon all the settlements, and the lurid fires of death, destruction, and torture soon again to light the fields and forests along the shores of Lake Erie, or did the triumphant and protecting flag of America float above Perry's fleet? Night passed, a night filled with indescribable anxiety, a night that seemed an age. As soon as morning dawned upon this long, sleepless night, the two Wrights, Mrs. Charles Wright, Ruth, Hettiebelle, and several of the male members of the settlement, started with teams for Sandusky Bay. There they soon learned the joyful news of Perry's great victory; but could learn nothing of the Indians, their prisoners, or of Henry.

It was at once decided that Charlotte's father and mother, with Ruth and Hettiebelle, should take one of the many sailboats that were then plying between Sandusky Bay and Put-in-Bay, and go to the latter

place, and learn all the particulars possible. The journey from Sandusky to Put-in-Bay seemed never-ending; but at length, slowly borne forward by the light breeze, they reached that harbor which the events of the past few days had made forever famous. I need not describe, for it is easy to conceive of the joy, happiness, and gratitude that filled the hearts of all at that reunion upon the shores of Put-in-Bay. In their excitement and pleasure, Henry's wounds were almost forgotten.

While Hastings was an officer in the British army and in British uniform, he was not considered a prisoner of war, for he had been wounded, not in a contest against the Americans, but in heroically, nobly, trying to save the life of Captain Dinsmore, an American officer.

With the exception of those who were too badly wounded to be removed, the prisoners taken in the battle on Lake Erie were sent to Sandusky Bay, and thence to Urbana. Hastings, Henry, and a number of the more badly wounded Americans, remained upon the island, in preference to being cared for on shipboard. Mr. Wright very soon returned home, while Charlotte's mother and the three young women remained, not only to take care of Hastings and Henry, but to assist as far as possible in caring for any other sick or wounded soldiers. Some rude barracks, made out of rough, wide boards, were erected in the then dense woods, near where the Put-in-Bay House now stands. Three days after the arrival of the Wrights and Hettiebelle upon the island, the soldiers of Harrison's army began to assemble there in great numbers,

and Mrs. Wright and the three young ladies were joined by the wives of a few of the officers, a rude board house having been constructed for the special occupation of the ladies.

As I have said before, Harrison's army did not remain long upon the island, and soon proceeded to Middle Sister, and from there to Canada. Each day the four nurses, including Charlotte and her mother, would spend hours beside the wounded sufferers; but there were two among them who received more than their share of attention from Charlotte and Hettie-belle.

One day Charlotte and Hastings were practically alone—that is, no one else was near enough them to hear their conversation—when Hastings said, as he gazed earnestly into her face: "Miss Wright, I am an enemy of your country and your people so long as this cruel war lasts; but I hope you do not now believe, as I know you once did, that I am a cruel, heartless coward."

"I will confess, Lieutenant," she replied, "that I once feared you were an unworthy man, and I am very glad that I have learned that I was mistaken. I do not believe it now. I believe that you are a brave, noble, true-hearted man; and some way in my heart I always believed you were good and true; but sometimes they almost made me think that I was mistaken."

Hastings's countenance clearly showed the pleasure these words gave him. After a moment's thought, he said: "I presume that your friend Dinsmore made you believe that I was a cruel, bad man."

"O no! I never heard him speak of you at all until since I have been here upon the island, and then he said: 'I believe I have wronged Hastings in my feelings. I believe now that he is not only a brave, but a noble and generous foe.' "

"That was very kind of him to speak of me in that manner," said Hastings.

"How could he do otherwise, and be a man? Did you not nobly risk your life to save him from being tortured? He would certainly be mean and ungrateful if he did not feel thankful to you; and so am I, for had you not so bravely assisted Henry out of that dreadful cave into which he fell, I might still be a captive in the hands of the Indians. It makes me tremble and shudder when I think of it. And Ruth Wright is grateful to you, not only for saving her brother's life, but for saving Captain Dinsmore. For, while Ruth loves her brother, I verily believe she would have felt as much or more real sorrow, had Dinsmore been killed, than if she had lost her brother."

Hastings looked at Charlotte inquiringly, and asked: "What do you mean by that? Why would Miss Ruth Wright have felt so much sorrow if Captain Dinsmore had been slain?"

"Do you not know that Ruth is engaged to Captain Dinsmore?"

"Of course not," he replied; "I never dreamed of such a thing. I thought if he was engaged, it was to you."

She gave one of her merry laughs, and then checking herself for fear that others in the barracks might overhear her, said: "How queer that you should ever

think of anything so absurd! I am not even well acquainted with him. I never saw Captain Dinsmore but once, until a few days since."

Hastings was very greatly surprised; but much more pleased. He felt a hope that he before scarcely dared entertain.

"Move your stool a little closer to my cot; I want to ask you another question."

Charlotte blushed, but complied. He slowly reached out his hand, and took Charlotte's in his. She pretended to desire to withdraw it; but did not. He looked anxiously into her face, and then said: "Charlotte, do you believe that you could ever love a Canadian?"

"I do not know but I could, if he was extra good and nice."

Her words did not imply very much; but her expression did, as she looked at him and smiled. Her hand was still in his, and he felt it tremble.

"Charlotte, I love you. If I have done anything that was brave and praiseworthy, it was my love for you that prompted and stimulated me. If Captain Dinsmore only knew the truth, he would be more grateful to you than to me. It was my love for you that gave me courage."

"But," she said, partially interrupting him, "you have just told me that you thought Dinsmore was my intended."

"I did," he answered; "but I loved you so strongly and truly that I was willing to risk my life if it would make you happy."

"You are truly a worthy and noble man," she said,

and she leaned forward and looked at him so sweetly, so affectionately, that his heart throbbed with pleasure and hope.

"Charlotte," he continued, "our countries will not always be at war; peace and friendship will come some time, and then you will not be ashamed to love a Canadian. Will you, can you, return my love, and promise to be mine when this cruel war is ended?"

She did not reply for a moment. She withdrew her hand from his. He saw plainly that conflicting emotions were at work in her heart. He impulsively thought that he knew the cause of her embarrassment; but he did not.

He spoke quickly, while a look of pain and disappointment clothed his features: "Charlotte, I see that my intense love has placed you in a cruel position. I see that you feel as if you could not pledge your love to an enemy of your country; but you feel so grateful to me,—much more than you should, for I have simply done my duty,—that you feel that you can not say no. I see that it is dishonorable for me to place you in this position. I did not intend to take a mean advantage of your feelings. My love simply made me thoughtless. You need not answer my question. Only promise me that when you think of me, as I hope you sometimes will, you will believe me to be an honorable man."

"Frank," she said—that name had never sounded so good to him before in his life—"you have misinterpreted my hesitation and my feelings. I will be sincere and honest with you. There is no one in all this world whom I so truly love as I do you; but there

are reasons why I can not promise to-day to be yours. Can you trust me? If you can, give me three days' time in which to answer your question."

"I can trust you for any length of time," he replied. "So long as I know that you love me I shall have hope; but the next three days will be long ones to me."

"Perhaps I can answer you sooner; but at any rate believe me, I do not hesitate because you are a Canadian and my country's enemy, or because my heart does not in full and complete measure return your love. I can not now say more. I must go; good-bye."

You have all more than half guessed the cause of Charlotte's painful embarrassment, and the reason of her hesitation. In her heart there was no hesitation between Henry and Hastings, and while she admired Henry for his true, manly character, and she believed he loved her, and more, in her candid, honest nature (in which there was not the slightest element of a coquette) she felt that she had deceived Henry by encouraging his attentions. Besides, she felt how brave and faithful he had been; how he had not only risked, but nearly lost his life, in order to rescue her from the savages. Then she thought of all the pleasant, happy hours from childhood's earliest dawn they had spent together, of the many attentions and acts of kindness which he had so often and so continually shown her; she thought of her parents, of her uncle's and aunt's displeasure; the criticisms of her friends and acquaintances when they should learn that she had given her heart to a Canadian enemy in preference to Henry Wright, who she knew was respected and

admired by all his acquaintances. But, more, she felt that Henry, who had done so much for her, and to whom she felt so truly grateful, would deem her fickle, false, and ungrateful. Her reason told her to reject Hastings: her heart told her to accept him.

The evening after the conversation which I have detailed, she had been seated upon a bench not far from the building occupied by the ladies. She had been intently thinking of all these things, and the more she thought, the more bewildered she became, and she began to sob as though her heart would break. Either alternative seemed dreadful. "O dear! O dear! What shall I do?" she said to herself, in an almost audible tone. "I could not be more miserable or unhappy if I were in the hands of the savages." At length she looked up. The lights in most of the tents and barracks were extinguished. She could hear the quiet, measured tread of the sentinels pacing around the camp, and she suddenly realized that she had been thinking for a long time, in the vain endeavor to solve the problem before her—the greatest problem that life gives to manhood and womanhood; a problem which in all ages has held wisdom and prudence in contempt. She arose and proceeded to the ladies' quarters. She walked slowly and almost silently, still communing with her thoughts. She had almost reached the entrance, when she heard a man and a woman's voice each say, "Good-night." Johnson (who was not attached to the army, but simply remaining at Put-in-Bay) and Ruth had been spending the evening happy in each other's society. Time had, to them, passed with unreasonable speed, and they were

just parting for the night. "Cruel fate," thought Charlotte; "Ruth loves, and is happy; I love, and am miserable." Dinsmore passed on, and Ruth entered the building soon afterward, followed by Charlotte. Upon Charlotte's appearance, Ruth was greatly surprised, and her surprise was increased when she observed that Charlotte had been weeping. Charlotte was of a happy, cheerful disposition, and to see evidences of unmistakable grief on her countenance, not only surprised, but pained her cousin Ruth. Charlotte's mother also noticed this look of pain, and said: "Why, Charlotte, what is the matter? What have you been crying about?"

"O, nothing much. I have been sitting out under the trees thinking, and for some reason my thoughts made me feel sad; but it is a matter of no importance."

The next morning both mother and cousin noticed that Charlotte looked sad and weary, and Ruth felt that Charlotte had passed a sleepless night. Shortly after breakfast Ruth said: "This is a beautiful day; let us take a stroll in the woods." Charlotte consented. They walked some distance from the camp, and sat down beneath the shade of a tree. After a few moments' conversation, Ruth said: "Charlotte, my dear, something is troubling you. Your mother and I have both noticed it. You have some secret sorrow of the heart. Tell me what it is. You know we have never kept any secrets from each other."

Ruth and Charlotte were not only cousins, but they had been friends and playmates from the time they lisped their first words of infant prattle. While

they were alike in sweetness, gentleness, and womanly purity, and all that goes to make up ideal womanhood, Ruth's character was of a firmer and more self-reliant cast, and Charlotte had always leaned upon and been largely influenced by her. In the past they had kept no secrets from each other; but when a woman's heart is full of love, there is no room for a confidant. The secret is so sweet, so precious, that she wishes to enjoy it alone; and, besides, Ruth was Henry's sister.

Charlotte hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "You are exaggerating my troubles. I am sorry, but I can not tell you what causes my present mood."

"O, Charlotte, do not say that! You have not lost confidence and faith in me, have you? Have we not been like sisters all our lives? It makes me feel sad, not only to see you so sad, but to think that you seem to have lost confidence in me."

Charlotte did not answer. She thought to herself, "Ruth will lose confidence in me, if she learns that I love Hastings more than her brother," and this thought increased her sorrow, and she began to sob and cry in spite of her desire not to reveal her feelings. Ruth put her arms around her, kissed her tenderly, and said: "Charlotte, dear tell me of your troubles. I will keep your secret as a sacred trust. It will do you good to tell me, and perhaps I can help you."

For some moments there was no answer. At length Charlotte said: "What would you think if I should tell you that Lieutenant Hastings told me yesterday that he loved me?"

"I do not see anything in that to make you feel so bad, if that is all. You are the first girl that I ever knew whom it made sad to have a worthy young man like Hastings declare his love."

"But," said Charlotte, "you know how bravely and heroically he risked his life to save Captain Dinsmore; and, besides, if it had not been for him Henry would not now be alive, and I would be an Indian captive."

"Of course," answered Ruth; "I know all these things, and more. I believe it is a heroic, noble act for any one to be willing to risk his life to save the life of a friend; but it is incomparably more noble and heroic to risk one's life to save an enemy. I believe Hastings to be a most worthy man."

"Still," said Charlotte, "he is a Canadian, and one of the enemies of our country."

"I do not care if he is. That does not change his character. And, besides, America and Canada will not always be at war."

Charlotte felt wonderfully and surprisingly encouraged by Ruth's remarks, and she said, "But suppose I were to tell you that I love him?"

"If you should," said Ruth, "you would not be telling me any news, for I have been convinced of that fact for some time; nor do I wonder at your loving him, for he is worthy of any woman's love."

"But," replied Charlotte, and she hesitated again for a moment, and then proceeded, "while he has never told me so, I sometimes fear that Henry loves me, and he is so good, so brave, and generous. He,

too, risked his life to save Captain Dismore and me. O! what if I should cause him pain? What if he should think me false and heartless? That is what, more than all else, pains me."

"I have thought," answered Ruth, "of all this before. I have long been convinced, not only that you love Hastings, but that Hettiebelle loves Henry, and I have often wished that Henry loved her; for, to tell you the truth, Charlotte, I do not, nor does my mother, or your mother, think it right and best for cousins to marry each other. I have noticed that you have spent much more time in taking care of and attending Hastings than Henry, and I have also observed that Hettiebelle has spent very much more time with Henry than you have; and while it is true that he does not know that you are in love with Hastings,—nor do I want him to have any knowledge of that fact for some days to come, for that might arouse in his heart a feeling of jealousy, and not only give him pain, but stimulate his desire to win your love, for such is sometimes the effect of jealousy,—but Henry has noticed that Hettiebelle has been much more attentive to his wants, done much more in endeavoring to alleviate his sufferings, than you have. At first your absence troubled him; but as she has sat by his side, doing all in her power to make him easy and comfortable (while you have been doing the same for Hastings), and has looked at him so often with those great, tender, loving, lustrous, brown eyes of hers, he has begun to forget your absence, and I have begun to feel that Henry is far from being indifferent to Hettiebelle."

At any other time this statement would have created a pang of jealousy in Charlotte's heart; but at this moment it pleased her.

"But," said Charlotte, "what would my mother think?"

"She would not blame you at all. Let us go and talk this matter over with her."

"Yes, we will," said Charlotte.

Let us leave Ruth and Charlotte for a moment, and turn our attention to Henry.

On the very day that Charlotte and Hastings held the conversation, which I have detailed, Henry fell asleep while Hettiebelle sat near him. As he awoke, he looked up at her, and she was looking at him so sweetly and tenderly, that something said to him all at once that he was beloved by the sweet girl before him, and he felt happy.

That night he thought of Charlotte and Hettiebelle, and for the first time he fully realized that his thoughts of Hettiebelle were by far the sweeter; but with this thought came a sense of shame and dishonor—for Henry was the soul of honor, and he felt that for him to allow another to supplant Charlotte in the affections of his heart was dishonor—and that he was both false and fickle. He could not sleep. He would sometimes strive to still his conscience, by saying to himself: "I do not believe that Charlotte really loves me; she has a sort of cousinly affection and friendship for me, and that is all;" and then he would think of the past, and his conscience would again accuse him of being false and faithless.

The next morning Hettiebelle did not visit him,

and he felt her absence more than ever before, and this only increased the agitation of his feelings, and it seemed as though he could not lie in his cot any longer. As the surgeon entered the room where he lay, he said to him: "Doctor, it seems to me that it would do me good if I could only step out of doors."

"If you will be careful," replied the doctor, "and move very slowly with the aid of a crutch, I do not believe it will injure you."

Soon afterward, with the aid of Dinsmore and his crutch, Henry stepped out into the open air for the first time since he received his wounds. He sat down upon a bench near by. The cool, invigorating lake-breeze fanned and cooled his face, but could not quiet his feelings. He had not been seated long, when, turning to Johnson, he said: "If you will assist me, I think I can go and see Lieutenant Hastings. I have not seen him since he so nobly and heroically saved both of our lives, and I wish to see how the brave, generous fellow is getting along, and also to express to him my sincere gratitude." Henry had learned before this of all the facts in regard to Hastings, which I have related, except his and Charlotte's mutual love for each other, and the conversation which took place between them the day previous.

Henry, with Johnson's assistance, proceeded slowly towards the building in which lay Lieutenant Hastings. As Henry entered, Hastings greeted him most cordially, and, extending his hand, said: "I am very glad to see you, and very much pleased to see you are improving so fast."

"I can assure you," replied Henry, "that I am very

glad to see you, and I hope that you, too, are improving. To-day is the first time I have been out of doors, and I took this my first opportunity to come and see you, and express to you my great gratitude for your generous, noble, and heroic conduct in not only saving my life, but in risking your own to save the life of those who had treated you so unjustly. As soldiers, we are enemies; but as men, let us be friends."

"With all my heart," replied Hastings, "and I think I owe you as great a debt of gratitude as you do me. It was through the kindness of your sister, with your generous assistance, that my only brother was prevented from being a cripple for life; and, besides, you saved my life as well as I did yours."

During this interview, Ruth, Charlotte, and Mrs. Wright entered unnoticed. Ruth and Charlotte had just met Charlotte's mother, when she noticed Henry going slowly towards Hastings's quarters, and she said: "I think that Henry is very imprudent and injudicious to go over there, even if it is not far. The surgeon would be very much displeased. I am going over, and will tell Henry that he must not exercise so much the first time he has been out of doors."

As Henry finished speaking, he turned partially around, and before seeing the others observed Charlotte looking at Hastings so admiringly, tenderly, and lovingly, that in a moment the truth flashed upon him, and he called to almost instant recollection Hastings's and Charlotte's greeting at the time of the hunt, their interview in the woods during her captivity by the Indians, and many other things which had not before come to his mind, and, above all, the fact that Char-

lotte had been nursing and caring for some one else during his sickness, and her stay upon the island, and he felt convinced that it was Hastings who had occupied her time and attention. The feeling that Charlotte loved Hastings rather than himself came upon him suddenly, but with convincing force, and for a moment he was somewhat agitated by this discovery. Hastings noticed his agitation, but had not the slightest conception of its cause, and at first he thought Henry had overexerted himself by walking too far, and he quickly said: "I fear, Mr. Wright, that in your generous desire to see me and express your feelings you have exerted yourself too much. I shall be very sorry to have you leave so soon; but I fear that if you do not return to your cot you will have a relapse, and you will be much worse to-morrow."

Henry did not at once reply. Ruth had observed Henry as he looked at Charlotte, whose eyes were upon Hastings, and she more than half guessed the cause of Henry's feelings. There was for a few moments an awkward silence, which was at length broken by Henry, who had risen slowly to his feet. Leaning upon his crutch, with well-feigned anger, he turned to Lieutenant Hastings, and said: "You are mistaken, sir, as to the cause of my actions and feelings. Unless I greatly err, I have just made a most important discovery. It is true, Lieutenant Hastings, that you saved my life; but for what purpose? To rob me of that which is dearer than life? Have you not, sir, while accepting the hospitalities of our camp, not as a prisoner, but as a guest, wickedly and maliciously stolen from me the girl I loved?"

Every one was amazed at this outbreak of apparent anger and passion; but none more so than Hastings. But before Hastings could frame a reply, Henry changed his manner, and said: "But, to my mind, this is but another proof of your courage and daring. You have gone right into the enemy's camp—not of war, but of love—and stolen Charlotte's heart; but I will show you that I can be as brave and generous as you have been. I have in the past fondly hoped that Charlotte loved me. I now see that she loves another;" and, turning to Charlotte, he said: "Charlotte, I believe Lieutenant Hastings not only loves you, but that he has told you of his love. If so, and you love him, let your heart speak from this time on. Call me cousin, brother, what you will; but let no thought of me stand between you and his love. I believe he is worthy of your love. I have no rightful claim to your love, and if I had, I renounce all to Lieutenant Hastings. Charlotte, it is for you to speak."

Charlotte's agitation and embarrassment was so great that, for a few moments, she could not speak. Hastings now knew, for the first time, the cause of Charlotte's conduct the day before, and he awaited her reply with such anxiety that moments seemed to him hours. At length she said: "Henry, Lieutenant Hastings has told me of his love, and I love him; but I have not heretofore answered him for fear that you, to whom I owe so much, should deem me false, faithless, and fickle; but now, Frank, you have my answer; it is, with my mother's consent, 'Yes.' "

The tension of the excitement under which Henry

had been laboring had given him a boldness that was not less astonishing to him than to his friends.

Hastings noticed this excitement, and, after a moment's pause, said: "Mr. Wright, you are a noble, generous man. I am happy, happy in the love of a true woman; but my happiness is saddened by the fear that, through my great love for Charlotte, I have taken a dishonorable advantage of your feelings of gratitude towards me."

"O no," answered Henry. "I am not so generous as I may appear to be. This is not only a time of war, but of capture. You have captured my cousin's heart, Captain Dinsmore has taken my sister, and I alone am unsuccessful; but I have some hope that I will get more than even by winning the best prize of all."

Hastings and Charlotte did not fully comprehend the import of his words. The others thought they did. But all looked pleased, two felt happy, and Ruth said, "Sometimes, in love as well as in war, men fail for lack of courage."

Soon after Henry's declaration, all except Hastings withdrew, leaving him, for the time being, alone. But during that afternoon, with the consent of her mother, Charlotte again visited him. It is not necessary to detail the conversation that took place between them, but when they parted both were happy, very happy. She was happy in the thought that she was beloved by one so truly brave and worthy; and he was happy, supremely happy, in the thought that he possessed the undivided love of one true, fond heart. The only real joy, the only true happiness in this

world, or in the world to come, is found in pure love. Heaven has no other or greater joy.

Nor need I tell the conversation which took place, a few days later, between Henry and Hettiebelle; but shortly afterwards Ruth said to Hettiebelle: "I never saw your cheeks look so red nor your eyes so bright and happy as they do to-night. I think," said Ruth, smiling, "that courage has won to-day in love if not in war."

"O, I do not know," said Hettiebelle. "I sometimes think that I am like General Hull."

"How is that?" asked Ruth.

"He surrendered as soon as he was asked, and so did I."

While the war lasted for another year, or until near the close of the year 1814, Perry's victory was the decisive conflict in the Northwest, and, after our complete success on the banks of the river Thames, resulting in Tecumseh's death, there was little further fighting in the Northwest either with British or Indians; and with the close of the war I must close my story. But before doing so, I ought, perhaps, to add a word in reference to some of the persons connected with it; for, as history is silent, unless I speak, all further knowledge of them may remain forever unknown.

Jenks, after being captured, was placed on board one of the boats plying between Put-in-Bay and Sandusky for the purpose of taking him to Urbana for trial upon the charge of desertion. But while some distance out in Sandusky Bay, he suddenly sprang overboard, evidently with the hope of secreting him-

self in the tall rushes that then grew there; but notwithstanding the fact that he was an expert swimmer, in some manner he became entangled in these rushes, and was drowned.

Miss Mixture, just at the close of the war, ran away with an officer who was as false as herself, and who soon afterwards cruelly deserted her.

On the 10th day of September, 1815, nearly a year after the close of the war, an event took place which was in striking contrast with the terrible events of the two years previous. At this time there were assembled upon the island Henry and Ruth and their parents, Charlotte and her parents, Johnson and Hettiebelle and their parents, Frank Hastings, his parents, and brother, Matthew Hentzler and his mother, a worthy pastor, and, besides, a few friends; and there in the forest shades, on the beautiful shores of that quiet harbor, three couples were made husband and wife. War, strife, and hatred had ceased; but love had grown and increased until it reached its blessed consummation; and thus it happened that Ohio and Kentucky became sisters, and the Canadians our cousins; and, as our German friends would say, "Das ist Alles; gute Nacht, leben sie wohl."

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